FOREST FIRE
AND
OTHER VERSE

JOHN D. GUTHRIE

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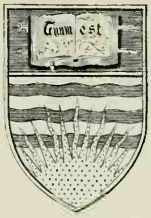

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FOREST FIRE AND OTHER VERSE

BY THIS AUTHOR

THE FOREST RANGER AND OTHER VERSE (1919)
Collected and Edited by Mr. Guthrie

FOREST FIRE AND OTHER VERSE (1929)
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THROUGH EUROPE'S FORESTS. Illustrated.
(In preparation)

THE AMERICAN FOREST SCENE
(In preparation)

FOREST FABLES (With Fred Winn)
(In preparation)

"With Smoke Above, on Flank and Rear."

—Photo by U. S. Forest Service.

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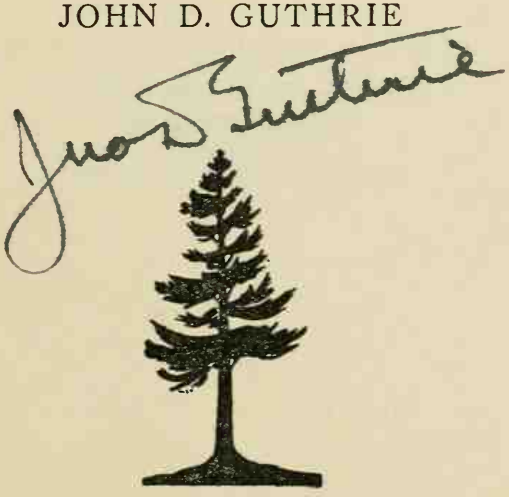

1929

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116 SECOND STREET,
PORTLAND, OREGON

TO MY FRIEND

THEODORE VAN WYCK ANTHONY

Without Whose Help My Little Book

"THE FOREST RANGER"

Issued in 1919

Would Have Been Impossible

FOREWORD

My Dear Guthrie:

Another book of verses by and about the men and women of the United States Forest Service! What a fine idea to round them all up and preserve them for future foresters to read and wonder what manner of men and women they were,—those pioneers of the early days.

Your first compilation of the poetic efforts of a lot of these men is one of my treasured volumes. In its poetic values and appeal this new one is fully equal to its predecessor.

There's more than poetry in these songs of the Rangers. There's the smell of the pines, the light of campfires, the acrid smoke in one's eyes,—or are those tears?—the odor of sagebrush after rain, the shrill yelps of the coyote, the lonesome howl of a wolf. All these and more are in these verses that spring from the hearts of these men who love the woods and mountains and think—No, really *know,* they have the only job on earth that's worth while.

Only ten years since the first volume came out and yet how many changes among the writers of the old verse! Charles Shinn, Fred Plummer, G. F. Allen, Douglas Rodman, J. B. Camman, and perhaps others have gone over the Great Divide, while a lot more of us are hustling around trying hard to keep ahead of that long-whiskered old chap with the scythe. Ten years,—not a long time in the life of the world, yet during that period the Forest Service has outgrown its swaddling clothes and reached manhood.

The old pioneer days are memories,—the old singers of those times wrote of vast unoccupied areas, of horses, pack mules, unbridged streams, and narrow, unmarked, unworked trails. The new poets sing of autos, and auto camps, of cement roads and graded trails, of carelessness with fire, of countless tourists and their vagaries. But always the singers will have trees and forests, mountains and streams; where those are there will be romance, mystery, poetry. I am sure the new crop of poets measure fully

up to that of the pioneers. Mebbeso, it is all the better, all the more entertaining because of its modern setting. Who shall say?

WILL C. BARNES.

Washington, D. C., May 26th, 1929.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The verses in this volume are either written by forest rangers, forest workers and foresters, or about them, their lives and their work. The collection has been in the making since 1919, when I published a somewhat similar volume, "The Forest Ranger and Other Verse". The same purpose has been in mind with this second collection as with the first, namely, to collect and make of record verses reflecting in any way the life, work, and viewpoint of the American forest ranger and forest worker, whether in federal, state or private employment. Some of the verses have feeling and melody, others rhythm and humor; some pathos, others mere bathos. If the rhyme be faulty and the meter halting at times in the verses by the rangers, it should be excused, for they are men of the woods, and action is more typical of them than literary form or graceful expression.

The selections in this book by the real poets need neither praise nor explanation from me, other than that I am deeply grateful to these authors for allowing me to include some of their work in this collection.

I have taken the liberty to include many verses without the permission of the authors. In some cases a sincere effort was made to locate them; in others the authors were unknown. To all of these I extend my sincere thanks.

By permission of, and by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company the following poems are included: "The Ranger and the Bear" by Henry Herbert Knibbs, "The Fire Fighters" by Arthur Chapman, and "The Ranger" by Mary Austin. Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made to the following authors and publishers: Hollands Magazine for "Burned Forests" by S. Omar Barker, and "The Sheep Beezness" from his "Buckaroo Ballads"; American Boy for "Little Feller Pine Tree" by Earl W. Scott; Portland, Ore., Morning Oregonian for "If You Have Loved All These" by Ben Hur Lampman; San Francisco Examiner for "A Gila Monster" and "The Senate Gallery" by K. C. B. (Kenneth C. Beaton); American Forests and Forest Life for "In

Reconnaissance Camp", "A Wooden Rhyme", and "What The Forest Ranger Does" by A. G. Jackson, "His Throne" by Stanley Foss Bartlett, "Foresters to the Front" by Bristow Adams, "Booming Down the Canyon" by Remington Ellis, "The Midsummer Ride of the Fellow We Fear" by J. B. Camman, "Rode Through the Mountains a Ranger" by Charles H. Shinn, "The Song of the Forester" by A. H. Lewis, "The Forest Fire" by Earl MacTowner, "Woodlands" by Ferdinand W. Haasis, "Plant a Barn" by Bob Adams, "The Fire Lookout On Baldy" by S. Omar Barker, "Yankee Trees in France", "The Forest Ranger's Christmas" by Wright Field, "Old Moccasin Boggs", "The Old Ranger's Dream", "The Bee Hunter", "The Brush Burner", "The Arkansas Ranger", "That Pop-Eyed Moonshiner", "That Long-Legged Guy", and "The Camp of Yesterday" by Charles V. Brereton; Arthur Chapman for "The Forestry Guy"; Henry Herbert Knibbs for "The Ranger"; Oregon Journal, Portland, Ore., for "The Red Wolves", G. P. Putnam's Sons for "By Scarlet Torch and Blade", and to James B. Pond for "The Last Stand", all by Anthony Euwer; "Sunrise On the Desert" by Will C. Barnes, from his book "Tales From the X Bar Horse Camp"; The Northern for "Fire Sacrifice" and "It's Good to Be Back" by Stanley Foss Bartlett; The Frontier for "The Ranger's Widow" by Courtland W. Matthews, and "The End of the Season" by John C. Frohlicher, and to Mr. Frohlicher for "Fire", "The Call of April", "Transmigration", "Trailin' ", and "Rain On a Tent"; Fresno Republican for "Poor Business" and "For This Relief Much Thanks" by Scotty (Samuel Gayley Mortland); Doubleday Doran Company and Harold Hersey for his "Absent-Minded Arthur Magee"; Four L Lumber News and Jim Marshall for his poem "Toll"; Empire State Forester for "A Tree for Each Hero" by Louis G. Goldstein; National Motorist for "The Homesick Ranger" by Christel Hastings; Evening Telegram, Portland, Ore., for "If You Must Smoke", and the Oregon Voter for "N. Nitts On Prevention", both by Dean Collins; Stanley Foss Bartlett for eleven of his poems; W. H.

Currie for fifteen of his poems; E. D. Fletcher for six verses; and Charles V. Brereton for three unpublished poems.

If these verses shall serve to acquaint the general reader somewhat with the character of the men who are doing the forestry work of this country, or shall bring a smile to those who are in the forestry game, I shall feel amply repaid for the labor expended in the collecting and editing.

JNO. D. GUTHRIE.

Portland, Oregon, July 15, 1929.

FOREST FIRE AND OTHER VERSE

FOREST FIRE AND OTHER VERSE

FOREST FIRE

Moon, risen on a hazy dusk
Of forest burning,
Red, orange, and yellow merged in one,
Burr-ringed and distant, plunged in fog,
Grime-swept, and mellowed like a copper sun;
Lustre blighted by a needless smoke
Look—and laugh, upon the joke
Some firebug planned,
Or weep, and wonder,
(Roll your thunder!)
When the flames have spanned
Their last
Red lust,
How fast
Each log
Did waste its turning
Bough!
—And now?

Desolate and scarred
The snag-poles stand.
Death defeated; new growth barred,
They rule a wasted land.

Up, up fire leaped and tore them down,
Red-tongued, voracious (swept a town),
With grey behind it, green before,
Leaped and lashed and snarled and tore
The woods that beckoned—(nevermore!);
With smoke above, on flank and rear;
'Twill scar
The gleam of even you who felt its fear.

Pride of the West,
A world's endowment,
A lifetime's best
For nothing spent.

How long will timber of the West,
Wealth of an empire manifest,
Or roots hold rain,
Or ocean clouds break in the trees,
Or waving boughs call memories—
Of that which grow in vain?

Bend low and weep
With us who know:
Today men sow
Who may not reap.

—KENNETH E. G. LAND.

THE OLD RANGER'S DREAM

I slept and dreamed of far west hills,
Of dew-wet glades and falling rills
Where the dun-gray deer in silence lie,
And embattled crags support the sky.

I seemed to see, in a sleepy daze,
The high-flung peaks through the smoky haze;
While whispering winds, from the heights called down
The lure of the pine trunks, straight and brown.

I rode again through the emerald-gray
Of incensed temples, where angels pray:
And in the shade of scented path,
I found surcease of worldly wrath.

I waked, my love, and waking, knew
That yet my soul was seeking you.
The West is mine! No man shall say
That from my love, I'm won away!

—CHARLES V. BRERETON.

THE FIRE LOOKOUT ON BALDY

I'm sittin' alone on the top of a peak,
The dry wind of June loafin' by.
A mile down the mountain is Clearwater Creek,
And half as far up is the sky.

The last of the snowdrifts are sneakin' away,
The low hills are dry as can be,
And so I'm a-sittin' here day after day,
On watch for their old enemy.

All laid out below me in patterns of green,
Are pine groves and fir trees and spruce—
But way over yonder one slope can be seen
That's barren and stark as the deuce.

Oh, nights when the moon is a clear white lamp,
And forests to blackness are turned,
Across on that slope in a great silent camp
Come ghosts of the trees that have burned.

And so in the dawn the green woods all around
Look up at old Baldy and me
To send us, without ever makin' a sound,
The true-hearted thanks of the tree.

For stayin' on guard lest by night or by day,
Flames ravage the fir trees and pine.
Do you think I would watch here for mere money pay?
The friendship of forests is mine!

And so I'm a-sittin' alone on a peak,
The soft wind of June loafin' by— —
The trees are my friends down on Clearwater Creek,
And it isn't far up to the sky.

—S. OMAR BARKER.

A CAMPFIRE

There's a spell about a campfire
That e'er holds me to the trail—
Although I never find success
I never seem to fail.

—STANLEY F. BARTLETT.

THE BEE HUNTER

"The only clue I could get to the origin of the fire was a wooden bucket that had evidently been used for holding bee bait."—*Report of Forest Guard on the Arkansas to his District Ranger.*

Busy little bee a-buzzin' all the day;
Ranger on a hilltop a-lookin' every way.
Bucket of bait a-hangin' on a limb;
Long-legged bee hunter by the name o' Jim.
A fire in the bresh so Jim kin see
Out o' th' thicket an' watch thet bee.

Ranger comes a-humpin' on a old white hoss;
Jim says the bucket ain't so much of a loss.
Th' fire got away an' spread all around;
Jim made tracks, he jist tore up the ground.
The fire cost slathers of Uncle Sam's cash,
An' Jim had no honey to sweeten his mash.

But a name on th' bucket caused a whole lot of trouble,
An' the bee-hunter's alibi was bust like a bubble.
Jim had no money, so he went to the "coop",
Where they fed him on tea and mighty thin soup.
Th' bee's still a-buzzin' from morn 'til night,
An' th' Ranger's still lookin' from th' same old site.

—CHARLES V. BRERETON.

THE FORESTER'S LIFE

Seek not ease nor wealth nor wines,
Nor humans to adore thee;
But the friendship of the hills,
And the trail before thee.

Seek not idle merriment,
Fame nor praise nor glory;
But a will to which is bent
Tasks that lie before thee.

—J. A. LARSEN.

THE TRUTHFUL RANGER

A Ranger there was on a district wide,
And a truthful man was he.
Even in dispelling the tourist's doubts
He was free from iniquity.
Now a spinster fair with boy-bobbed hair,
And trousers a bit risqué
Said—"My good man, yours is wondrous work,
It must be just like play!
You look so smart as you go about
In your brand-new uniform!
And you've the dearest, sweetest cabin
To protect you from the storm.
And you've a new broadcasting station?
So trees may broadcast their seed?
My! I didn't know you had such things;
You see, I seldom read.
Oh! And you gambol with the other Rangers
When the trees are whispering love;
And you sleep unafraid and sweetly—
Lulled by a mating, trilling dove?
Well, I must be going. Thanks so much.
Goodbye. But still—
There's just one thing I'd love to know—
Can a porcupine shoot a quill?"

Then quoth that honest Ranger man,
With a pained and wistful look:
"A maid, one time, tickled a Porky's nose
And at her a shot he took.
The quill went wild and careened right on,
Clean 'round the world it sped,
And coming back, with a mighty swish,
It killed that Porky dead!"

—THE POET LORRY ATE.

THE ROAD BUILDER

With trained eye or instrument precise
The builders of our roads have ever hurried on.
When first the human race began to rise
Above the beasts that roamed the forests dense,
The need for tracks, and trails, and roads
Became as urgent as the need for food or clothes.
The king, who with his legions bold, went forth to war,
Must have his road;
The trader who would bring his goods to mart,
Must have a road.
The rivers and the ocean lanes are roads 'tis true,
But over land must travel also go,
And so dominion passed to race or tribe
That had best roads.
The story of the roadways of the world,
The great highways by which whole peoples moved,
Out of their home lands to take over new,
Or perish quite in their so bold attempt,
Is story that is told of all the tribes of earth.
And still the trek goes on,
With myriad cars that roll from East to West,
And thence return, or no.
The roads at first were merely ways
So full of mud and mire, and rocks and roots,
That scarce could oxen strain enough
To move the heavy wains along.
Old Egypt first, then Rome, took up the task
To straighten out the highways and to pave.
Full many years have passed
And scarcely ever has the builder able been
To keep abreast the strong demand for more and better roads,
But ever has he striven hard with better plans and better tools
To keep the business of the world a moving on.
Here in our western land has much been done
And men now living can look back and see how far we've come.
All honor then to those who strive and plan;
To those who work with hand or brain

To lighten for the people of the earth
The burden of the trail.

—A. H. SYLVESTER.

THE FOREST RANGER LAD

He isn't always in uniform, but wears the dungarees,
There is naught of swank and swagger in his stride,
But when it comes to action he's an army in himself,
He's the C. O. and the rank and file beside.

His path is not a woodland bed of violets all the time,
More often it is basalt rock, or snow,
He's an awful busy person is the Forest Ranger lad,
And his duties keep him always on the go.

When the crown-fire's leaping madly in its race from tree to tree,
He must flirt a thousand times or more with Death,
But it's just a passing duty of the good old summer time,
Though he has to fight like hell to draw his breath.

When the winter snowdrift's level with the pine tree's sturdy limb
And the wind-lashed sleet is clamoring for its prey,
There's an injured trapper helpless in his far-off mountain camp,
But he knows the Forest Ranger's on his way.

There isn't any band to play when he goes in to fight,
He just herds his pack-train on without acclaim;
There's no limit to his hours, he must go on day and night,
And he hasn't time to think of worldly fame.

The pine-tree is his battle flag and the axe his trusty blade,
His horse the friend and comrade without fail;
He's a modest kind of fellow is the Forest Ranger lad,
He's the unsung, unknown hero of the trail.

—JOSEPH L. BROGAN.

MOTHER GOOSE IN THE FOREST

Tom, Tom the camper's son
Dropt a match and off he run,
The fire with ease
Burned up the trees,
And Tom's in jail a fighting fleas.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water,
Put their fire out without a doubt
Which was just what they'd orter.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a rock
Humpty Dumpty got a great shock
His campfire had started a fire in a stump
And a ranger pinched Humpty right on the jump.

Old Mother Tourist went to the forest
On an outing for her and her pup,
But when she got there, the forest was bare,
In smoke all the trees had gone up.

1.

Simple Simon went a-fishing for to catch a trout,
Left his camp in such a hurry, didn't put his fire out.

2.

Simple Simon met a ranger on the forest trail,
Said the ranger to Simple Simon, "You're wanted at the jail."

3.

Simple Simon saw a notice nailed upon a tree
Greatly wondered Simple Simon what the sign might be.

4.

Said Simple Simon to the ranger, "Pray tell what that sign says":
Said the Ranger to Simple Simon, "Be careful with fire—it pays."

Where are you going my pretty maid?
I'm going camping, sir, she said.

What are your rations, my pretty maid?
Bacon and hot cakes, sir, she said.

How will you cook them, my pretty maid
Over a campfire, sir, she said.

Then I'll go with you, my pretty maid,
Don't be too sure of it, sir, she said.

But I am a ranger, my pretty maid,
Then you are welcome, sir, she said.

I sure liked the party, my pretty maid,
Thanks for your kindness, sir, she said.

What more can I do for you, my pretty maid,
Put out my campfire, sir, she said.

—A. G. JACKSON.

SCOUT LAW NUMBER ELEVEN

Some carless camper's gone and left his fire,
(Of course, no doubt he thought he'd put it out)
So here's a chance to do the day's GOOD DEED
That I must do to be a real good Scout.

This little fire might mebbe do no harm
(There's only just a spark or two alight)
But still the wind might fan it to a blaze
That it'ud take a great big crew to fight.

Last week the Ranger gave us boys a spiel
About the woods an' Forest Fires an' all
An' told us that it took a hundred years
For forest trees to grow so thick and tall.

I guess a boy can do a lot of help
If he just keeps a watch when he's about
And when he finds a little fire like this
Just hops right onto it and PUTS IT OUT.

—W. H. CURRIE.

WHAT ONE LOOKOUT MAN THINKS

When you stand at the break of morning,
On a lonely mountain top,
And there's fog in all the valleys
As the sun is coming up;
While the distant peaks are ruby
And the timber purple gray,
And the birds around are singing
Just to welcome in the day;
When you look at Nature's wonders
And their beauty strikes you dumb,
And the unknown places beckon
And the trails are calling "Come"—
Then you feel the joy of living,
And the world is wide and good,
And you think of old ambitions,
And adventure's in your blood.

The hours creep by 'till noon time
And a calm the whole land fills,
The heat waves dance around you
And a haze hangs over the hills.
Then you think of the crowded cities,
Of the noise, the hurry and strife,
And you look toward the far horizon
And ponder the things of life.
You feel lazy and contented,
When a breeze the tree tops stirs,
And the world's a good place to live in,
As you smell the warm scent of the firs.

Then it comes to the hours of evening—
More beautiful than the rest—
And the sun goes down in the ocean,
And the sky turns red in the west.
Then the moon, rising over the mountain,
Throws a silver light over it all,
And the wind whistles around the cabin
And you hear the night birds call.

Before you drop off to slumber
And enter the Land of Nod,
You think of Home and Mother,
Of Sweetheart, and of God.

—VONDIS E. MILLER.

STANDARDS

DEAR RANGER.
I SUPPOSE.
YOU HAVE heard.
SOMETHING lately.
ABOUT Standards.
AND OBJECTIVES.
AND THINGS to shoot at
ALSO THAT you have.
BEEN GIVEN.
SO MANY Standards.
AND MEASURING Sticks.
AND IN THE confusion of.
MANY LITTLE noises.
YOU'VE LOST the Key.
WHICH IS not surprising.
NOW AS I understand.
THIS THING of Standards and.
OBJECTIVES and Measuring Sticks and.
IDEALS—they all.
BOIL DOWN to this.
AND THE rest is scum.
THAT CAN be skimmed off.
AND THROWN away—
AND WHAT'S left is this—
KNOW AHEAD of time.
WHAT YOU'RE trying to do.
AND THEN do it—
THAT'S ALL
I THANK YOU.

—JNO. D. GUTHRIE.

MORE THAN FORESTS

(Read at the dedication of the Cabin on the George W. Peavy arboretum, O. A. C., Corvallis, Ore.)

This long low room with rafters hewn of fir
Broods now where late were lonely trees astir,
Straight-trunked and soaring through the mist and sun
While round their knees the ferns and streams were one.

The shaggy maples and the blasted oak,
Gray-mossed, bird-nested, heard resounding stroke
Of steel on timber and the snarling saw
Where sweat-drenched shoulders draw and bend and draw.

Alder and laurel knew deep-chested cry
As those great fir trees tumbled from the sky;
September sweetened on the blackberry thorn,
Red rose-haws ripened, mighty trunks were shorn.

Of balsam-dripping bough, the bark was stripped;
To logs end-hollowed clean long logs were slipped
As rose the walls with banter and with shout,
And roofed with cedar shut the rain-cloud out.

Now in this room before the hearthfire's glow
Those jovial builders gather row on row,
Yet on each face the visionary gleam
Robust and hardy, the flowering of a dream.

Only the builder knows the deep content
Of labor ended, though with body spent,
And he who raises firelight-blossomed walls
Will fear no evil when the darkness falls.

So let this cabin stand upon the hill
With stars for watchers when the nights are still,
Sweetened with sun, and justified with pain,
Strengthened by storm, and laved in summer rain:

So not one heart that now beats high with hope
In this cupped hollow of the northern slope
Shall falter ever when his challenge comes
To face unflinching life's fifes and drums:

So when their children's children shall return
To view these rafters risen from the fern,
They shall be proud to claim the high estate
Their fathers' fathers' hands have builded great.

And more than forests seeded from this sowing
Shall through all lands be set forever growing,
And more than fir-trees dropping slender cones
Shall bloom forever from these altar-stones.

—WILLARD WATTLES.

THE FORESTRY GUY

A knightly figure amid the green,
In khaki instead of mail,
A face of bronze, eyes quick and keen—
Swift hoofbeats on the trail.
A home in the saddle through summer days,
A bed 'neath the evening sky;
Who is it that travels the silent ways?
He's only a forestry guy.

A camp on the heights, where snowbanks gleam;
A packhorse that's grazing near;
No sound save the sound of the mountain stream—
The town sends no echo here;
A figure bathed in the sunset's fires;
Who dwells on these peaks so high?
Who travels amid these granite spires?
He's only a forestry guy.

A tendril of smoke in the valley,
A flame that is fanned by the breeze;
A break-neck dash down the mountain side
And a fight for the living trees;
A fight that is won, though the price is dear;
There are scars ere the red flames die;
Who is it that dices with death each year?
He's only a forestry guy.

—ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

IT MAY COME TO THIS

I am in a prison cell
And I'll tell you why
I am here.
I travelled over the country
For years
And examined mining claims
For the Forest Service,
And every time I got to
A place and was in a hurry
It rained or
It snowed,
And when I remarked
About the weather
The Old Timer would say
"Unusual weather
For this time of year."
I heard this so often
That my head reeled
And the veins in my neck
Would swell up,
And I was filled with a
Homicidal mania,
And I knew sometime
I would slay the
Old Timer.
One day I left Deadwood
To go to Pactola
And it was raining hard
And I was in Tinker's car
And it threw mud
All over me,
And I left him
At Sturgis,
And when I went
In the hotel
An Old Timer said
"Unusual weather
For this time of year."
And when I heard him
My brain ran red,
I grabbed an ax that was
Behind the stove
And hit him between
The eyes
And split him in two,
And I rushed from
The place
And down the street,
And I saw a man with
Long whiskers
And I thought he too was
An Old Timer
And I struck him down
And cut him to pieces,
And for three hours
I killed everyone I saw with
Long whiskers.
The only one that said
I did right was
The barber,
He says he will get
Me out,
But I don't want
Him to as I might meet
Some other
Old Timer
And then I would
Have it to do all over
Again.

—J. B. CAMMAN.

DE BES PLACE

"I was tole you ma fren de bes place for fire was on stove."

When fire in stove roar on cole winter night,
An you bin sit on de chair an smok on de pipe,
You was tink it, Sapree! What fool dare was be,
Was bin careless on wood, an burn up bon tree.

De forest, ma fren, mean moch on countree,
For mak job, mak pleasure, mak money, mabe?
For all de habitant, she's important, Ba Gar!
An when you go on whood, don smok beeg it segar.

Ef you mos bin smok, cigarette, mabe de pipe,
Stop minute or tree, sit don, and mak de light;
After dat, tak de match, break heem twice on de hand,
An I tole you, ma fren, she don burn timber, or land.

De cigarette stob, an also heel of a pipe,
And seegar mos smok, what you call heem de snipe,
Don trow heem don, or trow from mobeel,
But plac in small can, or grind onder heel.

I was read on de pape, print on Stat la Unee,
Every year was burn up more as mellion bon tree;
On Eas' and on Sout' on Nord and de Wes',—
Sapree! Diable, ma fren, mos peep was care-less.

Many tousan' arpent was burn on each year—
Jes for why, somme dam fool don listen on ear,
Or mabe, say, 'To Hell! I don care it for me,
Dees plac, she's not mine; To Hell bees de tree.'

Bum by I was tole you an you leeve for to see
Every wan it will know de value on tree
When price of bon timbare get high as on France,
Sacre! de peep was set fire, shure pay for ze dance.

Now all ma bon fren when you was smok on de brier,
Seegar, cigarette, every ting, was mak it fire,
Don knock out live heel, don flip it hot stob,
For jes sure as de hell, you was mak it de troub.

—E. DE FLOOCHEE.

N. NITTS ON PREVENTION

Nescius Nitts, sage of Punkindorf Station,
Saw a cigarette butt in a slow conflagration
Upon the dry grass, and without hesitation
He quenched it with nicotine's brown liquidation,
And then upon carelessness made observation!

"I see by the smoke that has veiled them there hills
The forest fire season is workin' its ills,
In spite of the warnin's of rangers all 'round
About droppin' matches and fags on the ground,
Which 'minds me how once that there lesson was druv
And firmly impressed upon Philomel Love.

"Phil went out a-huntin', and Fire Warden Fleets—
Who knowed how he smoked Dixie Queen cigareets—
Says: 'Phil, them ere woods now is dry as a bone
So don't leave your camp-fire a burnin' alone,
And while you're a trampin' and huntin' around
Don't you throw them there cigareets on the ground!

"Phil acted some sore, said he wasn't no child,
And went to the woods seemin' peevish and riled,
And, seems like, to calm down his anger complete
He smoked cigareet after fresh cigareet,
And mebbe he throwed the stubs down in the fern
Fer he sorter felt kinder of don't-give-a-durn.

"That evenin' we seen the sun settin' in smoke,
And Fleets routed us out like it wasn't no joke,
And fer three solid days and fer three solid nights
We goes and digs trenches or else dynamites,
And chokes down the fire and controls it complete—
After cleanin' the township of some million feet.

"Phil Love he come 'round there to Fire Warden Fleets:
'I've shore learned my lesson about cigareets!'
And Fire Warden Fleets looks at Philomel Love
And looks at the smoke clouds a-driftin' above.

Says he: 'P'raps you have, but it's sorter distressin'—
If it costs a whole township fer each feller's lesson!"

—DEAN COLLINS.

THE TONTO FOREST

You say the Tonto as a forest is a mighty poor excuse,
That our hills are grown to cactus 'stead of yellow pine and spruce,
That our recreation features were drowned in the lake;
And our game supply's restricted to a stunted rattlesnake!

Say Pardner, where'd you get it? Who's the guy that put you wise?
If seeing is believing then come down and try your eyes;
We can show you heavy timber that will make your old pulse throb;
We can show you summer camp-sites that will make you quit your job;
We can show you shady trout streams; we can show you game galore;
From mountain sheep to turkey or a javelina boar!

We can show you, if you'll let us, where heaven sprung a leak,
And the nectar still is dripping from the falls of Workman Creek;
Or if you are a sinner and prefer a bit of hell,
You can satisfy your longing in the rocky Mazatzal!
Or the Superstitious Mountains whence victorious warriors fled;
And the legends of the ages are buried with the dead.

We admit that we are "Tontos" but you can tell the world,
They'll find our flag still flapping when the other flags are furled;
For we can show resources upon which we base our claim.
That the Tonto is a Forest and deserving of the name!

—JAMES H. SIZER.

MESA DE LOS ANGELES

Have you watched the sheep herds creeping
Down the brink of Stinking Water?
Milky trail-herds spilled at sunset
From the blazing orange sky;
Down the pitch-black cliffs of lava
Into milky mists that cover
Deep the lake that's down there somewhere,
Where the gulls and bitterns cry.

Have you seen the lightnings licking
At the rimrocks of the canyons?
Felt the bellow of the thunder
Shake the hills beneath the sod?
Seen the pine trees smashed to kindling
And the smoking, whirling splinters
Stab into the hillsides, trembling,
Like the javelins of God?

Have you topped the world at Salt-house
With the mesas spread below you?
A full hundred miles of daisies—
Yellow islands in a sea—
Dark blue deeps of threading canyons—
Dim blue reach of far-off valley.
Ho! the Salt House trail in autumn,—
It is calling yet to me.

Have you rode the Painted Desert
Toward the dancing pale horizons?
Seen the Mesa of the Angels
Hanging clear against the blue,
Floating high on gray mirages
On beyond the end of nowhere
Ho! the Mesa of the Angels,—
Has it never called to you?

—ALDO LEOPOLD.

THE OLD CHUCK BOX

There's a wornout wagon back of the corral,
With the old chuck box still bolted in the bed;
After years of rough abuse,
It's condemned for further use,
And abandoned by the men that once it fed.

On the plains and in the mountains of the West,
From Mexico to Canada and back,
On the roundup and the trail,
In the sunshine, rain and hail,
The boys that rode the range have seen its track.

Through the cactus and the sage-brush and the stand,
Over roads that never knew another wheel,
Smeared with dust and sour-dough,
They have seen it come and go,
As it hauled the chuck that went to make a meal.

In the dimness of the morning's early dawn,
In the scorching glare of summer's noon-day sun,
As the evening shadows fell,
It has echoed to the yell,
As the cook called to the boys that chuck was done.

It's the grandma of the modern dining car,
It's the hobo brother of the French cafe,
Pre-ordained a roving tramp,
Serving meals and moving camp,
It was hostess to the homeless in its day.

Its lid is barely hanging by the hinge,
Its sides are worn to splinters on the bed
Its top is split in two,
So the dirt comes sifting through,
It's a relic of the living and the dead.

The round-ups and the trail herds now are past,
The wagon's done with jolting o'er the rocks;
And we boys must drift along,
So I sing this little song,
In memory of the Old Chuck Box.

—JAMES H. SIZER.

THE RANGER

Up from the sage to the pinion; up from the pinion to pine,
Viewing his mountain dominion from valley to far timber line,
A lusty young ranger came singing a song to the musical drone
Of his pack-horse's bell that was ringing a queer little tune of its own.

Step along you Lazy, hop along you Blue,
Don't you let the evening get ahead of you.
Yonder goes the moonlight sliding down the pass,
And a mile to make Chilae, water, wood and grass.

It's coffee, beans and bacon and then a little smoke,
And some as think that rangin' is nothing but a joke.
Sweatin' with a trail crew, powder pick and drill,
First you got to excavate and then you got to fill.

Linin' up your switchbacks, cuttin' down the grade,
It ain't exactly loafing and smokin' in the shade.
Pullin' down a pay check in the Service means
Raisin' plenty of blisters and wearin' out your jeans.

Mebby so it's healthy when there's nothin' more
Than workin' only twelve hours out of twenty-four.
Mebby so you're sleeping when tingle goes the phone,
Fire has been reported up on San Gorgone.

Fordin' when the stream's high, ridin' in the rain,
Livin' close to nature is givin' you a pain.
Slippin' on the round rocks, splashin' through the dark,
Wishin' you was Noah, squattin' in his ark.

And you got to sabe packin'—of course you got to ride,
You got to be a doctor, you got to be a guide,
Carpenter, surveyor, timber-cruiser, cook,
And you got to know a whole lot that isn't in the book.

You got to sabe grazin'—and how to draw a lease.
You got to listen both ways and try and keep the peace.
When you ain't a dousin' a camp fire left by city sports,
You're setting in your cabin making out reports.

Oh, it's great to be a ranger and with the rangers stand
With sweat upon your forehead and a shovel in your hand
Mendin' trails and ditchin' until your back is broke,
Oh, it's coffee, beans and bacon—and then a little smoke.

—H. H. KNIBBS.

SUNRISE ON THE DESERT

Towards the east, the God of day,
Like some great red-eyed dragon, tops the rugged range.
Before his golden beams, the gray
Of dawn creeps slowly backward, till the magic change
Sweeps night away.

The desert stirs, and wakes.
Strange fashioned things come slipping into sight.
High over head a buzzard idly wings,
A lonely raven robed in shades of night
"Caws" hoarsely to its mates.

Perched on a nearby stone
A lizard, swift as light, and clad in colors gay,
Pumps slowly up and down.
A horned toad, with crown of thorns, come slithering by
And then is gone.

Atop of yonder rocky hill
A lone coyote, skulker of the desert wastes
Greets the first beams with shrill
And piercing "yips", then hastes
To find his morning kill.

A wandering honey bee,
Drunk with nectar from a Palo Verde's yellow bloom,
Goes stagg'ring by.
The air is heavy with the desert's sweet perfume
From flower and tree.

—WILL C. BARNES.

TRAILS

Dear Editor: May I come in
With these few lines for Bulletin?
Subscription fees are due, I know,
So here is part of what I owe.
For weeks I've held within my mind,
Some thoughts which soon must outlet find
In sober prose or foolish rhymes;
Or, I'll 'explode'—to warmer climes.

As you don't know me very well,
My Service hist'ry I will tell,
So that the tale, I here relate,
May carry some small worth or weight.
As Ranger, I have been and am
Still doing stunts for Uncle Sam,
On that fair Forest known to you,
As Holy Cross, in District Two.

For thirteen years I've played the game,
I've herded sheep, punched cows—for fame;
For wealth—made talks to man and child,
Kept fire, the demon, from the wild;
For health—made maps, work plans, galore,
Reports, a million, maybe more,
Protected game, made timber sales;
And, just for love—I've built some trails.

But Editor, to make this fair,
I'll also tell you, on the square,
That on this Forest I'm the butt
Of ridicule and jest—a nutt;
Because, when there's naught else to do,
I build another trail or two;
That is, if Uncle comes across
And I, with luck, out-talk the boss.

Because of this—my fault—they say,
The Super's hair is turning gray,
And here, this winter, I've been told,
No conference for us he'll hold,

I hope 'tis false, I fear 'tis true,
I know with him, *trail* is taboo,
For if I speak that word, of late,
He says, "Now, Si!" and looks irate.

Now this sad plight of mine dates back,
To a quite hostile, joint attack,
When we were asked, as man to man,
To each discuss the first trail plan.
I'd made a plan, from maps and files,
Which showed about one thousand miles,
And though the need for all was plain,
'Twas awful, how that plan was slain.

Subdued at last, but not convinced,
I gave it up—then they commenced—
And rangers, clerks, JF's, stenogs,
Tried hard to drive me to the dogs.
They laughed, they jeered, they said, "You crank!
You don't know beans, your mind's a blank!"
They robbed my life of peace and joy,
And filled my soul with base alloy.

But now, my trampled pride can rise
To flaunt their laughter to the skies;
For lo! the Forester has said,
"On this trail question, we've been dead;
We need more ways, we're short on trails,
Step out, my lads, and twist your tails!"
'Tis well, dear chief; my wildest dreams
Ne'er held so many trails, it seems.

I guess those killjoys now won't shout,
And kick my few pet trails about,
Nor cross-trail puzzle, call my plan;
For I can meet them like a man.
And, dog-gone me, to prove I'm right;
And show those guys how I can fight;
Where I thought one good trail would do
I'll go out now and build me two.

—L. C. SHOEMAKER.

WILLIAM, AND ROY, AND NICK

(With Apologies to Eugene Field, William B. Greeley, Roy Headley, E. E. "Nick" Carter and a Lot of Other Folks.)

William, and Roy and Nick one night
Sailed off in a redwood shoe.
(Out to the West—I think I'm right.)
'Twas a daring thing to do!
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
A Congressman asked the three.
"We're trying to sell to 'the man on the street'
The problems of for-est-ry;
Words of wisdom and warning have we!"
Said William,
And Roy
And Nick.

The old moon laughed and hummed a song,
As they headed away to sea,
And their "hot air" carried them swiftly along
From the shores of old D. C.
Then the time drew near for each good man
To lend an attentive ear.
"Now pay due heed to our little plan
And please don't think it queer!
It's tough—but we're doing the best we can!"
Said William,
And Roy
And Nick.

All night long their spell they cast,
But just as daylight came
The three discovered a fourth by the mast!
(Yes, a Lumberman was his name!)
How he came by the boat they never did know,
Such a thing they had failed to foresee,
But they gave him an oar and bade him row,
Or else swim back to the lea.

"Forsooth, you know, we all live by the tree!"
Said William,
And Roy
And Nick.

Now some believe it was all a dream,
But others say "Bide a wee!"
Perhaps not so strange in years 'twill seem,
Say, 'long 'bout thirty-three.
So shut your eyes while your Uncle sings,
As he "totes" you to and fro,
Of the truly strange and wonderful things
Undreamed of years ago.
To be "pulled" at the next Congressional show,
By William,
And Roy
And Nick.

—WALLACE HUTCHINSON.

THE PERMIT DODGER

What's all the rush, friend? Why this headlong haste?
Your place is burning? True; but still, why run?
For Fire, we've heard you say, is your best friend.
Why don't you stop him, now his work is done?

You are afraid? You're joking, aren't you now?
Why fear a friend and seek aid from a foe?
Our service is your enemy you've said,
Many a time and not so long ago.

Often you've risen up and called us Damned,
But now the red cock crows on your roof-tree.
And we, 'the meddling fools' of yesterday,
Must fight the fiend that your own hands set free.

Hark! How he roars, this treach'rous friend of yours!
Come then, if we must fight him, let's get to it.
To save fools from their folly is our job—
And thank your God that we are here to do it.

—W. H. CURRIE.

"TROTSKY"

The Station at Fort Valley
Will try any strange exotic
Botanic, ethnologic,
Or general biotic,
So they've picked us out a MONSTER
From the Gila's varied lotsky;
A wild and wooly motor-truck,
Whose given name in "Trotsky".
It cavorts across the landscape.
Irrespective of what's in it,
At the reckless, breathless gallop
Of a quarter-mile a minute.
She is lanky, long, and haggard,
And her beauty-spots are nil;
But she surely is a wizard
On a sandbank or a hill.

—FERDINAND W. HAASIS.

COUÉ GONE FLOOEY

"Get ready, Ranger! Overhaul your gear!"
What nonsense. All I need's to concentrate
Upon the fact that we have naught to fear
This year from forest fires at any rate.

For danger's but a figment of the mind;
Conditions every day are getting better.
And day by day, in every way, you'll find
That, all the time, the country's getting wetter.

My district's safe, if I but WILL it so!
But CONCENTRATE!—and do it resolutely!
* * * * * *
("That," said the keeper, "was a Ranger once;
But now the poor nut's cuckoo, absolutely!")

—W. H. CURRIE.

THE OLD-TIME RANGER

Broad shoulders, bowed by carrying heavy packs,
That poorly grace his brand new uniform—
The fingers stiffened by the mattock's grip
That hold no facile pen to write a study course—
A mind that's quick to act in time of need
And slow to plan for work that's never done,—
Few words,—but these the settler and the stockmen heed.

—G. F. ALLEN.

THE CONVERT
(To a Countryman)

"What's all this hokum that you fellers spread—
'PROTECT THE FORESTS!' Pshaw, a waste o' time.
I've got concerns o' my own to tend;
Out o' the woods I never get a dime.
"What's it to me, a forest fire or two?
I've worries o' my own enough, by Heck.
In fact, I dunno but I'm glad to see
Them timber barons git it in the neck!

"The woods are mine as much as theirs', y'say?
They add good money to the public store'
How come? Frum Royalty and Stumpage, heh?
Mmm—well, I hadn't thought o'that before.

"You say 'GREEN FORESTS MEAN A FAT PAY ROLL'.
Well, business suffers when the pay-roll's lean,
And 'TAXES MOUNT WHEN REVENUE CUT DOWN'.
Yes, it sh'd pay to keep the forests green.

"Say, if the people have an ekkity
In these here woods, it's shorely kinda tough,
If any low-life bum kin burn them up.
Git after 'em, by Gosh, an' treat 'em rough!"

—W. H. CURRIE.

APPRAISAL

We thought we knew a thing or two, about a cow,
How the little sprigs of grasses grew—not now—
We've worked on Appraisal.

We thought we knew the weights of steers,
But now we think we've slipped our gears,
We've worked on Appraisal.

We thought we knew the worth of lands—
Of all this bunk we wash our hands,
We've worked on Appraisal.

We thought we also savvied browse,
What we don't know would fill a house,
We've worked on Appraisal.

Of shrink and fill we talked with ease,
Our minds are blank on both of these,
We've worked on Appraisal.

Forage acres are ten times plus—
When we're through it's mostly muss—
We've worked on Appraisal.

So many acres to a band of sheep,
We're counting the d—d things in our sleep—
We've worked on Appraisal.

TO A CHIPMUNK

A chipmunk shared my cabin
Up on a lookout peak.
We soon became quite chummy
Although we didn't speak.

But one sad day in zealous mood
I baked a batch of bread;
Came suppertime, the bread was gone,
And poor Chippy,—he was dead.

—ALLAN ROEMER.

BURNED FORESTS

I think the first gift God gave trees was pride,
That they might face His heaven unbowed.
How straight the firs are on the mountainside!
How clean the pines! The whitest cloud,
The bluest sky, shame not a tree!
Tree-heads are skyward honestly.

Tree pride is in the fiber of tree wood.
It dies by neither axe nor mill.
In new white lumber, clean and strong and good,
Tree pride is firm and vital still.
Proud are tall masts upon the sea,
And proud home-wood carved from a tree.

One way of death alone trees cannot face
And hold aloof from fear and shame;
Stark, blackened trunks that haunt a dismal place
Confess surrender to that flame,
The forest fire. Then shall we be
Unshamed that fire should rape a tree?

Burned forests on a mountainside:
God's trees without His gift of pride.

—S. OMAR BARKER.

MEMORY

Gray the ashes, dead and cold,
That fed a flame of red and gold—
Winds that once were soulful sighs
Are memory murmurs passing by—
Streams that laughed in playful flow
Are echo voices sad and low—
Forest, yester dear and free
Is just a place where God put me:
Why, my love, come haunt me here
In an hour of memory, dear?

—STANLEY F. BARTLETT.

THE LAMENT OF THE D. O. MAN

I'm unknown to fame in this fire-fighting game,
My technique is not always right;
But I've known all the worst—heat, hunger and thirst
And the strain of a long-drawn fight.

I'm just so-and-so from the local D. O.,
I'm proud of the Pine Tree and Shield;
But you just ought to see what happens to me
When fires break out bad in the field.

Now you'd think that these Supes would learn from past flukes
The right way to handle their breaks,
But the best thing they know is to wire D. O.
"Please send us some help for gosh sakes."

I'm elected Em. Pat.,* so I get my big hat
And kiss my field program adieu,
I report to the Bo who's running the show
And ask what he wants me to do.

Now the jobs that I do—just 'tween me and you—
Are rarely if ever intense;
They could get my work done and leave me my fun
By the spending of forty-one cents.

And when I come out of each gruelling bout,
And I'm feeling quite draggled and old,
And thanks that I get for my time and my sweat—
Is something that's better not told.

Now don't get me wrong—I'm for it all strong,
My duty I don't aim to shirk,
But it's down on the cards we need more forest guards
So I can get on with my work.

Now we in the sticks dassent talk politics,
Our lips are hermetically sealed,
But I trust the reform that follows the storm
Will give more F. F. to the field.

—ROBERT W. AYRES.

*Emergency Patrol.

THE WHISTLIN' INJUN

Once, as I rode to a timber sale
In the moon-streaked murk of a forest trail,
I met a whistlin' Injun.
He and his wife, in accents soft,
Called to the birds and beasts aloft:
That doggoned whistlin' Injun.

He chirped; he twittered; he purled and shrilled;
'Til the moss-grown forest seemed to be filled
With the tribe of that whistlin' Injun.
But at the sound of my coming he left that place
With the rush and roar of an auto race:
That frightened whistlin' Injun.

I found a cabin with food prepared
And a fir-piled bunk that once was shared
By friends of the whistlin' Injun.
But though I stayed a storm-bound week,
Never once did I get a decent peek
At anything (that looked) like a whistlin' Injun.

So I'm not so sure that it might
Have been the moonshine I absorbed the night
I met the whistlin' Injun
That put wild fancies into my head
And made me say the things I said
About the whistlin' Injun.

—CHARLES V. BRERETON.

HIS THRONE

His throne, a lofty mountain peak;
His realm, the country 'round;
His joy, the bursting sunsets and
His life, what God sends down.
His law, the way of nature's plan;
His power, a mighty force—
The trust of God and man combined
With service as its source.

—STANLEY F. BARTLETT.

WHAT IS NEWS?

If you've wrecked a Forest Fliver
If your Guard has found a river
If your Liz picked up a sliver
    It is NEWS.

If your Lookout's just got married
Or too long from duty tarried
Or other disasters he parried
    This is NEWS.

If you had no fires at all
Or all you had were very small
If all your Guards hit the ball
    That is NEWS.

If you caught a careless camper
On your beat one day last summer
And you gave the Judge his number
    That's always NEWS.

If you've built a standard trail
Over hill and over dale
Tho' it cost a wad of kale—
    It may be NEWS.

If your timber sales are right
Brush all burned and out of sight
If your stumps are proper height
    Then it's NEWS.

If you've made a Working Plan
That can be followed by mere man
You must be a Superman
    But it's NEWS.

If all your work is up-to-date
Plan of Work not two months late
You're some Ranger, I'll say, Mate,—
    And it's NEWS.

With a pen or pencil write it
Or Old Oliver can smite it
In a minute you can write it
Send in NEWS.

Make it short and make it snappy
Too long items make us nappy
Short ones make us very happy
Send in the NEWS.

—JNO. D. GUTHRIE.

GOD'S FORESTS

The silent Forests standing—
In the golden sunset glow,
Are the spots of quiet refuge—
Where our saddened hearts may go;
There beautiful trees come to meet us
On the lonely road we tread—
Their branches beckon, like dear hands
From the Home that lies ahead.

We who love these Forests, hate to lose them
Sorrow to see their Spirits pass—
As the Out-Law Fire, steals softly, swiftly,
Through the dry needles and grass.
We love to see them growing,
Lie underneath the calm and beauty,
Of the peaceful, far off sky.

We who know the pain of giving,
We who know the weight of loss—
Reach out to the Forests with
Understanding. Let our fingers
Touch their cross;
For we know that God is near us
Like a kind of seeing Light—
In the beautiful, silent, Forests
When the sunset turns to night.

—MRS. (RANGER) DEWEY S. WRIGHT.

THE RED WOLVES

The Lord of Hosts was happy
When He stretched forth his hand
And said—"Let there be mountains
In all the Northwest Land."

The Lord of Hosts was gracious,
He sets the rocks and rills,
His water-falls went roaring—
He forested the hills.

The Lord of Hosts was gleeful,
He made the birds to sing—
All through the chambered forests
Their melody took wing.

The Lord of Hosts was watchful,
He called the squirrels and hares,
The moose, the deer, the foxes,
The cougars and the bears.

The Lord of Hosts was angered,
There flashed a lurid light,
And riding up the canyons,
The red wolves of the night.

They are loosed from their hiding
And the red wolves are riding—
There is blood and blast and fury in their eyes—
As their packs go a-crashing
There's a crackle and lashing
Breathing smoke and sparks and splinters to the skies.

The red, red wolves lie sleeping
When the snow palls are unfurled,
The red wolves still are drowsing
When Spring wakes up the world;

But when the blue-skied summer
Makes brown and sere the brake,
The red, red wolves arousing,
Shake off their sloth and wake.

Yet stir they not from ambush
Till sparks flame their desire,
For like man's blood to tigers
To the red wolves is fire.

The hills that know their scourging
Will bear their ancient scars—
The ghosts of untold legions
Out-stretching to the stars.

They are loosed from their hiding
And the red wolves are riding—
There is blood and blast and fury in their eyes—
As their packs go a-crashing
There's a crackle and lashing
Breathing smoke and sparks and splinters to the skies.

—ANTHONY EUWER.

PORKY

Slow-moving, waddling porky,
He never has a care
For he knows he's well protected
By his most gosh-awful hair.

He'll chew your saddle leather,
He'll gnaw a hole right through,
And then for thanks, the dog-gone cuss
Will try to bunk with you.

He'll walk across your blankets,
Drag his tail across your face
While you're lying there a-wishing
That you were some other place.

He loves to rattle pots and pans,
And he's never quite content
Until he hears you cussing
And high-tailing from your tent.

—ALLAN ROEMER.

WORK PLAN—ASPEN DISTRICT

(Job card No. 41144—Write something for the Bulletin.)

Dear Ed., far back in days remiss,
When life was full and free from care,
I sent epistles, much like this,
To help to fill your "sheet" so rare.

As poet I did *not* emerge,
Or bard, whose praises should be sung,
I only wrote because the urge
From out my breast unleashed had sprung.

I wrote, when called to do my "trick",
I cared not what, if I could give
A little zest, an added "kick"
To "commonplaces" we must live.

But lo! the critics came and I
Crawled back into my little hole,
And wrote—oh yes—for I must try,
But "scrapped" it e'er it reached its goal.

I was not "peeved", I am not "sore",
I'm not "thin-skinned", my hide is tough;
But you know Ed.—I would not bore—
It's just for fun I write this stuff.

But now the boss says, "Si, you dunce,
A job card you must make today,
To write the Bulletin at once,
Or I will stop your board and pay."

For such small pay I'm not inspired,
A job like this, to dare and do;
But board—he knows I have acquired
A waist that measures forty-two.

So Ed., I'm just a human "gink",
I did the job the best I could;
I hope you print it, if you think
It's so dang rotten that it's good.

—L. C. SHOEMAKER.

A RANGER ON HIS FORTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY

I make no quarrel with the Sisters Three,
On the whole the ladies deal fair I agree,
Seven times seven they've dealt to me
And withal not an empty year!

Health, strength, and will they gave to me;
A mind to seek and an eye to see
God's beauties in mountain, stream and tree;
And I've hardly scratched the ground!

They gave me to bear what a man may bear
Of labor and sorrow, of pain and care.
They withheld,—but I rate this their gift most rare—
All treacherous false supports!

Friends by the score on the trail I've made,
Men, upright, red-blooded, unafraid,
Fair woman's smile to my heart, I've laid,
And the golden love of a child!

All manner of men I have tested them;
Have worked with or fought with the best of them;
Have asked no odds of the rest of them,
And I'm free among men that are free!

—WALTER J. PERRY.

WHEELS OF PROGRESS

Ah, how the times are changed since the days when I worked as a ranger,
Trotting around with this rig! Little had we, but luck,
To fight a fire in my time; not much to cope with the danger—
Only some simple tools, handled with brains and pluck.
Now there are automobiles and other contraptions as clever,
Pumps and flying machines; everything run on a plan!
Only the trees are the same, the forest that's green forever,
And the old stern sense of duty that burns in the heart of man.

—W. H. S.

ZE BANK ON ZE FARM

Somme tam ma bon fren,
You lak com an see me;
Ba Gosh! I show you
Trick, bot handle ze tree,
How grow planty spruce,
How grow ze white pine;
Ze more fas as bon cheval,
Who go two-twenty nine.

I bin have on ma plac
More as tousan' arpent;
Somme premier class for plow,
Every tam ze crop grow;
Bot me, was tink me, ma plac,
More as seexty per cent
Was grow heem on timber
Jes I tole you, hell bent.

De reazon for dees, Hein?
I use it ze head.
Jes sam you raise honyon,
Keep weed out ze bed.
She's sam on ze wood lot
Don cot heem en-block
Onless she's beeg old tree,
Got stag in ze top.

De plac for mak start
On ze wood lot, Ba Gar!
Was when you yong fellow
And not smok it segar;
Sam age bees ze tree
Mabe, ten, feefteen year,
Let me tole you someting me,
You don shed on ze tear.

When you feefty year old
An want mak leetle spree,
You scratch on ze head, Hein?
Where to hell get ze mon-nee;

Bot slap youself on ze back,
Keek ze leg up behine
And say Sapree! Hooray me,
Ze wood lot on pine!

Dees pine was grow fas
Just sam I tole you,
Tre tam I was tin heem
Meself, bin ze crew;
Treem heem up high
For make it clear log,
De price she's premier
An pay bon for ze troub.

Now ma fren on New Hampsh
Got whood lot on farm,
She sure pay for spree,
Mabe? Beach de la Palm.
Bot don let heem grow wild,
Bot weed and tak care;
Ef not, Mourdeau! I tink
Yon don go it dare!

—E. DE FLOOCHEE.

THE RANGER'S FIRE PRAYER

O Lord in Heaven, hear our plea! Give us high humidity;
Spare us trouble, work and pain, send us stormy skies and rain!
Teach the folks these summer days, "Prevent Forest Fires—
It Pays!"
Keep the lightning from our pines, keep the sheepman in
his lines;
Make the cowman know his fault when he fails to put out
salt!
Teach the timberman to blush when he fails to pile his brush;
Make us wise to understand those new Manuals at hand;
Make our Supervisor wise, hide our boneheads from his eyes;
Hear, Thou, this our meek request, and then we'll do our
very best.
Amen! —H. R. ELLIOTT.

A PLEA FOR THRIFT

Mr. Man, do you know that timber won't grow
Where fires burn over the ground?
And where timber is needed, the soil must be seeded,
And money to do this be found?
Have you thought of the good that you get from the wood
That the forest with grace is supplying;
Or how the foresters would—or would if they could—
Preserve our green forest from dying

Do you know that men burn—and to save never learn—
Your property, and mine, and the Nation's?
That posterity will turn, in a wrath that is stern,
To the acts of these generations,
As they view arid wastes, and the bitterness taste,
Of knowing their ancestors were fools,
Because of the haste in which their kind they disgraced,
By breaking all forestry rules?

Come and give us a hand, all over this land,
In saving the forests from fire;
Else your children will pay, at some future day,
The debts the forests require.
For the houses they build, the lumber that's milled,
Ten times your prices they'll pay.
So ask every friend his attention to lend
To the plea I'm making this way.

Put a hand to the wheel, make an effort that's real,
To stop the timber destruction;
Else you'll soon see the end—as now is the trend—
Of soft-wood building construction.
And do not lament when stone and cement,
Are for homes the material used,
That you often were told, before you were old,
How the forest was being abused.

—CHARLES V. BRERETON.

THE RANGER'S DAY OF REST

Throughout this land from east to west
Sunday is called the day of rest.
But when you read this you'll agree
It's not out here with the Chief and me.
Now I'll tell the truth, I will not kid,
These are some of the things I did.

I took a bath, I washed my head,
I swept the floor, I made the bed.
I washed the dishes, split some wood,
I washed my shirt, and washed it good,
I packed a table, dishes and stove
I found hidden in a big fir grove.

I hung ten skunk skins on the wall,
By gosh, I didn't rest at all;
I carried pitch and limbs and bark
And cooked my supper after dark;
Then mended both my pants and vest,
Say, who said this was a day of "rest"?

"THE COMPLETE ANGLER"
(To a Fisherman)

"PROTECT THE FORESTS, eh? But, my dear chap
Surely you would not venture to suggest
That I should spend my brief vacation thus
In fighting Fire where I'm a paying guest!

"No need for that, my friend. We only ask
That you'll be careful as you go about.
Poor fishing, brother, when the streams run dry!
Don't leave your fire until you're sure it's OUT.

"For, mark me; if you love to cast a fly
To lure the speckled beauties from the pool,
PROTECT THE FORESTS—for their generous shade
Conserves the brooks which keep our rivers full."

—W. D. CURRIE.

WHAT THE FOREST RANGER DOES

Who is this forest ranger man we hear so much about?
What does he do, how live his life, where is his daily route?

The forest ranger is the man who guards the nation's wood,
Performs his Uncle Sam's odd jobs and does his duty good.

His life is lived away from town, and often quite alone
He rides the trail or climbs the ridge wherever trees are grown.

He gathers seed in autumn from the sturdy forest trees,
And scatters them where barrenness exists by fire's decrees.

The snow-clad peaks, the mountain lakes, the river's rushing brim,
The cabin and the jungle dark alike are known to him.

By their first names he calls the trees and counts each one his friend.
He knows the furtive wood folk, too, and how their lives they spend.

He finds the way and builds the trail where few have been before;
And to a beauty spot long closed he leaves an open door.

In August's heat he make his beat from lowlands to the higher,
And ofttimes mid deep smoke and flames he battles forest fire.

The ranger counts the herds of stock, the sheep that come in flocks
To feed on forest forage found among the trees and rocks.

With compass, aneroid and book he makes the forest maps,
And carries quilt and frypan with his surveying traps.

Each day you'll find him on the job in charge of timber sales,
And every log or bolt that comes with diligence he scales.

The ranger's works are legion: he cooks, he packs, he rides,
He's carpenter and mason, he paints and drafts besides.

He's sometimes building cabins and installing telephones,
And sometimes cruising timber, and sometimes hauling stones.

For any work that's needed on his Uncle's forest land,
The ranger's ever ready with a willing skillful hand.

On what he sees, and what he does, wherever he resorts,
He must embody all the facts in various reports.

The forest ranger sometimes wears a Service uniform;
More often khaki overalls keep his strong figure warm.

The ranger likes his T-bone steaks and strawberries and cream;
His frequent food is "mulligan" beside some mountain stream.

The forest ranger sometimes works but eight hours for a day,
And days when he puts in sixteen, they don't increase his pay.

The forest ranger on his trips as he goes down or up,
Oft takes along for company a well-bred Airedale pup.

The forest ranger likes his job: he has no time to knock,
And when at length promotion comes it strikes him with a shock.

Thus the ranger's life is lived with nature wild and free,
His soul uncaged by city walls—his is the life for me!

—A. G. JACKSON.

I'D LIKE TO KNOW

When the cowman own the ranges;
And the lumbermen the trees;
And the miners own the minerals;
And the "touries" own the breeze—
When the hunters own the big game;
And the fishermen the trout;
And the "nesters" own the homesteads;
And our jobs are owned by Scouts—
When the grocer owns our salary;
And the Users own our time;
Will you tell a common Ranger
Where in heck do I get mine?

—WALLACE HUTCHINSON.

FIRE PREVENTION HITS

A tiny Camp-fire left aglow—
The Kind you thought was out, you know—
May blaze anew a thousand-fold;
Your FIRE'S not out until it's COLD!

"What causes Forest Fires?" you say.
Often the stub you throw away,
Fanned by the idling Summer breeze,
So set your heel upon them, PLEASE.

You like to fish? Of course you do,
And fishing streams are mighty few,
THE FOREST FIRE'S the reason why,
For *Forests burnt* mean *streams gone dry.*

You like the hunting in the Fall?
Most fellows do—and if they'd all
PUT OUT THEIR FIRES before they go,
The game would have a better show.

GET THE HABIT, Nothing to it—
All the reg'lar fellows do it—
Break your match before you drop it,
FIRE'S our bugbear—help us stop it!

Traveller, please, before you go,
Douse your fire with H2O.
Pour some more if you're in doubt.
Camp-fires are the best things O-U-T.

A word to every LOGGING CREW.
The timber burnt is lost to you;
Each Forest Fire is lost that gets away
Shuts down the work—and *docks your pay!*

—W. H. CURRIE.

THE LOOKOUT

God little thought, when he skillfully wrought
The peaks of this wonderful land,
That cabins of wood built solid and good
Would be placed on their tops by man.

For if He had, He'd have been glad—
At least I'm reasonably sure—
To have used more care as he put them there
The comforts of man to secure.

For a high, stone peak is cold and bleak
In the time of a raging storm,
Or shining bright with all his might
The sun makes it mighty warm.

Yet there's many a home on a rocky dome
Upthrust through the forest land,
Where, in hot July when all is dry,
A lookout takes his stand.

And there he stays, throughout the days,
That the sun god reigns supreme;
And he keeps an eye on earth and sky
To report each smoke that's seen.

Oh a lookout's life of lonely strife
'Tis rough, but it is good;
He lives by himself on a rocky shelf
In a penitential mood.

—JAMES C. ILER.

BE THANKFUL

"Be thankful for the Ranger shack,
That shields from cold and rain;
Be thankful for the Ranger's pay
From which there's lil' to gain;
Be thankful to have credit,
When you haven't got the cash,
To buy the prunes and boneless beans,
The tripe and succotash."

THE FOREST CRAFTSMAN

A man with a trade is a man indeed,
If the man and the trade are one,
And the trade of a man is an honest creed
When a full day's work is done.
If the trade of a man is the forestry art,
And his standards are high and clear,
A Craftsman he'll be and worthy the part,
In the trade he will rank as a peer.

It's the day of the man with art and skill
And a clear-cut, thought-out plan;
The kind that stands when put to a test,
As forester as well as a man
Who follows a plan based on record and fact
Made plain by a meeting of minds,
And given the test of a tried-out act
Which the forester by experience finds.

The knowing how brings the forester his joy,
When the hard, stern job's in hand;
And the best that's in him finds employ
As he meets each new demand.
When he shares his knowledge, his act and plan,
He gives, yet is richer thereby;
For he gets from his fellows without stint or ban
Which all to their task do apply.

The worth of a trade is the worth of a man;
The trade but reflects what prevails.
It is lifted on high if he does all he can,
Or is dragged in the mire if he fails.
The forester at his best is a Craftsman true,
A new forest is his boast and crown;
No tablet of bronze need be cast as his due,—
What he is and he does brings renown.

STANDARD RECIPE FOR A "POME"

Of Browning's dreamy verse take half a bunch;
A dust of Whitman—without point or punch;
Of Bobbie Burns you then should add a dash,
(What though the meters shriek, and groan and clash?)

Stir with a stave from "Robyn of Grene Wode"
Thicken with "bunk"—the "care-free life's" la mode.
And then, before the pot's entirely full,
Heave in some goodly chunks of blood-raw BULL.

Serve hot or cold, it matters not a whoop,—
Those that don't like Bull can dine on soup.
But, serving up this ill-digested mess
Beware!—who knows it least will like it best!

—WALTER J. PERRY.

THE FIRE FIGHTERS

"Where's Smith and Hennessy, Edwards, Stowe—
Where's Casey and Link and Small?"
The Ranger listened, and murmured low:
"They're missing, Chief, that's all.

"Where the smoke rolls high, I saw them ride—
They waved good-bye to me:
Good God! they might as well have tried
To put back the rolling sea.

"I rode for aid till my horse fell dead,
Then waded the mountain stream:
The pools I swam were red, blood red,
And covered with choking steam.

"There was never a comrade to shout "hello"
Though I flung back many a call:
The brave boys knew what it meant to go—
They're missing, Chief—that's all."

—ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

BY SCARLET TORCH AND BLADE

All the land is lying listless and a warm September breeze
Has brushed the green to silver on the rustling orchard trees,
And the near-by hills are curtained with a doleful, yellow cloak,
For the world is swathed and sweltering and blanketed in smoke.
Up the Sacramento Valley from the 'Frisco country south,
To Seattle and Vancouver there's a thirsty, baking drouth;
From the Rockies to the Coast Range 'neath the heavy-hanging haze
Leagues and leagues of trees are giving up their ghosts in smoke and blaze;
There are endless acres smouldering, their trunks forever dead—
Oh, is it any wonder that the sun's a red-hot red!

From the towns they're rushing fighters—rushing, rushing them by rail.
They're meeting them in motors and they'll tote 'em up the trail
Where the pack-nags are a-packing with a tramp, tramp, tramp—
Packing tools and grub and blankets up the canyon to the camp.
And fire they'll foil with back-fire—pitting pitch 'gainst snarling pitch,
They'll slash the brake and lacerate the earth with upturned ditch;
Their skins will smart with singeing draughts that play along their tracks,
They'll sting with wet from reeking sweat of shovel, pick and ax.

She's headed up for Clear Creek and she'll make it' fore she stops,
For she's a roaring crown-fire with her wind-swept, blazing tops.

From flaming lance to flaming lance on through the parching day,
Exhaling clouds of rolling black, she surges on her way.
She sucks the flying embers like a burning hurricane,
She flings them miles around her in a sputtering, sparking rain,
She pants and thirsts for living green, she stays not for the snags,
She's charged the steep embankments and she's gained the higher crags;
Her Devil's dance leads ever up—exultingly she swings
Her wild red arms out towards the heights—she sizzles and she sings;
With dragon-spit she hisses, a maniac in her wrath,
She laughs to scorn the human things that try to block her path.
On yonder crest they've made their stand—hark to the timber fall,
Again the winds have veered around—the bosses curse and call
Through driving blasts of pitch-pine heat and pitch-pine smoke and smell,
"She's turned again—hang to your tools—and damn you—run like Hell!"
It takes a canny general whose eye's a weather-vane,
A mighty canny general with seamed and schemy brain,
To meet the gay manoeuvers and the unconventional ways
That a breeze kicks up at noonday in a crown-fire forest blaze.
But when the cooling later hours have lulled her hot desire,
She straggles down the blackened trunks in fretful gusts of fire.
The tinder-brush has caught the spark, the temples of the night,
Their purple of columns towering high, glow in the amber light.
There's a maple dancing, dancing with her arabesques of gold,
Till her flaming scarfs have shrivelled, fluttered down and touched the mould.
From censers gleaming fitfully the dripping pitch-gum falls,
And heavy incense fills those wild and weirdly lighted halls.

Each hollow stump a cauldron is with molten pitch aglow—
Its roots are twisted holes of pitch that pierce the earth below.
Beyond the burning border of the bracken and the vine,
A ruddy edge is eating through the carpet of the pine,
But the fighters, they will meet it with their paths of upturned soil—
It's many days those little paths have saved in sweat and toil.
A four-league stretch is burning now—the cavalcade of death
Moves on with scarlet torch and blade and with a scarlet breath,
And over all the smoking ridge, the clouds that hang like lead—
Oh, is it any wonder that the moon's a red-hot red!

And when the golden ladders of tomorrow's sickly sun
Slant through the mournful tree-tops and the holocaust is done,
There won't be much to interest the breathing things around
In the charred and ashen litter of the scarred and ghastly ground.
There's quite a large community that undertook to change
Its residential section to a more inviting range.
There is a fox—a red, red fox, who took his bouncing luck
And dusted down the pathway of a panic-stricken buck;
There's a corps of gray-backed diggers and a bunch of cottontails
Who didn't tarry very long to figure out their trails;
And the suckers and the peckers and the flickers and the wrens,
And the buzzards and the finches and the cocks and pheasant hens,
And the jays and bees and skeeters and the gnats and dragonflies
Have saved their skins and feathers for they're fairly weaherwise.
But woe betide the crawling things and heaven help the mark
For every wriggly worm that rides the earth or bores the bark;
And every caterpillar—and a caterpillar's hairs
Can get as badly frizzled as a big, brown furry bear's;

And woe betide the silly squirrels who for a refuge run
Far up the blazing trees because it's what they've always done.
And may the blessed Jesus save all souls of mortal men
Who perish in that fiery maze, walled in their smothering pen,
Like those they found near Jefferson upon the mountain side,
Who strangled there near Jefferson—with fingers clenched they died.
Oh would you know the meaning of that lazy yellow haze,
Why the sun's a scarlet pinwheel in the late September days,
Why the thirsty earth's a-drowsing 'neath a lowering panoply
From 'Frisco to Seattle—from the Rockies to the sea?
For the skirmish that they're having up the Clear Creek canyon there
Is but one of all the flare-ups that are burning everywhere.
And you'll know them—oh, you'll know them when a decade's come and gone,
And the lifeless bark has fallen from those trunks now pale and wan,
And their ghostly, gray battalions in their long unbroken lines,
Stalk the ridges, rising, falling—ghosts that once were firs and pines;
You will know them—you will know them when a score of years has run,
Faintly limned in mist, or gleaming—silver lances in the sun.

—ANTHONY EUWER.

TORN

Today a woodsman strong, and I
Tore some scenery from the sky—
A green tree sown and grown by God.
We left quite helpless on the sod.

—STANLEY F. BARTLETT.

THE PASSING OF EARL McCALLISTER

They tell me Mac has passed over,
That he's crossed the Great Divide;
And though friends in this world are many
There are few of those friends who are tried.
So I hear the news with sorrow,
And in visions I see once more
The nights we spent by the campfire
When the long day's hike was o'er.
It made the world seem brighter,
And it cheered you up, you know,
To see his face a-grinning
And to hear his long "Hello".
Then after supper was over,
And the dishes had all been done,
We talked of the past and present,
And threads of the future were spun.

We hunted, packed, and prospected;
Were together in pleasure and work,
And I always found him willing,
He wasn't the kind to shirk.
Now he's gone from this world of worry,
He has finished life's ceaseless fight.
A tree blew over the cabin
And killed him one wild winter night.
He loved the streams and the forests,
The trees that were rugged and spiked;
So I somehow think, could he tell us,
'Twas the kind of an end he'd have liked.
Though the ties bind ever so tightly,
Still death the circle rends;
And I'm one of the many who'll miss him,
For Mac and I were friends.

—VONDIS E. MILLER.

WHY IS A RANGER?

"Oh, a Ranger is in danger of congestion of the brain if he tries to keep all posted on every latest plan. He is but one lone mortal, at the crossing of the ways of a thousand different theories, of a thousand different days. He must be an expert woodsman and a guide and trapper, too; and must know in all emergencies the proper thing to do; how to fix a motor, mend a leg or rope a steer, play a tune on the typewriter to please the diplomatic ear; also how to run a survey, find a corner where it ain't, and, in extra stressful moments, exercise restraint.

"He must be a sawmill expert, cowboy, and a lumberjack, and an information bureau, plumb full of statistic fact. And he must be trained in botany, know every growing plant so's to educate the cattle what they can eat and what they can't. He must know the birds and animals, the insects and the fish, their every need and comfort, their every wile and wish, including why a woodchuck would and why a dodo don't, as well as why a whippoorwill and coyote won't. All professions and sciences and every common trade is the fund of useful knowledge for which he is so princely paid. And still there is something to it that holds the Ranger on, when he tells himself and all his friends that he would fain be gone."

FIRE WORSHIPPERS

Men
And women
Long years ago
Worshipped fire.
I like fire myself.
It lights my way;
It keeps me warm;
It cooks my food.
But it is TREACHEROUS.
It is a good slave,
But if it escapes
It is a cruel knave.
It must be kept
In subjection.
In the woods
Be careful
With fire
Always.

—A. H. SYLVESTER.

INSPECTION OF EQUIPMENT

Ranger, Ranger, where are your hob-nail boots?
—When you climbed the rocky hills hob-nail boots you wore—
"I never climb the rocky hills, the rocks I tread no more,
My hob-nail shoes I never use, they stand behind the door."

Ranger, Ranger, where is the big pack sack?
—The big pack sack you filled so full and carried on your back—
"The big pack sack I never fill, to carry it is too hard—
The Forest Guards should carry packs—I gave mine to a Guard."

Ranger, Ranger, where is your four-pound axe?
—The four-pound axe you used to swing and kept so keen and bright—
"The four-pound axe I can not swing, my uniform's too tight—
I gave the Guard the four-pound axe and bought a hatchet light."

Ranger, Ranger, where is your sorrel horse?
—The sorrel horse with two white feet I used to see you ride—
When you went up the narrow trail along the mountain side—
"I traded off the sorrel horse, I don't go far away,
And when I go I ride my Ford along the State highway."

Ranger, Ranger, what is the work you do?
—You used to ride and clear the trails throughout the summer day—
What are the things you're doing now to earn your monthly pay—
"I read the letters I receive, I write my study course,
I sponge and press my uniform, the game laws I enforce—
I do the things that really count to make my standing high,
For I should be promoted soon, and time is passing by."

—G. F. ALLEN.

PROHIBITION, OR THE WAIL OF A DRY WIT

In a land like Arizona where the rivers seldom run,
And a man must ride the desert in the sand and burning sun,
It is strange and nigh impossible to believe or even think,
That one should tell another, how or what he ought to drink.

But that is what happened since a prohibition guy
Tells us we must drink just water and it tastes like alkali.
There 're times I grant when water is essential to our lives,
But as a steady diet, it's best suited to our wives,
For a man with any get-up, whether wielding pen or pick
Feeling need of a refreshment wants a drink that has a kick;
And be it wine or whiskey or a bottle of champagne
If drunk in proper doses, will relieve a weary brain.

But the prohibition measure bans the whiskey, wine and beer,
And left us men a-wishing we were any place but here.
While with parching throats we swelter in the desert's scorching blast,
And long for booze we squandered in the dim and distant past.

Life is short for average mortals but our three score years and ten
Is too long to be endured by a bunch of thirsty men.
So if you're travelling in an auto and are headed towards the West
And you've got a heart within you, kindly grant my one request—
Take me somewhere west of Yuma before July the first
Where there ain't no prohibition and a man can quench a thirst.

Where the foot rail still is polished by the gents before the bar,
And the homeward-bound inebriate salutes the morning star;
Where the glasses still are glassy and the rock is in the rye,
Where the gin-fizz still is fizzing and the high-ball still is high,
Where the punch bowl still is punching and old "Tom and Jerry" meet,
Let me linger there forever, then my life will be complete.

—JAMES H. SIZER.

THE FOREST RANGER

You'll find him in the forest dense
An' on the mountains high,
A clean-cut chap, with common sense,
An' keen, far-seeing eye;
He's on the job twelve hours a day,
An' goes where he is sent,
An' surely earns his monthly pay—
The Forest Ranger gent.

He's game an' gritty, through an' through;
Alert an' wide-awake;
An' always does his duty, too,
Without a qualm er quake.
He leads a kind o' lonely life,
But one that's never stale,
An' sometimes it is full o' strife—
He camps on danger's trail.

He rides fer hours, an' seldom tires,
Out in the woodland's heart,
His eyes alert fer forest fires,
To stop 'em when they start.
Some careless gent'll drop a match,
Er toss his "smoke" away;
The flames spring up, the dry leaves catch,
An' there's the deuce to pay.

Unless he spots the trouble quick,
An' stamps upon the blaze,
Those little flames will play ol' Nick,
An' heaps o' trouble raise.
Swift through the forest they will leap,
The tongues will spread an' soar,
An' ev'rything before them sweep,
With mighty rush an' roar.

An' in the thick o' it, our friend
The Ranger, he must fight,
Sometimes fer hours an' hours on end,
Throughout the day an' night.

Whate'er the cost, he's got to win,
An' when the flames are spent,
He steps forth victor, with a grin,
The Forest Ranger gent!

—JAMES EDWARD HUNGERFORD.

IN THE SENATE GALLERY

SOMEWHERE.
WHEN SHE went to school.
SHE HAD seen a picture.
OF THE Senate Chamber.
AND ALL the Senators.
EXCEPTING ONE.
WERE IN their seats.
AND THE one.
WAS STANDING.
WITH HIS arms raised.
AND MAKING a speech.
AND THE sitting Senators.
WERE MUCH interested.
AND LISTENING closely.
AND THE Vice-President.
WAS SITTING up straight.
WITH HIS eyes focused.
ON THE speaking Senator.
AND THE other day.
SHE WENT with me.
TO THE Senate gallery.
FOR THE first time.
IN HER busy life.
AND TWELVE Senators.
WERE IN their seats.
AND MR. Marshall.
IN HIS big chair.
WAS READING a paper.
AND ONE Senator.
WAS MAKING a speech.
ABOUT FOREST reserves.
AND FOREST fires.
AND HE was eloquent.
AND RAISED his voice.
AND SWUNG his arms.
AND OF the Senators.
WHO WERE in their seats.
THERE WASN'T one.
WHO WAS listening to him.
AND WE sat there.
FOR HALF an hour.
AND THEN left.
AND I'M very sorry.
I TOOK her there.
BECAUSE NOW she thinks.
THAT U. S. Senators.
AREN'T EVEN gentlemen.
OR THEY would have listened.
TO THE poor man.
WHO HAD to make the speech.
ABOUT FOREST fires.
AND SHE further said.
IT MUST be discouraging.
TO BE a Senator.
I THANK you.

—K. C. B. (KENNETH C. BEATON).

Washington, D. C., Feb. 26, 1921.

THE WESTERNERS

I know you'll like the Westerners when out upon the Coast;
And, when you see their Douglas firs, forgive them if they boast.
You'll like Seattle with its rush, Tacoma with its roar;
Spokane will make a fellow gush who never gushed before.
You'll like the whole Pacific slope, and think exceeding fine
The sawmills where they brand and rope the fir and spruce and pine.
I know you'll like the sawmill man you meet out in the West
Who thinks Seattle or Spokane, Tacoma, quite the best.

The Westerners are dandy folks and treat you like a king;
They'll lend you money, hand you smokes, or do 'most anything.
They have a certain Western way of being good to you
And every day is Christmas Day in everything they do.
And then some day you'll say, perhaps, "I wish you'd show to me
The house where you were little chaps, where you were born, you see.
Come take me out some pearly dawn, some bright and sunny morn—
I'd like to lay a wreath upon the house where you were born."

And then the Westerner will smile, a tear will dim his eye,
And back along old memory's mile he'll take a look, and sigh,
"Why, I was born in Manistee, and Bill in Saginaw,
And in Muskegon Henry he first learned to gum a saw.
That guy who yells so loud about Spokane and Idaho,
Was born in Traverse and came out about ten years ago.
That fellow came from Ludington who's shouting for Spokane;
He isn't any native son—he came from Michigan.

"For these are Charley Hackley's men or worked for Lay or Rust;
They drove the Clam for Blodgett when he made the Blodgett dust.

That fellow worked for Uncle Ike, or logged it for Champagne—
And now and then a man you strike who came out here from Maine."
You'll like the people in the West, you people from the East,
Who think the Coast about the best and living here a feast.
But, if inquiring you begin, you'll be almighty glad—
Because you'll find beneath the skin some man who knew your dad!

SMOKERS, ATTENTION

Men
Are queer.
They hold sticks
In their teeth,
Set them on fire,
Draw smoke into their mouths
And blow it out again.
Then
They throw away
The sticks
While still a-fire.
They do this in houses;
They do it on the streets;
They even do it in the woods.
Sometimes
The fire goes out,
But sometimes it doesn't
Sometimes it sets fire to houses
And somebody collects insurance.
Sometimes it sets fire to forests
And then the people pay.
Smokers should put out
Their fire sticks
Before throwing them
Away.
I thank you.

—A. H. SYLVESTER.

IF YOU HAVE LOVED ALL THESE

If you have loved the scent of fern at seven,
The many voices of streams in praise and laughter,
The tall firs drowsing when it's noon in heaven,
And the white, whispering nights that follow after;
The sweet breeze on your cheek, the cool, enchanted
Shadows that sleep beneath the minstrel trees,
The bright falls by the silver salmon haunted . . .
Be desolate—if you have loved all these.

For here they freed the flame. Ah, never after
In all our years shall the clean breeze be blowing,
Nor any stream have heart enough for laughter,
Nor any glade have faith enough for growing.
Here fern and frond are slain, the charmed low sighing
Of plumed pines whose beauty was a spell;
Here beauty's self in that red lust lay dying . . .
Be desolate—if you have loved her well.

When morning came the mountain quail were whirring,
Here sprang the grouse in sudden, thunderous winging,
And here at twilight the gray deer were stirring,
And in the long ago a thrush was singing.
There danced the moth and there the trout were gleaming,
When these gaunt wraiths around us once were trees,
And here of old was heart's desire and dreaming . . .
Be desolate—if you have loved all these.

If you have loved a forest—hill and hollow —
The many voices of streams in mirth and shouting,
The friendly cedars where no care could follow,
A green crest circled by a dark hawk scouting;
The purple silences, the cool, enchanted
Shadows that held you in their ancient spell,
The bright pool by the questing valiant haunted . . .
Be merciful—if you have loved them well.

—BEN HUR LAMPMAN.

LUCKY

We're apt to rave and mourn our lot
And cuss our luck, when like as not,
Our luck's the thing we haven't got.

For instance now, I used to think
Myself a most unlucky gink,
Because I didn't have a mate
And fourteen kids to share my fate.

But one sad day, a month ago,
A friend with fourteen kids or so,
Brought his bunch to my bungalow.

They turned my poor joint upside down,
My choicest things they strewed around;
My tools they lost and cried for more,
My hat they burned, my pants they tore.

They made my few hairs stand on end
Making the highest tree tops bend;
They caught my dog and dyed him red,
They parked their gum on my bald head.

My hens turned up all painted blue,
The rooster's tail was stolen too
Their parents didn't mind at all
To see them fight and hear them bawl:
For kids are just like dope, you see,
You get the habit gradually.

Suppose I wouldn't mind their din
If I'd been properly broke in.

But, after all, now, I don't know,
If Luck has dealt me such a blow,
At least I'll try and bear my lot
And worry on with what I've got!

—H. R. ELLIOTT.

YE SIMPLE HELIOTROPER'S COMPLAINT

I am an Heliotroper mild—
An upright man enow;
But ever is my spirit vexed
By reason of a cow.
Life is no end of grief to me
And sorrows deep, alas,
Though ne'er I spoiled her of her drink
Or robbed her of her grass.

My camp is high on Johnson's Peak
Whence I may not go down
To mingle with the gentry and
The knavery of town
But on the Summit must abide
Till God shall send a day
When I once more may pack my camp,
Once more to move away.

Now on this Summit kine do graze—
Yea,—simple, honest kine
Who here upon the Peak abide
With lot like unto mine.
But lo, among them there is one—
The Devil's kind, I trow,
For never did I see before
A more deceitful cow.

She joyeth not in honest sport
As do the other kine,
But ever some iniquity
Or mischief doth design,
And oft cause me to desist
From work I have begun
And seeketh ever to undo
The good deeds I have done.

Now in the morn when I would sleep
And undisturbed be,
She trippeth o'er my guy-ropes, taut,
And falls the tent on me.

And when I would descend the slope,
Fresh water for to bring,
Behold she hath been there before
And hath defiled the spring.

And when I have ascended to
My station on the hill,
My sour-dough bucket she upsets
And on the ground doth spill.
She eateth up my sack of spuds
And spilleth my corn-meal
And overturneth my camp-stove
And my good salt doth steal.

Methinks of all her evil deeds
That were the gravest fault,
For married life without a spouse
Were cooking without salt.

Nor is her malice yet content,—
She must some evil more—
Into my kitchen she doth break
And soileth of the floor.
Yes—insult unto injury!
And when I do draw nigh
She pranceth off across the sward
As if in mockery.

A Colt's six-shooter at my belt
I bear, alas, in vain
For neither fears she the report
Nor fears the bullet's pain,
Nor fears my Marble's hunting-knife,
With blade a full span long,
Nor fears she my anathema—
But still doth do me wrong.

I am a simple man, in sooth,
Not given to bold deed
But would some hunter's dog might come
And render her her need.

She knows that I am far from kin
Upon this peak alone,
But gen she cometh to Eugene
When I go back to town,
To further vex my spirit,
Will I think me of mine ills
And truly will she wish herself
Once more along the hills!

—RAYMOND E. KERR.

A RANGER'S PRAYER

God help the folks who walk these trails
Be mindful as they go
That there shall be no embers left
To tempt the winds that blow.
Nor let them leave old tins about
Their camp, nor bits of glass,
For forest fires start with these,
Half hidden in dry grass.

This stream that runs its pebbled way,
God, let them leave it sweet
And pure as when they found it first
Hidden from summer's heat.
And do not let them cut the trees
That stand in majesty,
Nor let them trample ferns, nor break
The branch of any tree.

God, keep my vision true and clear
Through all this bluish haze
That hangs like velvet everywhere
Through these long summer days,
Nor let me see a wisp of smoke
Curl up where forests dwell,
But if I do—God, give me strength
To do my duty well!

—CHRISTEL HASTINGS.

RANGER BILL'S LAMENT

"Yes, times are changin', I'll tell the world!"
Said driver of Forest Truck Three,
"For we're goin' to fires in automobiles
And the horse—he's a used-to-be.
It was hay and oats and a shiny coat
That was dappled and slick and clean,
But now it's a howlin' red-devil bus
And a tankful of gasoline.

"There was romance then in a ranger's job
And a life he sure loved right well;
A fire call and a quick get-a-way
Then off up the mountain pell-mell.
It was 'Easy now, boy!' and 'Come on, Dick!'
It was shovel, an ax and canteen,
But now it's a one-lunged Evinrude pump
And a tankful of gasoline.

"There was somethin' then in this here corral
That was human—or purty near;
Big eyes and a shimmerin' coat of hair
And a beast that a man held dear
As a life-long friend—but the auto truck
Has counted him out—dang machine!
For oil and grease and a heap more of junk
And a tankful of gasoline.

"The marchin' of science along the way!
I reckon you'd call it so;
But give me that old cayuse of mine back
And just let me saddle and go.
For a horse is a human sort of a pal
Even tho' he's ornery and mean,
But an auto truck on a fire—Ye gods!
And a tankful of gasoline."

—WALLACE HUTCHINSON.

FOREST CATHEDRALS

Far, far beyond the busy mart,
I know a virgin wood
That beckons strangely to my heart
To share its solitude.

It signals me to worship there
The God that made all things,
To lay my yearning spirit bare
To rest with folded wings.

Its spires point toward the sun,
Countless from every slope;
Their tolling leads me on and on
In quest of faith and hope.

Its entrance guard no studded doors,
Although 'tis sacred ground,
And footsteps on its mossy floors
Awake no echoing sound.

Its living aisles lead everywhere
To altars grey and old,
Where you may pause in silent prayer
And let your heart unfold.

Its swaying canopies by day
Are pierced with boundless blue,
And night through them in vast array
Reveals her orbs to you.

Aeolian undertones enhance
All tuneful melodies;
A silver-throated choir chants
Amid its galleries.

There at the day's awakening,
Each chalice drips with tears,
To live anew, and trembling cling
To nature, cleansed of fears.

To worship in this House of God,
No soul was ever late;
Whether philosopher or clod,
He finds an open gate.

—HANS N. KLEIBER.

THAT OPTIMIST!

I'd like to grab that optimist
And give his blooming nose a twist,
And when I'd finished with his snoot,
I'd sail right in with fist and boot;
I'd get him down and on him tread,
For he's the guy, by heck, that said
"Life's but a pleasant dream."

He didn't live, that ancient sage,
When profiteering was the rage,
When everyone's a money fan,
And plays the game of stick-up man;
He'd made some other kind of crack,
If he but knew the bunch of jack
It takes to live nowadays.

He didn't cough up every cent
To buy some grub and pay the rent;
He didn't sit around at night,
The house all dark to save the light;
I'd give a hundred if I croaked,
To know the brand of dope he smoked;
I'll tell the world I would!

When life for him began to fag,
He'd beat it out and get a jag;
But we have had to cut that fun
With old John Barley on the run;
I'll say the hick would give a snort,
If fifteen bucks he paid a quart;
Yes, Oswald, it's some dream.

—J. B. CAMMAN.

March, 1920.

MOTHER GROUSE RHYMES

Young Ranger Flinders sat among the cinders
Warming his ten cold toes!
A grazer came and caught him
And then he up and fought him
And spoiled his nice new clothes.

Trot, trot to market, buy some beans and coal;
Trot, trot back again, call it fire patrol.

Ranger Ryan and I fell out,
I'll tell you what 'twas all about;
I had a wife and he had none,
And that's the way the noise begun.

There was an old Ranger lived under the hill
And if he's not gone he lives there still.
He counted out cattle and watched the fish frys
And he's the old Ranger that never told lies.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Ranger-man
Ride to the fire as fast as you can.
Beat it and cover it and stamp with U. S.
And send the report to Wheeler, I guess.

What are the Rangers made of
Packs and nails, maps and trails,
That's what a ranger is made of.
What's a ranger's wife made of?
Nerve and bluff and all kinds of canned stuff,
That's what a ranger's wife is made of.

F for Forest, and S for Service,
And C for corner stones:
U for Ulrich the ranger man
And S for sacks of cones.

Dickery, dickery, dare,
The fire blazed up in the air,
The man named Brown soon brought it down
Dickery, dickery, dare.

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a fire gets started your trouble begins.

Ride a fast horse to Sand Creek Pass
To see what the Ranger can trace:
A fence trespass and a flock of sheep
And a fierce, cold wind to face.

Sing a song of signboards, pockets full of nails
Four and twenty warning signs all along the trails;
When the trails are entered the signs begin to sing
Isn't that a clever way to beat the Fire King?

Goosey, goosey, gander, whither shall I wander?
Up the trail and down the trail, and in the Mountain's chamber.
There I met an old man who would not quench his fire,
I took him by the left leg and threw him in the mire.

Ding dong bell! A fire's in the dell.
Who put it out? Watchful Ranger Stout.
Who started it? A camp outfit.
What an awful thing was that,
To leave the coals so near a hat.
It might not do any harm
But cause the Ranger some alarm.

Ranger Macon could eat no bacon,
His wife could eat no beans,
Betwixt them both they craved a roast,
But bravely ate sardines.

—D-2.

THE ALASKAN FLEET

Some may prefer to put their trust
In an old "tin Lizzie" that rolls in dust;
But let me to sea, and to windward beat
On the trim craft of the Forest Service Fleet!

First the "Hiawatha" the flagship true,
Leads the Fleet through waters blue,
The stalwart "Tahn", and the "Weepoose",
These beat any old galloping goose.
There's "Ranger One", and "Ranger Two",
Cutting along while their engines stew;
And "Ranger Four" and "Ranger Five",
All good boats for a man alive;
And soon to be added to the galaxy
The brand-new boat, "Ranger Three";
Good staunch craft in a stormy sea
Even down to the "Nellie B".
All of them natty and trim and neat—
Nine good ships of the Forest Service Fleet!

—JNO. D. GUTHRIE.

DESOLATION

This is the forest fire evil;
    The murmuring firs and the cedars
Stand, like a skeleton forest,
    Stripped of their beauteous raiment.

Gone is the joy of the forest,
    Gone is the pleasure it gave us;
Mute, reproachful and silent
    It stands in its black desolation.

You who enjoy the wild beauty
    Of forested mountain and valley,—
Leave it,—as green as you find it;
    Leave no smouldering spark, to destroy it.

—GEORGE E. GRIFFITH.

ZE WOOD LOT

What was kep ze home fire burning,
Burning, cracklin all ze time,
Ef she's not ze wood lot, growing
Pine an den more pine;
Clear of weed tree, clear of limb,
Mix wid Ash, an Oak, an Lind?

She mos no grow, lak bresh heap,
Ef ze money you was make;—
Weed him, thin him, prune him,
Now, before she was bin late.

Taller, straighter, bigger tree,
Every wan, mos be firs class,
For ze wood lot, lak hand on poker
Mos stand it pat, or else she pass.

When Chief Uncas, an Chief Paugus—
Cot dare tree for mak ze bow,
Dare bin forest on New England
Bot she's gone, Hein? on plac below.

—E. DE FLOOCHEE.

THE CALL OF APRIL

In far-flung phalanx through the misty sky
The wild geese hasten north;
All through the April night their clarion cry
Comes winging down where sleepy humans lie
To bid them hasten forth.

The geese call clear. I know the things they mean,
So I must pack and go
To watch the mountains lose their silver sheen
And see the upland grasses, young and green,
Push back the winter's snow.

—JOHN C. FROHLICHER.

FIRED

Well, the old cabin looks good after bein' away a spell,
Fightin' fire, and starvin' too, an gettin' a taste of hell.
I've eaten my fill of bacon, and sourdough bread, and "lick",
Now I'll look through my mail and see if there is any kick
By cattleman or rancher, or by the Supervisor,
For something may be going wrong, and I be none the wiser.

Here's one from Jerry Ryan, he wants some more "free use";
He says he has not half enough and goes in for abuse.
I'd like to kick that old guy's pants, or hit him on the jaw,
But I'll be meek as Moses, for that is the Forest law,
Laid down for cases such as his, by the big chaps at the top,
But, just the same, that ornery cuss is nothing but a wop.

Here's another from McFadden; he's sure full of mange,
Kickin' about the "Two-Bar" stock a driftin' on his range.
I'll have to see about it, and pacify that chap;
He's selfish as the devil and for no one cares a rap.
Now, here's one from the "Super"—wonder what he's got
to say.
I'll read it through, and light my pipe, and then I'll hit
the hay.

What's that he says? my seed report is not a standard one;
The claims report, also the rest, is poor and on the bum.
He surely can not mean it, for I've taken every care
To fix 'em up so nice and neat on that old Oliver there.
He says I'm a little out of date—and on October one
He'll sure have to lay me off—and appoint—J. Chauncey
Bunn.

Oh God! He can not mean it, for I've done my very best,
I've stayed upon the fire line for days without a rest;
I've thirsted in the desert 'til my lips were black and cracked;
I've frozen in the winter snow, nor courage have I lacked
To face the angry spoiler, in the early Service days.
What can he mean? I'm all mixed up—my mind is in a daze.

In the days when men were needed, when they threatened us
with death,
I stood up for the Service, as I'd stand with my last breath,
I've grown grey in the Service, for she meant so much to me.
They surely will not drop me out; there's no reason I can see;
I know I am old fashioned, but I always have been fair
And if I've scrapped for what is right, I've done it on the
square.

I don't know much of botany, of books, or of pink tea,
But no one's ever boasted that they made me climb a tree.
I've studied Mother Nature, out here in these woods
And grown to love and worship her in all her many moods.
I've loved the Service, with all my heart, next to my very
soul,
And risked my life with danger rife, and of my strength gave
toll.

Why here's another letter, I never saw before;
It must have fallen from the shelf and dropped upon the floor.
This, too, is from the Super; now, what is this he says?
"Congratulations, Jack, old boy, you sure deserved the raise
To fifteen hundred dollars per. So please report at once."
What of the other letter? Why, it's meant for old Bill Bunce.

Oh God! I thank you truly for the kindness that is shown.
Now I'll write Marie about it—No, I'll use the telephone.
I am awfully sorry for Old Bill, but he was always tired,
He flunked and left us more than once, he really should be
fired.

To appreciate a heaven, then, for a little spell,
And to realize the difference, spend half an hour in hell!
For I admit that Super's first letter caused me lots of woe,—
But I'm mighty sorry for old Bill, now that he's got to go.

THE BATTLE OF PINES AND PLAIN

The serried ranks of the forest hosts
Stately and grim in their stand,
Sweep steadily down on the plain below
And grasp and hold as they silently grow
Each mete of hard-fought land.

They menace the broad, expansive spread
Of gullied and treeless knoll,
A-quiver with heat of a toil-worn way
As wave on wave they advance to the fray
Like the billowy ocean's roll.

Warring in the lead of the Forest Lords
Moves ever the woodland sprite,
Touching the soil with wizard hand
Whence spring from the earth band on band
Of dwarfs to aid the fight.

With burning blast the desert wind
Breathes high o'er mountain bold,
And crashing down its time-worn course,
Sweeps the avalanche with deadly force
The forest hosts to hold.

Still the wearied hosts strive on and on,
Grim-locked in battle-chain,
And on and on, no hope of peace
Till end of time, it ne'er will cease
The battle of pines and plain.

—T. P. McKENZIE.

POEM WITHOUT ADJECTIVES

A tree and a horse and a friend,
These three at the journey's end
Will heal; or if there be
Only a friend and a tree;
Still if fate grant not even these two,
A tree—will do.

—WILLARD WATTLES.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"
(To a Farmer)

What's all this talk I hear you fellows speil,
'Bout 'silviculture' and 'the future stands'?
It seems to me 'twould be a squarer deal
To let the farmer have the logged-off lands."
"Old-Timer, there's another side to that.
Whether we should have farms or forests here,
Raise crops or trees, have homes or industries,
Is not by any means so crystal-clear
As you might think. To clear these rugged tracts
Of massive stumps would cost you, I might say,
A price per acre that I feel quite sure
No farmer in the world would want to pay.
And then, suppose the land's all nicely cleared
And all you have to do is break it up
And sow the seed. You're sure you'd get a crop?
You might—or you might find you'd bought a pup!
But where we know that it will grow fine trees
And keep on growing them while Time endures.
Well, there you are! Now, should we play a cinch,
Or bet upon a gambler's chance like yours?"

—W. H. CURRIE.

RAIN ON A TENT

It's raining, raining, raining
As I lie here on my bed,
A drizzle, drip and drizzle
On the canvas overhead.
So I draw the blankets closer
And think of the ancient jest:
"It rains all night—and Sundays,
So the foresters can rest."

—JOHN C. FROHLICHER.

WHAT DOES A FOREST RANGER DO?

My city cousin says to me, "You're a Ranger now," says he,
"A pension job, some soft for you,—what the deuce does a Ranger do?
Rides the chuck line, I suppose, and helps the lady lookout powder her nose,
Sees that the deers don't overgraze and 'yes' the boss for another raise."
He winked at me. Says I, "Some bull—your ignorance is pitiful.
Now bend that shell-like ear to me while I read from my diary,
I'm leaving you to pick the date, turn your conscience loose—don't hesitate."

He picked—and here is what I read, "September 1. Fought fire," it said.
"That night I didn't get to bed for a dude took a drink from an alkali lake,
All night I nursed the dude with the stomach-ache."
September 8. Still very dry, fire corralled but wind is high,
Hate to leave the fire, but must surely turn loose
As the cook's out of bacon and my Swedes out of snoose,
Must take in Jones and Mullen as they're no good a-tall,
They're useless wonders and refuse to hit the ball."

"So Lizzie made a night trip to town and back again loaded with snoose and fire-fighting men."
My city cousin sneered a sneer—"Suppose you *do* work once a year
But two month's work will let you out, then ten months' rest or thereabout.
Ten months to sleep and eat good chuck, some people corner all the luck.
How about the month of May? What does February say? Read me January 10."
So I produced the book again.

"The 10th, I made a timber sale, marked 50 trees and got my mail,
Rode 30 miles in all that day, now let's turn to month of May.
Counted stock from 1 to 9, then ten days on telephone line,
Climbing trees and stringing wire, if that's child's play then I'm a liar.
The rest of the month I idled away posting boundary every day.
That sounds easy, in just plain talk it really means walk and walk.
What does February say? Where and how did I earn my pay?
Detailed to the office for a 21-day stay doing office duty just like you do each day.
The other seven days I killed by flitting there and here
Overhauling every piece of last year's fire-fighting gear."

"The year around when all is said the ranger earns his daily bread.
There 're fires, sales and grazing too, most every day brings something new.
My boy, you wag a willing tongue but please remember that you are young.
Your voice is good, you say enough but really but don't know your stuff,
I'm always glad indeed to show a short-horn how I earn my dough."

My city cousin smiled a smile and looked me a look that was full of guile.
"That little book you pack," says he, "you've named it wrong, it seems to me.
"That 'diary' that gets you by, you should call it 'The Alibi'."

—H. R. ELLIOTT.

MY CHRISTMAS TREE

Each year as sure as Christmas comes around
The family send me out to get a tree,
And heretofore my habit's always been
To take the very first that I could see.
But lately I've been giving it some thought
And now it seems a senseless thing to do—
To rob the Future of a stately tree
To furnish pleasure for an hour or two.
See, where those sapling pines out in the glade,
Straight as a lance are reaching towards the sun
Now, these will all be fine big trees some day
If I don't end what Nature has begun.
But here's a little spruce beneath the shade
Of this great, husky, moss-clad forest king,
A slender chance has he to reach his prime,
Yet for a Christmas Tree he's just the thing!
So I'll take this, and hie me home again,
And leave yon sturdy saplings all intact
To grow and rear strong columns to the sky
'Till what I see in fancy turns to fact.

—W. H. CURRIE.

SIGNS OF SPRING

The robin hangs in the treetop,
The bluebird darts on the wing,
The meadow-lark trills in the meadow,
Great are the signs of spring.

The D. F. is chopping allotments,
The Super is right on the peck
For money to run his durn forest
He knows he'll be short, by heck.

The Ranger, he never has worry,
His work must keep going full swing,
What more is there needed to tell you
That soon 'twill be beautiful spring?

MEN OF THE CRAGS

The foothills were made for the kid-glove gang,
The palsied, the weak, and the old,
But the dog-toothed peaks were made for men—
They are ours to have and hold.
We have left our footprints above the clouds,
Like a brand on the spotless snows,
We have watched the mountain-night come down
Oe'r the trail where the big horn goes.

We are the men of the naked crags,
Free as the wind that blows.
Our heritage is the hinterland—
The land that the eagle knows.
You may mark our camp by a brush fire's flame
That flutters and flares through the night,
Like an infant star on some lonely peak,
In the heart of the snow fields white.

—CHART PITT.

THE RED ENEMY

Forests
And streams;
Fish and game;
Think of the first,
The others come to mind.
Take forests away,
The others disappear.
The greatest enemy of them all
Is that first ally of the Arch Fiend,
Who runs without feet,
Who strikes without hands,
Who eats without mouth,
Who takes without giving,
Who leaps and strikes,
Devouring as he goes,
The Red Enemy,
Fire.

—A. H. SYLVESTER.

"FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS"

I am tickled
From center to circumference
And from tip to toe
And from A to Izzard
And from here to yon
And back again
When I read the good news
That the District Forester
Has laid down orders
That there will be
No more advertising signs
In the National Forests.
I make it a rule
Not to vote for any lad
Who sticks his picture up
On a beautiful tree
Along a mountain road,
And I won't buy the oil
That is advertised there
If there is any way
Of getting any other,
And I raise my voice
To knock a flivver
That calls my attention
To its good points
On a big sign
At a sharp corner
On a steep road.
Pickles are not good pickles
On a sign board
In a National Forest
And washing powder
In the same place
Is an abomination
Instead of a hint
Towards cleanliness.
Names of trails
And road directions
And names of old places
Now rotted down
And forgotten
And the number of miles
To where you are going
And how high up
A bold point is
Are all the signs
That anybody needs
In National Forests.
And above all
Let us hope and pray
That the District Forester
Will cut out those signs
That inform us
That "Jesus Loves"
And that "God is Love"
And all such-like.
If the person who rides
Through the National
Forests
Can't read plainly
In the great trees
And the snow-capped
heights
And the blue canyons
And the rolling waste
Of hill upon hill
That Jesus loves
And that God is love.
It is high time
That something be done
To put them away
In homes for the undevout.
Advertising signs
In National Forests
Remind me of that tale
Of the pill peddler

Who agreed to get out
Some hymn books
For a near-broke church,
And this is what they sang
When they got the books
On Easter morning:

Hark! the herald angels sing
Blinkem's Pills are just the thing.
Peace on Earth and mercy mild,
Two for man and one for child.

—SCOTTY (Samuel Gayley Mortland).

ZE LEG WAS MAK BEFORE MOBEEL

Som tam on de winter an wind blow nordwest
Plac de snowshoe on foot, wid warm pant an vest
Boots savage an wool soc, all mos be dare
Chapote on de ear, for cold you don care.

I was tole you, ma fren, leeve on ceety encore
Walk mile, mabe, when it foot was get sore
Always tak it mobeel, for go get it yeast cake
Ma fren use de leg som, before it too late.

Mos peep was mak walk, go fas lak de race
Ze heart was go queek, get red on ze face
De leg mak it tire, nex day, Hein? she's sore
An you say, 'Mordeau! For me was walk it no more.'

Now I lak tole you ze way, for walk it ze far
Wear bon boote, wool soc, don smok it segar;
Don walk on ze heel, bot more bees ze toe
Not stand strait up, bot bend knee as you go.

De mos fon on ze walk, was trail on ze wood,
Go slow, look dees way an dat, see all you could
Not go hell-bent, mabe five mile on ze hour
Tak ze tam; hear ze bird, look on tree, and ze flower.

An bot hevery hour, tak five minute for res—
Mabe tak lettle smok, de pipe on was bes—
Eff summer, don set fire: be careful all time
De mobeel go it queek, bot de walk it was fine!

—E. DE FLOOCHEE.

THE SILENT DEITY

In a hamlet 'mong the mountains where the pine trees gently sway
Once a god-formed child of fortune looked upon the light of day

Angels born in Nature's playhouse hovered o'er this child with love
Dow'ring him with highest purpose visioned from the realms above

And the mountain's verdant wonder with the crystal stream below
Filled his childhood life with beauty as his thoughts began to grow

And the grand and stately forests with their robes of somber green
Were the wonder of his boyhood and envisaged in his dream

Was the hope of watching o'er them through the tenure of his life
To protect them from the frenzy of the fire-god's wanton strife

From the axe of thoughtless woodsmen who with gain are often swayed
When all Nature's call for kindness in their breast is surely stayed

With a clean receptive being molded in God's great outdoor
Always looking, always seeing visions born in days of yore

This thrice blessed child of fortune trod his joyous path of love
Ever thinking 'long the pathway of the God who ruled above

With a conscience and a fairness born from Nature's close embrace
He developed into manhood with a sure unconscious grace

True as the homing pigeon takes its joyous homeward course
True as the leaves of springtime lift from Nature's rising source

So this simple child of Nature who to manhood now is grown
Labors for the Silent Deity from early childhood known

The task of love he shoulders on a frame now tall and broad
To endure a life of hardship for the love he bears his God

When the stillness of the forest 'wakens to the fire-god's call
He swiftly leads his forces and amid the lowering pall

With his faith and love's endurance surely carries then the strife
To the very heart of danger to his Deity's pure life

And as now the tides of battle rage among the lofty trees
He with courage meets the crisis and the faith he works and sees

The fire-god fully conquered and the smoke pall given way
To the verdant forest wonder that he knew in boyhood's day

May the powers of love and kindness and of honor and of truth
Endow the forest guardian in his highly favored youth

With courage e'er undaunted and with purpose undefiled
To serve the Silent Deity he loved when but a child.

—H. L. SPENCER.

THE CALL OF THE LONELANDS

I'm caged alone in the city,
Where it's worry and hurry and grind,
But my mind's far out in the lonelands,
Where the long lone trail's a-wind.

There are shows and dances and parties,
And the world is lit up bright,
While street cars clang and clatter,
And rumble through the night.

But the thought of a trail a-winding,
And a lonely mountain park
Is calling me back to the lonelands,
And the campfires after dark.

So I'm quitting my job in the city,
Where it's noise and hurry and strife,
And I'm trailing back to the lonelands,
Once more to a peaceful life.

Where hidden streams are rumbling,
And soft cool breezes sigh
There I'll smoke my pipe contented,
Out beneath the starry sky.

—ROY THOMAS GREENUP.

LINES ON A RANGER'S GRUB-CACHE

Pilgrim, who comest to this spot,
Give ear unto my prayer,
And of my grub despoil me not
Nor aught thou findest here.
But if from long and pious fast
Thy belly give thee pain,
Eat; and thank God for thy repast
And go thy way again.

—RAYMOND E. KERR.

THE OLD COWMAN SAYS:

"We never would a know'd
The old woman nor me,
About the post-pone-ment
In the grazing fee,
If it hadn't a-been for that Ranger-man
Who just called by to shake our hand.
It's been many a long year since I've had to say,
'I'll have to put you off, for I can't pay.'
At nights I've walked the floor
The old woman she'd pray,
About our bills, and how we'd find a way.
But now we have hopes, of a better day
For it must be true,
What that Ranger had to say,
It seems that it was August
The first we would pay.
But I can't remember for the life o' me
The name of the feller
That stopped the grazing fee,
But if we ever find out,
The old woman or me.
We'll send him a jar of honey,
When we rob our bee."

—LEE BEALL.

THE PIONEER RANGER

He lived and toiled in early days,
And blazed a trail to better ways.
He hewed and hacked with patient care
On timber problems everywhere.

He did his best, passed on and then
His place was filled by other men.
But to success, and ideals clear
He gave his share, this pioneer.

THE SILENT ACCUSERS

Where sunset shadows gently fall,
Behind Olympic's shaggy wall,
A mighty forest raises high,
Its thousand arms to wave goodbye.

Good-bye to sunshine warm and true
Good-bye to all, dear wind, but you
Who brings at twilight, breath of sea,
For every flower, vine and tree.

The firs and cedars bend and sway,
Beneath the wind that comes their way,
Each asking for a fond embrace,
And bowing thanks with stately grace.

Far down the mountain side there glows
A fire that ever brighter grows,
Its smoke floats round the tree tops tall
And hides their beauty like a pall.

"Blow, wind, blow" the forest cries,
"Come, blow the smoke from out our eyes,
"Oh, chase the smoke fiend far away,
"And give us breath—your strength display."

Then, lo—the change; with fetish breath
The breeze sweeps on with flying death
The net set fire has found the glen
Oh, careless, thoughtless, stupid men.

And so the wind now sighs at night
When twilight drives away the light
To think that when it blew for breath
It brought, alas, the touch of death.

Out there, the stately trees now lie,
With broken bodies, black and dry,
To shame the ones who did not care
And left a camp fire burning there.

—A. L. EWING.

FOREST PLANTING

What do we plant when we plant a tree?
A thousand blessings for you and me—
We plant the lumber to build us a house,
We plant a cover to harbor the grouse;
We plant the fuel to kindle our fire,
When strikes the prices of coal send higher;
We plant for fences the posts and rails,
We plant a shelter to temper the gales.

We plant the pencils to scribble our notes,
We plant the ballots to cast our votes;
We plant the paper in which to read,
The news that o'er wooden poles we speed.
We plant the piles to erect our docks,
We plant the rayon for shirts and socks;
We plant the extract to tan our shoes,
We plant 'most anything you choose!

We plant the barrel, the box, the crate,
In which to ship all sorts of freight;
We plant the cars to carry the grain
The farmers raise on the western plain;
We plant the sleepers under the track
O'er which we send our products back;
We plant a blanket to hold the soil,
We plant good wages for those who toil.

We plant a forest sponge to check
The menace of the wild flood's wreck;
We plant refreshment, rest and health.
We add our share to the nation's wealth.
We plant a stately cathedral where
To worship God in the open air;
Beauty, contentment, prosperity,
All these we plant, when we plant a tree.

—SAMUEL T. DANA.

A FOREST ALPHABET

A's for Accounts and Allotments, I ween,
So dear to our hearts—you know what I mean.

B is for Bull—there's more than one kind;
The kind on the range is not easy to find.

C is for Clerks, wonderful creatures,
With wonderful brains their principal features.

D is the District that's placed in our charge;
Its size is too small, or its staff is too large.

E's Engineering that builds Forest Roads
That carry the traffic, and overhead loads.

F is for Fire, that is, Control,
For fires each year still take their toll.

G is for Grazing—cow, sheep, goat and horse,
With its many regulations that we must enforce.

H is the Hell you catch o'er the wire
From the Super next day, for an overnight fire.

I's for Inspection, a tedious game;
For Incompetence too, often found by the same.

J is for Justice—I mean, of the Peace—
Who helps us accomplish the fire-bug's decease.

K is for Klaptrapp—I spell it that way;
Objectives and Standards allow it free play.

L is for Lands that fixes up camps,
For tourists to use, and other careless tramps.

M is for Mileage (7 for Lizzies), you know,
That we think should be 10 to make Lizzie go.

N is the eNd of a long, tiresome ride—
"Progressive" they call it, and it's O's special pride.

O's for Operation, Personnel and Fire,
Improvement supplies, and even barbed wire.

P is for Products, that is, "The Lab",
Which shows how to get most out of a slab.

Q's the great Question of Objectives, and such,
Or something to shoot at, of which we've heard much.

R's for Relations, that is, Public, of course,
Which we want all the World to publicly endorse.

S's for Silviculture (sometimes spelled civil),
Which plants trees and sells 'em, o'er mountain and sidehill.

T is for Trespass, S., O., L., and G.,
Which Judge Blank is never so tickled to see.

U is for Undergrowth, with consequence dire,
On the westside we grow it by protection from fire.

V is the Value our services render,
We admit we receive recognition too slender.

W is the Weather, the abundance oft sent
Is a superabundance for the man in a tent.

X is the initial I've written below;
My own I prefer not to add, don't you know.

Y is the symbol which haunts one and all—
Y the deuce did I enter the Service at all?

Z is for Zero, or nothing (or less),
Which in some people's minds denotes our success.

—X.

THANKFULNESS

I am grateful to the Power
That in reverence lifts my eyes
To the beauty of a bird-flock
Hanging high in summer skies.

I am thankful to the Maker
For the simple soul of me
That is thrilled by simple subjects
Like a sunset or a tree.

—STANLEY F. BARTLETT.

WOODLANDS

"They're not proper forests",
"Dear at any price",
"Ruthlessly eliminate"—
That's the sage advice.

Harken to my story,
Sons of Mother Earth,
Narrow not your vision;
Learn the Woodlands' worth.

Once in the old Carboniferous basins,
Fringed by the tall Sigillaria trees,
Toiling and dying, the myriad corals
Laid down their limestones in warm shallow seas.

The wash rushing down from the neighboring highlands
Buried them deep under mud, silt, and sand,
Then an upheaval and unclouded sunshine
Gave us a new, barren, desolate land.

Up on the Wingate and Shinarump sandstones,
Up on the Zuni and Moencopic shales,
Creeping, possessing, the great stately pine trees
Offered defiance to lightning and gales.

Then in the course of the following ages,
Bared by the tumult of torrents of rain,
Slowly once more came those old pristine limestones
Up to the surface, a wide-spreading plain.

The stately, exclusive, particular pine trees
Looked at the orange white barren expanse,
Slowly and daintily tried to invade it;
But failing, rains checked their attempted advance.

Now to the foreground came pinyons and cedars.
Took up the work that had vanquished the pines,
Covered with verdure the Kaibab formations,
Soft'ning their glare and their angular lines,

Sending their armies far out on the desert,
Wresting the land from the cactus and sage,
Growing the wood for the fuel and house beams
Used by the folk of that far-distant age.

Pinyon and cedar still border our pine lands,
Flanking the forests of sawtimber trees;
Fence posts and cordwood and pencil stock billets
Make up a sixth of our wood sales with ease.

Cherish, then, the woodlands,
Bring them to the fold,
Tree and bush and grass clump
Though the critics scold;

Stretching out the bound'ries;
Keeping clear our goal:
National resources
For the Nation as a whole!

—FERDINAND W. HAASIS.

FIRE

There's a red-eyed witch
in the woods today—
Her grey-blue hair
Is snaking up the gullies
On wind-twisted air;
Her hot and fetid breath,
Her fangs of flaming gold,
Are poisoning the forest—
Turning hillsides old;
Old with greying skeletons
Of dead trees standing there—
The dread witch of the timber
With her long, floating hair.

—JOHN C. FROHLICHER.

IN MY LOOKOUT CABIN

From my lookout cabin high,
Up above the eagle's nest,
Wave on wave of crests I see;
Glistening peaks and lakes at rest.

Every dawn first meets my gaze,
Ripening brilliant, scarlet, gold,
Throws a lurid purple veil
Over canyons dark and cold.

Wistful morning, pensive, calm,
Quickened by a whispering breeze,
Brings a fragrance and a balm,
Stolen from a million trees.

Gophers, chipmunks, grouse and quail,
Early pay their daily calls;
Coyote, bear or chance blacktail
Eye me wary on their strolls.

Passing swiftly overhead,
Downy clouds of radiant hue,
Made of evanescent thread,
Sail the deep cerulean blue.

From a thunder head at last,
Comes a distant muffled roar,
And a colder sullen blast,
Scurrying the mountain o'er.

Heavy rains the cabin splash,—
Blustering winds the tree tops bend;
Squirrels to their burrows dash,—
Lightning flashes heavens rend.

Roar and rumble, splash and crack,—
Cabin trembles as in pain,—
It's the onslaught of the storm,
In an avalanche of rain.

Sudden comes the sun anew,
While the tempest rumbles on;

Myriad iridescent gems
Clothe each leaf and twig again.

Shadows lengthen—twilight softens
Over mountains, lakes and streams;
Darkness 'round me; stars above me—
Life and labor melt in dreams.

—J. A. LARSEN.

IF YOU MUST SMOKE—

If you must smoke upon vacation
The cigarette, cigar or pipe,
If you must smoke upon vacation
And simply must toss off a snipe,
Then why not spend the happy season
Out on a rock that has no trees on?

If you must smoke upon vacation
And throw the matches near and far,
If you must smoke upon vacation
And flick away the burnt cigar,
Then why not spend that season cool
As life guard in a swimming pool?

If you must smoke upon vacation
And don't care where the ashes fall;
If you must smoke upon vacation
And do not mind the sparks at all,
Then why not spend it free and fine
Somewhere in an asbestos mine?

If you must smoke upon vacation
And want a place to be at ease,
If you must smoke upon vacation
Then why go out among the trees?
There's other spots to spend the season—
And then the woods can keep their trees on.

—DEAN COLLINS.

THE RANGER SPEAKS

Have you followed the trail winding upward
From canyon and forests to peaks—
From cool, sweating swamps of the cedar
To sky-lofts the bald eagle seeks?

Has your back felt the weight of a pack-sack—
Your moccasined feet felt the trail
Of smoothly worn stone, root, and wind-throw
And barrens of loose, shifting shale?

Have you fashioned a cup of sweet birch-bark
To drink from the bubbling spring,
Or kindled a blaze 'neath the spruces
And list to the night-robins sing?

Have you battled for life in a blizzard
And fallen exhausted to die—
Or prayed for a swallow of water
In stretches of dry alkali?

Have you carved with your hand from the forest,
A cabin of moss, log, and stone
Or wrested your rations from nature
And lived for long weeks all alone?

Have you pitted your highly trained reason
With instinct that God gave the wild—
Have you felt, while among his creations
You were but a wondering child?

O, ranging is more than romancing—
You'll learn that a man must not fail
When you've heeded the call of the Service
And followed the timberline trail.

—STANLEY F. BARTLETT.

THE CARELESS SMOKER

A fool there was and his pipe he lit
(Even as you and I)
On a forest trail where the leaves were fit
To become ablaze from the smallest bit
Of spark—and the fool he furnished it
(Even as you and I.)

The forest was burned to its very roots,
Even beneath the ground,
With the flowers, the birds and the poor dumb brutes,
Old hoary oaks, and the tender shoots
Which might have made logs but for such galoots,
Allowed to wander round.

The lumberjack has now passed on,
His pay-day comes no more,
And the screech-owls haunt the camp at dawn
Where the cook's tin pan woke the men of brawn;
But the mill is silent, the trees are gone,
The soil and forest floor.

A deadly sight are those hills of rocks
Which once were beds of green;
No hope for the human, no food for the flocks;
The floods must be held by expensive locks,
While the harbor is silted to the docks—
The ships no more are seen.

But the fool smokes on in the forest still,
Leaves camp-fires burning too,
While the patient public pays the bill
And the nation's wealth is destroyed for nil.
If the law doesn't get him, the Devil will—
Smoker, it's up to you!

—HARRIS A. REYNOLDS.

"WITH SHOVEL IN HAND"

ROY H. GOODELL *

Killed,—with shovel in hand
A Forest Officer.

Worn with sleepless nights and days of care
Just back from the towering peak,
Where he searched over canyon and glen for a "smolder",
Down a thousand steps, o'er the dizzy cliff,
To trample it out with scorched feet—
Then up again to challenge the eagle
In searching the smoky haze.
Where the cooling shade and tumbling brook
Refreshed laden beast and man;
Where the songsters of heaven and their furry friends
Played fearlessly hide and seek;
Where the boulders were softened with lichens and moss
And shielded the blossom and fern;
Where the Gardener Divine for age upon age
Had labored and planted and grown,
A blast as from hell, in a moment of time,
Has spewed its flame-scarred wreck.
There he worked, there he fought,
There the boulder shot like the lightning bolt
And struck him down, with shovel in hand.

Like him would I go.
Whether I work with shovel or axe,
With square, with lathe, or with hoe,
May my body be soiled with the grime of its toil,
And my hands be scarred with its flame;
Though my face be so marred that they know me not,
And the conflict my body has torn,
May stranger and friend say of me as of him,
"He fell with his shovel in hand."

—L. H. PEDERSEN.

* Killed on July 6, 1922, by a rolling boulder while fighting a forest fire on the Mount Baker National Forest.

A CARELESS TOURIST STOPS TO THINK

The careless tourist flipped a snipe
Beside the tree-lined way,
And sped along without a thought
Of harm he'd wrought that day.

A Forest Ranger found the fire
Before it traveled far,
And put it out—but not until
It made a frightful scar.

The Ranger found the tourist's camp
Beside the forest trail,
With camp fire creeping toward the trees—
He took the wight to jail.

In jail the careless tourist sat
And thought the matter o'er,
"Aha," quoth he, "it's up to me,—
Wild fires I'll start no more."

—A. G. JACKSON.

I WANT TO BE A MURDERER

I want to be a murderer and with the murderers stand;
A bloody knife between my teeth, a bludgeon in my hand.
I'll stand before a jury of solemn-visaged men
And say I slew my victim and would do the same again.
I'll tell them that I hit him, cut his throat from ear to ear,
'Cause he came upon my Forest in the driest time of year
And left his camp fire burning in the rubbish round about;
That he wouldn't heed the warning: "Put Your Camp Fire Out."
This thing of fighting forest fires is not the nicest kind of life,
And I'm giving timely notice I'll be there with club and knife;
And I'll get that fool gazabo—of that there is no doubt—
If he doesn't heed that warning: "Put Your Camp Fire Out."

—J. B. CAMMAN.

BELLS

The farflung wilds for many years I travelled,
Listening to the packhorse's tinkling bell,
Many peaks their snowflecked heights unravelled,
From my camps within some sheltered dell.

Where at eventide there is no din or rushing throng,
You watch the horses roll and munch their grass,
You partake a frugal meal and hum a happy song,
With perhaps your thoughts awandering to some lass.

You watch the twilight settling in the vale,
And feel the slowing pulse of nature's breast,
You watch the stars begin to twinkle dim and pale,
Above the brooding mountains to the west.

Silent, night is robing solitude with shadow,
And the only sound that breaks the witching spell,
Is a plaintive tinkling from the meadow,
Where the horses feed and shake their bell.

The silvery cadence comes and goes,
At times it's calm and measured and at ease,
Again it throbs with impulse, 'till it loud and fretful grows,
Then vague and sad it mingles with the passing breeze.

Somehow its music seems possessed of life and soul,
Of follies and of longings that within us dwell
Forever struggling to attain some distant goal,
'Till you wonder if some spirit tolls the bell.

As through the night its pleading notes are born,
Fame, ambition, power, love and pleasure,
Beckon at our heartstrings 'till they're worn
And with weariness respond in softer measure.

Vice and virtue touches them in turn,
The one to lure and whisper sweet temptations in our ears,
That make our cheeks and conscience in us burn,
While to the other we can listen without shame or fears.

Far into the night the bell goes tinkling on,
Until at last more trembling grows its sound,

You feel the virile, pulsing beat has gone
And its melody to earth seems no more bound.

Then falt'ring stops, all through the woods a hush is cast,
Are the horses resting from the ardors of the day?
You miss its tune and wonder with your senses all aghast,
If death snaps thus the chords to send a soul away.

You feel as though a living thing had furled its wings,
And listen for the tinkling echoes of its flight
In the droning breeze that softly sways and swings
The treetops in the splendours of a starlit night.

—HANS N. KLEIBER.

THE FILING SCHEME

ONCE a
LONG TIME ago
BEFORE John Kerr
OR I
WENT in
TO THE FOREST
SERVICE
THE RECORDS of what
WE DID not
DO BECAME embarrassing
BECAUSE they could
BE seen.
SO A man
IN THE Washington office
HAD A bright think.
HE THOUGHT a long time
AND HATCHED up the
THING that is called
THE FILING SCHEME, so
NO ONE could
SEE AT a glance
WHAT was what.
IT HAS BEEN so
MUCH pleasure since.
FOR WE can
HIDE things so
EASILY and we
CAN spend all
STORMY days
TRYING to find
IF A letter
WAS FILED under
DER or only
UNDER your
BREATH as
DAM
I thank you.

—R. A. RODGERS.

CAMP FIRES

In
Every man
There lingers
More or less
A love of the primitive.
Once men huddled coldly in caves,
Then some one, an early Edison,
Subdued fire to his use
And men fought the wilderness
And the wild beasts that raged to devour him
With the Red Flower,
Sitting throughout the night
By the light and the warmth of its glowing.
Still,
In our souls,
We worship the Red Flower,
And when we go to the woods
For recreation,
For peace or for sport,
The camp fire is counted
One of the best things of the trip.
But the woods and the streams also invite us,
And the devil which ever lurks
Within the embers of our fire
Waits but the opportunity
To spring forth when we are gone
And leap upon the defenseless trees
To kill them where they stand.
Let each one then before he leaves
Make very sure each spark is out
That when he comes again
He'll find his camping spot
In all the beauty
That it held
Before.

—A. H. SYLVESTER.

YOUR TREES AND MY TREES

West winds and storm winds
That from the ocean blow,
To the mountain side they bring the rains
That make the big trees grow.

Fir trees and hemlock trees
With tops that seek the sky;
A winding trail through shady woods
And a clear brook running by.

From cliff to cliff—the swift stream leaps;
So fast its waters flow
It ripples white upon the rocks
And falls to pools below.

A hot wind, a dry wind,
And from the East it came,
It found a campfire someone left
And fanned the spark to flame.

A big fire, a forest fire
That up the mountain burned.—
The little stream ran almost dry,—
The trees to ashes turned.

Your house and my house
Of fir tree boards are made.
Along the trail and by the brook
The little children played.

Keep watch and ward in the forest green
Whenever the East winds blows,
And guard from fire the mountain side
Where the fir and hemlock grow.

—G. F. ALLEN.

TRUCKING

'Twas on a rocky roadway winding up a heavy grade,
With the mercury recording a hundred in the shade;
And the radiator boiling while the driver cusses his luck
As he rumbled up the mountain with the two-ton truck.

He had drove it over stair steps that were broke in solid rock,
When he heard the differential start to rattle, roar and knock;
While the motor roared a protest that was deaf'ning to the ear,
And the pinion played a second on the bevelled driving gear!

So he blocked the wheels with boulders and crawled beneath the bed,
Where with monkey wrench and hammer he worked and sweat and bled;
While the driving shaft was turning but the driving ax was not,
And the spider gears were grinding and the engine smoking hot!

After working there for hours he decided he would quit,
A dozen miles from water and so dry he couldn't spit!
So he drained the radiator and when he'd drank his fill,
He lit his pipe for supper and started down the hill.

As he hoofed it down the mountain in the evening's fading light,
He wished that he had started with a load of dynamite!
He could light a fuse and leave it and wish the public luck,
With the fragments they might gather from that two-ton truck!

—JAMES H. SIZER.

THE LOOKOUT'S GOODBYE

The season ends, the rain comes down,
The clouds are dark and low.
Just one more day and I'll be leaving,
Down the mountain I will go.

I'm leaving my old mountain;
I'll be going on the morrow,
And I'll close my lookout's cabin
With a feeling close to sorrow.

I've spent a happy summer
Upon this rocky crest
A-watching miles of wood-land
Stretching east and stretching west.

I've seen the lightning flicker,
And heard the west wind roar.
I've felt the thunder pounding
'Till it shook the cabin door.

I've felt the east wind blowing,
Like a breath straight up from Hell,
'Till the woods were dry as tinder—
Prayed for rain that never fell.

I've lived the life I found here;
I've done the best I know.
Now all is packed and waiting
'Gainst the time when I must go.

Farewell to thee, old mountain,
Goodby to thee, my friend,
For tomorrow I am leaving;
Down the trail my way I'll wend.

—JAMES C. ILER.

RANGER'S BILLETS-DOUX

Jim Strong was a Ranger,
Both hardy and rough,,
Who never was known to
Cry "quit" or "enough".

While Percival Ambrose,
A wee Forest Aid,
Was as poor in physique
As the Lord ever made.

But Jim had a wife that
Tipped bare ninety-eight,
Who ran him most ragged
When e'er he was late.

While Percival's "frau", who
Was big as a hack
Would sit up 'till midnight,
To welcome him back.

Tom Slick was a Super.
A forest school man,
Who lived on Instructions;
Each job had a Plan.

While Henry B. Easy,
Most homely in looks,
Had never been known to
Spend much time on books.

But when there was something
To finish up quick,
The D. F. most always
Picked Easy 'fore Slick.

"For a job that is done
In the best way you can,
Is better," said he, "than
A paper-made plan."

C. Sharp's an Inspector
Who "trips" far and wide,
He sure abhors cushions,
But just "loves to ride".

While A. D. F. Tudor
Says, "Horses are fine
For tourists to ride on,
But spring seats for mine."

Now most every Ranger
Who knows C. Sharp well,
Hopes Dobin will buck him
Straight down into H——.

But A. D. F. Tudor,
They think a fine sport,
And pray that his speeding
Won't cut his life short.

Bob Old was a hater
Of any new fad,
And thought bobbed-haired women
All foolish or mad.

While Joe New, his partner,—
A real fashion page;
Said he liked all "flappers",
Regardless of age.

Now Bob had a wife who
Was Boss of the shack,
And wore her hair cut short;
Neck shaved up the back.

But Joe, though he tried hard
With fair words and knocks,
Could never get "friend wife"
To shingle her locks.

Maxmilian Thistle —
Not unknown to fame,
Could call every plant by
Its first and last name.

While Nathaniel Thorn,
Whose Latin was punk,
Had trouble in telling
Plain cabbage from skunk.

Now Max, in his search for
The wild artichoke,
Got most of his body
Well poisoned with oak.

But Nat, who was thick skinned
As any baboon,
Could lay right down in it,
'Cause he was immune.

Sue Swift was a steno.,
A lovable lass,
Who never permitted
A good date to pass.

While Sarah V. Dumbell
So very sedate,
Had never been known to
Stay up after eight.

But one fine spring morning,
With much work to do,
The Boss found that Sarah
Had just "up and flew."

She 'loped with the Chief Clerk,
While poor Sue did weep;
Which all goes to prove that
Still water runs deep.

—WALLACE HUTCHINSON.

THE RANGER'S WIDOW

Far from the screaming whistles of the trains
He taught my feet the trails. He showed me how
The pigeon builds, far out upon the bough,
Its flimsy nest; how crimson early stains
Vine-maple leaves, while yet July is here.
With him I scanned the hills for smoke, the skies
For clouds assembling at the rain-wind's rise.
I shall not watch for these another year.

My feet shall never tread the trails again.
A pigeon's frail-built nest, a wine-red leaf,
Might break my heart. Far from the fir-green glen,
I will go back, go home, to drown my grief
In floods of tumult from the trampling throngs,
The trucks and trains, the impatient horns and gongs.

—COURTLAND W. MATTHEWS.

IN RECONNAISSANCE CAMP

The ranger sat on his office chair,
It was only a bench in a cabin old,
Whose roof of shakes let in the air
And whose side logs grey were deep with mould.

A cob-webbed window let in the light,
And more came in through the open door.
The looks of the place were a perfect fright
For dirt and paper wads strewed the floor.

A rusty stove in the corner sat,
A chain and transit were near at hand.
On a wooden peg hung a Stetson hat,
And a map which pictured the lay of the land.

The ranger's desk was of cedar shakes;
An aneroid lay with its face upturned.
There were maps and note books of various makes,
And on one corner some matches burned.

The ranger lighted his corncob pipe
And turned to his task with a gleam of hope.
He ran through the note books, arranged them right,
And then began plotting reconnaissance dope.

Contours and creeks with an easy stroke
He drew on the map to a four-inch scale.
The air around him was blue with smoke
Before he had dotted a mile of trail.

Beneath his pencil the township plat
Was soon marked up with a hundred lines
Showing upon a projection flat
The details of country and timber defines.

His pipe went out as the ranger wrote;
Absorbed in his task he spoke no word,
Until suddenly sounded a musical note,
The welcome call to the cook-tent board.

—A. G. JACKSON.

WHAT DO WE BURN WHEN WE BURN A TREE?

What do we burn when we burn our tree?
We burn the home for you and me,
We burn the carriage house, barn and shed,
The baby's cradle, the little boy's sled.
The book case, the table, the rocker of ease—
We burn all these when we burn our trees.

What do we burn when we burn our trees?
The daily comfort which every one sees,
The wages of men for years to come,
In big factories where busy wheels hum—
For industries many depend on trees—
When our forests burn, we burn all these.

What do we burn when we burn our trees?
The homes of birds, and squirrels, and bees,
The home of the brook, and the cooling spring,
Where violets blossom, and bluebirds sing,
The beauties of nature, so fair to please—
We burn all these when we burn our trees.

—EDITH R. MOSHER.

TRANSMIGRATION

When I cash in my checks, and that thing preachers call a soul
Goes hunting in the great beyond for some new resting place,
I want to be a chipmunk, and I think I'll have my hole
Near the cabin of some ranger who has a friendly face;
Some man who knows a chipmunk's every need,
Who has some woolen clothes that I can ravel for my nest,
Who leaves bread and rice to furnish me with feed,
Who doesn't care a little bit when I disturb his rest
As I frolic with my playmates in an early game of tag
All through the room—beneath—upon his bed,
And I know my friendly antics will not make the hours drag;
Yes, I want to be a chipmunk—when I'm dead!

—JOHN C. FROHLICHER.

I GOT MINE

Paw an' Maw an' Johnny an' Sue,
They went campin' an' I went too.
We camped among trees so straight an' tall
'At th' camp seemed like a sun-splashed hall.

A ripplin' stream went a gigglin' by,
A squirrel peered down with startled eye.
A purty place—so nice and green;
'At camp wuz th' finest I ever seen.

Paw rigged up his fishin' pole;
Me an' Johnny swum in th' bestest hole.
An' 'en Maw hollered 'at th' coffee wuz hot.
She'd built a fire an' boiled th' pot.

Paw said: "Hurry: it's gettin' late.
We'll miss 'at ferry as sure as fate."
Maw packed the things; Paw fixed a tire;
An' me an' Johnny, we scattered 'at fire.

An' 'en next day, at our house,
Come an ol' ranger, quiet as a mouse.
He sez to Paw, he sez, sez he;
"By th' looks o' yer car, ya been campin', I see."

Paw says: "Yes," an' smiled all over,
But I skipped out an' played 'ith Rover.
When I sneaked back in Maw wuz a cryin'.
She said 'at ol' Ranger 'ist come a spyin'.

He claimed 'at fire had done got away.
Paw mortgaged th' house, I heard Maw say,
Fer to pay his fine an' keep outa prison.
But Gosh! I got mine an' Johnny got his'n!

—CHARLES V. BRERETON.

ON LEAVING THE U. S. F. S.

I'm a better man with broken bones
And shadowed dreams that hurt
Than I was the day the ranger pinned
This emblem on my shirt—

When he burdened me with rules and tools,
With coffee, tack and rice—
When he issued me a "forty-five",
With words of tried advice—

When up to a lookout peak we climbed,
Some two miles in the air,
For a view of realms beyond the rim
That were to be my care.

No, I'm not the man I thought I was,
The day he grinned at me
And said, " 'Twill make or break you, pard",—
God knows I'll never be.

—STANLEY F. BARTLETT.

THE MATCH

Let us
For a minute
Consider
The Match.
One of him
More than once
Has saved a life.
One of him
More than once
Has destroyed a city.
Without him
Our civilization
Would falter.

With him
One small boy
Can turn life
Into death.
Strike him,
He will work.
Blow on him,
He will die.
Always
Be sure
After striking
To put him
Out.

—A. H. SYLVESTER.

FIELD SCHEDULES

Along about the first of May,
When we are feeling light and gay,
A ponderous document is received,
To be remembered, followed, and *believed.*

This schedule shows us where and when,
We shall meet with various men,
And which activities they pursue,
And also what they want to do.

Here it states as plain as day,
That Mr. Cass comes to survey,
To meet him sure, week after next,
—This is the purport of the text.

On arrival at the meeting place,
After riding hard, at a killing pace,
We are not surprised to hear,
That Cass won't be here till next year.

The schedule also designates,
(In rash defiance of the fates)
"Meet Mr. Johnson at Mud Springs,
For Growth Studies, and other things".

With high hopes we make our way,
To the meeting place on that day,
But where has Mr. Johnson gone?
Why, down to visit the San Juan.

And the schedule said that Mr. Gray,
In August, on a certain day,
After driving many miles,
Would inspect our office and our files.

In August, say about the twelfth,
We are here, but where is Ralph?
On his vacation, to our sorrow,
Back to the field, for us, tomorrow.

But listen: Now we'll have a lark,
It says "Meet Douglas up at Clark,"

Inspect the Range, collect some plants,
Hurry, scurry, don't miss this chance.

We pack our horse and ride up there,
But Douglas, he is seen nowhere.
We are there that morn at eight,
He and Hopkins are one day late.

"Meet Supervisor at Buford Store",
Our schedule says, On July 4,
But where, oh where is Mr. Blair,
Maybe he has met a bear.

No, he is out with Ranger Reed,
Collecting cones, or gathering seed,
Or maybe Hopkins comes instead,
With his folding chair and his "blowup" bed.

Now the schedule plainly states,
That on certain stipulated dates,
"Mr. Stahl will inspect the station,
Prior to taking his vacation."

From far afield we gallop in,
(Our horses now are getting thin)
At once we ask for Mr. Stahl,
This was the day for him to call.

But a letter on our desk we see,
Stating it is not to be.
For he has gone out to the Pike,
To see what that Forest is like.

We'll have a chance (if we are here),
Perhaps, to see him another year,
And in the meanwhile, never shirk,
To polish and improve our work.

This little rhyme alludes,
To some of life's vicissitudes;
In schedules, no matter what we see,
Always, "What is to be, *will* be."

Powell says "no matter how we try,
We can't make schedules to work by,"
We say we know what we're about,
But events and schedules don't work out.

And men and schedules are like a game,
In fact they are almost the same,
For two can bet on any date,
And he collects, who is not late.

But we must be careful, just the same,
Not to commercialize the game,
And limit the stakes,—two bits, we'll say,
Then poor as well as rich can play—and pay.

—L. C. SHOEMAKER.

THE END OF A PERFECT JAY

There was a little man
And he had a little match,
And the fire was still glowing
In its head, head, head;
He dropped it in the wood,
Among the leaves just where he stood
To light his pipe before he camped
And made his bed, bed, bed.
(You must admit he didn't
Use his head, head, head.)

Soon this careless little man—
Defend him if you can—
Found the forest all about him
Blazing red, red, red,
He ran to the brook—
But he wasn't any duck,
And he floated to the bottom
Quick as lead, lead, lead.
(When the forest ranger got him
He was very dead, VERY DEAD.)

—F. T. BYSHE.

THE SMOKE CHASER'S DREAM

He thought he knew every kink and turn
There was in the job to learn;
He visualized each object plain,
Till the picture was clear in his brain,
He fell asleep as the stars peeped out
Leaving each object without a doubt
As clear in his mind as sparkling streams—
And he passed at once to the land of dreams.

The sky grew dark and the thunder crashed,
And the sip, sip, sip, of the lightning flashed
Awakened him not, his dream went on
Till the first faint dream of another dawn.
He visioned a job with roseate hues,
Where in calm content he could lie and snooze—
A sound was heard, he arose with a groan—
To answer a call on the telephone.

He gazed afar at the rising smoke,
That seemed to cling to the hills like a cloak;
Then hurriedly grabbing the usual things
He flew away like a bird on wings.
He built a mile of trench around
The sweeping blaze before he found
His trenches lost, for a fitful breeze
Had sifted sparks to the nearby trees.

L'Envoi:
But he still was asleep in his small pup tent,
His legs were stiff and his back was bent,
His stomach was empty, his mind a haze—
For he'd been on a fire for twenty days!

—LESTER A. WHITE.

THE LOOKOUT'S REPORT

The Lookout asked
The Ranger, and
The Ranger asked
The Super:
"Could we have
A simple fire report to
Use on Baldy Peak?"
The Super asked
The D. F.
The D. F. said,
"Certainly, I'll
Have to ask Headley for
The simple fire report
For Baldy that you
"Seek.

Now Headley
He pondered,
And thought o'er it carefully,
And looked up
The Manuals
To see what they said.
And then he spoke solemnly,
Thinking of Standards,
Objectives and Statistics,—
"I rather like
Figures and
A to K Sheets—
Why not use them,
Instead?"

The Lookout said
"Bunk",
And then he said
Something worse.
The Lookout sighed, "Oh, what's the use,
To report a forest fire
On an A
To K Sheet?"

"Nobody", he sighed again,
"Could call me
A fussy man,
But I never use
Sheets;
I only want a simple form
For reporting forest fires!"

—(After A. A. MILNE).

BEAUTIFUL NATURE

Oh, great is the life of the bold Ranger man,
He can do any job in a pinch,
But showing the hills to some Jane who gave thrills
Is the job that I call a cinch.

And Nature was good to the fair Katherine,
Who camped near my station last May,
From her boyish-bobbed locks to her neatly-rolled socks,
She was some palp-producing display!

"Oh, don't the beauties of Nature just thrill you?"
The beautiful Katie once said;
She looked to the hills to gather *her* thrills,
But *I* gazed at Katie instead.

"I'll say they do," I answered her,
And looked at the hills for a bluff.
"The things you show me make it plain as can be
That Dame Nature does sure know her stuff."

"And don't you just love the great open spaces,"
Said beautiful Katie to me,
She gazed at peaks, canyons and valleys
While I stole a peek at her knee!

"Yes, they are great," I answered her query,
"They thrill me as nothing else can
When I get to looking at those open spaces,
I realize the weakness of man."

—H. R. ELLIOTT.

THE SUMMER OF TWENTY-FOUR

Smoke and dust, fever and sweat,
The damndest season I've put in yet;
All you can hear, or think or do,
Is fighting fire the season through.
All other work has gone to pot,
Our working plans are completely "shot."
(Suffering cats, will it never rain!)
My heart has a knock, my nerves are frayed,
My stomach's gone, my feet are splayed,
My eyes are dimmed from the back-fire smoke,
My lungs are sore, and my back is broke.
(Out in the West, where men are men,
It hasn't rained since God knows when!)
A column of smoke and a windy day;
It mushrooms up and drifts away.
But under that pillar of pearly gray,
Is the same old fight in the same old way.
Thirst and sweat, worry and grime;
She's jumped the line time after time
With a rip and a crackle, a rumble and roar;
We call for help and try once more.
(When winter comes, we won't be sore!)
The open spaces are free and deep,
The mountain slopes are long and steep;
The darkling canyon and rocky peak
I've climbed them all, 'till my legs are weak.
Scenery is what some folks may desire,
But it's rotten stuff on a forest fire.
(Oh, sunny Cal. is a joyful land;
It is like H - - -! Ain't Nature grand!)
A holiday for me would be,
On a southern isle in a balmy sea,
Where I could sleep, and eat, and shave,
And bathe myself in the purple wave;
In its tropical rains with its glad downpour,
I'd dream of the Summer of Twenty-four.

—ROBERT W. AYRES.

"A BLARSTED SHAME, WHAT?"

He was a little tourist man
With auto-car and gun,
Just dashing through the forest land
In search of rest and fun.

"Oh what a blarsted shame," said he,
"To see a stately tree
"Cut down and wrought into a home
"To shelter you and me."

"I can not bear to think of it
"It fills my south with wrath
"When e'eah I roam these wooded aisles
"Or tread a forest pahth."

He lit a dainty cigarette—
The match he threw away;
Then put his shining car "in high"
And went his heedless way.

He did not see the seething hell—
He did not share the fight
Of weary men begrimed and worn
Who toiled there day and night.

But when he came that way again
And marked the ghastly scar
Where fire's unbridled demons wrought
Destruction near and far—

He lit a dainty cigarette—
The match he threw away;
"Oh, what a blarsted shame," he said
And went his heedless way.—

A GILA MONSTER

JACK MARLOWE.
U. S. Ranger.
CORDES, ARIZONA.
MY DEAR Jack.
I HAVE your letter.
IN WHICH you tell me.
THAT YOU'VE just captured.
A GILA monster.
AND YOU'RE going to send it
to me.
FOR A pet.
OR TO be sold.
TO HELP the Red Cross.
OR WHATEVER I like.
AND IT'S all right.
AND I'M glad you like me.
AND WANT to help me.
BUT JACK.
THE WAY I live.
IT'S DIFFERENT.
FROM BEING a ranger.
AND THESE wild things.
LIKE GILA monsters.
I DON'T know them.
AND BESIDES that.
I LIVE in a flat.
AND THE only pet I can have.
IS MY wife.
AND YOU know how it is.
WITH A pet.
YOU'VE GOT to love it.
AND THIS Gila monster.
WHATEVER IT is.
IT DOESN'T sound.
LIKE A house pet.
AND YOU say in your letter.
THAT IT'S fat.
AND IN splendid health.
AND YOU didn't hurt it.
WHEN YOU caught it.
AND THAT'S all right.
BUT JACK.
IF I have to have one.
IT COULD be sick.
FOR ALL of me.
AND HAVE its leg broken.
OR ANYTHING.
AND I wouldn't even mind.
IF IT was dead.
EXCEPT WHERE I live.
IT'S ALL asphalt.
AND I couldn't bury it.
I'D HAVE to send it down.
ON THE dumbwaiter.
WITH THE garbage.
TO PERCY.
AND I wouldn't do that.
TO EVEN a relative.
AND PERCY'S a janitor.
AND IF I sold it.
FOR THE Red Cross.
I'D HAVE to keep it.
TILL I sold it.
AND I mightn't sell.
AND SOME night.
I MIGHT step on it.
WITH MY bare fee.
AND IF I ever did that.
I'D DIE.
BECAUSE ONE night.
I STEPPED on a sponge.
THAT WAS wet.
AND THEY found me there.
IN A faint.

ON THE bathroom floor.
AND ANYWAY.
IF IT'S such a swell Gila
monster.
WHY DON'T you send it to
the.
PRESIDENT.
I THANK you.

—K. C. B.—(KENNETH C. BEATON).

THE RANGER'S GROWL

I have not been long on this earthly ball;
In the year '89 I arrived in the fall;
Then I was little, now I'm tall;
But since the time I was so small,
Many things I've seen befall,
But one thing I can ne'er recall,
I'll tell you so you'll be the wiser—
'Tis a word of praise from a Supervisor.

I admit that I'm not worth a whack,
And in my work that I am slack,
The mail I lay within the rack
Assumes proportions of a stack.
I can not even tie a pack
And make it stay on a horse's back;
I don't know beans in an open sack,
But wouldn't it help out a jack,
And maybe you think I wouldn't prize 'er,
A word of praise from a Supervisor.

Perhaps, tho' foolish it may sound,
When at the Station he abounds
If he donned his specks and o'er them frowned;
Scanned the sky inspected the ground;
Walked a ways and turned around,
In his esteemed judgment sound,
Some tiny thing might yet be found,
(I wonder if he ever tries 'er)
Worthy the praise of a Supervisor.

A RANGER'S WIFE

(A ranger's wife "busts" out in verse,
Which makes it worse an' worse an' worse!)

If you would lead a busy life,
With periods of calm and strife,
Then be a forest ranger's wife!
Long you where wildwood dells are rife,
Where bedbugs chew and 'skeeters knife?
Then be a forest ranger's wife!

Now if you pine to 'undress' grouse,
Or if you love pack-rat or mouse—
Why be a forest ranger's spouse!
Would'st dwell in cabin, tent or house,
Eat bacon, beans, tin-milk, and 'souse'—?
Just be a forest ranger's spouse!

You search for peaceful, sylvan nook,—
There sits a tourist with a book,—
Or angler swings a vicious hook.
When your pet spot's at last forsook
You've only time to snatch one look,
'Cause you're the forest ranger's cook!

Can'st bolster up a guard's morale?
Or cheer up Tom, or Dick, or Hal?—
You'd make a splendid ranger's pal!
When pack-string 'busts' the pole corral,
For miles you chase, through sharp salal,
To prove you're game, a right good pal.

When you aspire to be a bard,
And stand instead o'er smelly lard
Frying spuds for a hungry guard,
Poetic progress is in discard,
'Twere wonderful to be a bard—
But I'd rather be a ranger's pard!

When wires hum, there's sure to come
Some famished fighters' shout for 'slum';

Your bread is punk, your fire is bum;
You answer 'dude' questions 'til you're dumb—
Where in heck do they come from?—
Such are the 'joys' of a ranger's chum!

If "q. t.'s" then you'd learn—Keep mum!
If questions you are asked—Be dumb!
Be you wife, or spouse, or cook, or chum,
Be you pal, or pard, or *tillicum*.*
The cities lure and beck to some—
For me,—A Ranger's Tillicum!

*Indian for friend.

THE SHEEP BEEZNESS

"I'm tell j'you what, these sheeps beezness,"
Thus spoke Borrego Joe,
"It take wise feller like myself
For savvy make heem go!

"One feller dat make plenty fail
He's my fr'en' Pancho Pete.
I steal from heem one t'ousand sheeps!
I'm t'ink he's got for queet!"

Beside his campfire that same night
Said Pancho Pete to me:
"I'm tell you, Meester Guarda-Bosq',
One theeng is plain for see:

"Borrego Joe, she's vamos soon
Away from thees *buen pais!*
I speak you true the reason now—
I'm not for tell you lies!

"In sheep beezness she's broke for sure!
Eet make you laugh for hear!
I'm make the steal from my fr'en' Joe
Twelve hundred sheeps thees year!"

—S. OMAR BARKER.

LE BON DEESTRIC — NOMBARE ONE

I write dees leetle ting for my fren Meesis K.,
For mak it de fone, dat is what she es say;
"You mus hav it all finish on firs of de year",
An Ba Gosh! I es tole you, I furnish de Beer.

* * * * * *

'Bout firs of de winter, beeg chang it is come,
In de Forestry Beezness, she call Nombare one;
She's Boss is Bill Greeley, dat's got de glass eye,
An de Boy is all say, "He's G. P. By and By!

Dar es noder yong fellar, he work long er Bill,
And Peep what is know heem, is call it heem "Sil";
He's mity good fellar and com from de Sout,
And work lak de Diable, and keep stel on de mout.

Dar es fellar nam Coop—he mak de tree grow,
Som tam he es plant eet, an som tam he es sow;
Da es ting he don't know do', but he lern lak de res,
He mus set de tree out on des lan in de Wes.

Dar es fellar nam Koch, an dar es Kinney and White,
Dey mak it sam job, and she good job all rite;
But worst trub dey be hav is der property 'countin',
An dey sware lak de Hal, and long for de mountain.

Dar es fellar call Rutledge, an one dey call "Bob",
An to hear de Boy talk, dey is on to dare job;
Dey hav der beeg les, what you call Personnel,
An if Supers go wrong, dey is jomp heem lak Hal.

Dar es Accounts, and dar es Grazing, Engineering and Law,
Dar es Silvics and Products, and Beeg Fat Woman to Draw;
Dar es lots of fine girl, but dees I don't know,
But bes tang for dem, I is tink it, get beau.

Dar es bunch er good fellar dat co-op-er-ate,
An las summer dey work on what es call Estimate
Dey es clim it de mountain, for mak it de map,
An I tole you ma fren, Ba Gosh! It's no snap!

Mos every fin day, you is mak de high peek,
Widout drop of wattar and hard tak for heat;
I forget all de feller, but dar was five, seex or ten,
"Doc" Woodward, and Piper, and fellar call Ben.

Dar was Parker, and Fletcher, and Murphy so gay,
An on de peanna, Jack Bentley she play;
De Boss! She is "Doc". Ware small pant and puttee,
Sleep on de Blow Bed, which is funnie. Sapree!

Dar es fellar nam Cooney, he's Boss de N. P.,
He value de lan, and look at de tree;
An when you pack up, wid beeg box on de meedle,
He hollar, "Sapree! Look out for ma feedle!

Dar es lots of yong fellar, jest come from der school,
De Science of Forestry, he's haid is plum fool;
He go de firs tang and he buy a beeg hat.
An long ledder pant, what you call 'em? De chap?

Den he strap on beeg gun, and long knife he mus ware,
For scare of himself he is meet it de bare;
I tink it good plan, if he stay in de Wes,
To forget all dees tang and get down to Beezness.

Now mos of des fellar got swel on de haid,
An swel up dare ches, lak a new back de Bread;
An dey know all about dees Forestry Job,
An how much bon gress should grow on de sod.

It's de old fellar lak our fren Elers Koch,
Dat know de job well and is John-on-de-spot;
He smok all de tam he is sit in de char,
But questions you ax heem, Ba Gosh! He be dare.

Des Forestry Beezness has, By Gar! jes begun,
An ef you don't tank so, jes watch Nombare One;
De Peep of dees Country, Sapree! dey was slow,
An bes ting for dem was for keel "Oncle Joe".

Dar es lot of de fellar in dis beeg District one,
Dat's quick on de guess, de foot and de gun;
An Ole Beef, he is watchin' wid de glass on hees eye,
For mak Le Bon Deestric in de sweet by and by.

Dar es one tang to say before dees case it is close;
Don'd tak it de Bool by de tail, but de nose
Use every one, what you call Le Albare,
An Ba Gosh! Uncle Sam, we all will be dare.

—E. DE FLOOCHEE.

Missoula, Mont.
January 1, 1909.

FOREST NURSERY RHYMES

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Lighting a cigarette;
Threw down the match lighted,
The grass it ignited—
They haven't found Miss Muffet as yet!

Little Tommy Tiddlemouse lives in the prison house,
He burned a "slashin' " in a careless fashion.

Old Man Cole is out on parole, out on parole is he,—
He emptied his pipe of a large burning coal,
And burned up a big Fir Tree.

Polly, put the camp fire out,
Polly, put the camp fire out,
Polly, put the camp fire out,
Now we've had our tea!

Sukey, throw some water on,
Sukey, throw some water on,
Sukey, throw some water on,
Before we go away!

Hickery, Dickery, Dock,
A camp fire on a rock
Can hurt no one, 'cause it can't run,
Hickery, Dickery, Dock.

—F. V. HORTON.

THE PERSONNEL STATEMENT

A hundred oaths at least I've sworn
The Constitution to defend;
I've told my birthday many times;
My history written without end.

To Adam clear, my ancestry
I've traced completely, there and back;
My good and bad points I have told
As well as virtues that I lack.

There was a time when I was young
In years, and foreign to the game;
I wandered, pondered, fretted, but—
I filled them all out just the same.

At last, with years, I've patient grown,
And I am sure with smiles I'll meet
Saint Peter, standing at the gates,
With oath and pers'nel statement sheet.

—EDWARD P. ANCONA.

THE McLEOD FIRE TOOL

Here is to the McLeod fire tool,
An implement in which to trust;
You may rake the piney needles
Or cut the toughest brush.
Use all your strength upon it
And which you fail to bust;
Scatter fire through the jungles,
In front of fiery, billowy breast;
Or lean for a moment on the handle
When you dare not sit down to rest.
Here's to the Forest Ranger,
Raised to the office sublime,
Let us hope he learns to use it—
He'll need it in a hotter clime.

—BY A FIRE FIGHTER.

SKULLDUGGERY

I sing of the Ranger who's fearless and bold,
He goes to fight fires without being told,
Because if he doesn't he's sure to be shot
At sunrise, or else when the day becomes hot!

CHO: Tu ra lee! Tu ra la!
At sunrise, or else when the day becomes hot.
(Repeat)

The Forest Assistant's a queer looking bird;
He is dressed like a dude, or an egg that is shirred;
His head! It is hardly the head of a man,
It is swelled out of shape with a Management Plan!

Cho: (Repeat)

The poor Supervisor is up to his hair
In all kinds of business, including free air,
With Grazing and Fires, Exchanges and Such,
He thinks he is plenty, but he's not very much!

Cho: (Repeat)

And now we will sing you of our A. D. F.'s;
When you want an allotment they're sure to be deafs,
But just whisper once of allotments unused
And they'll grab 'em so quick that we feel much abused!

Cho: (Repeat)

The D. F. he has an inscrutable smile;
You never can guess what he's thinking the while;
But look at his name and quite clearly you'll see
He's only a ranger with a capital G!

Cho: Tu ra lee! Tu ra la!
He's only a ranger with a capital G!
(Repeat)

—A. H. SYLVESTER.

RANGE APPRAISAL

I had seen how, on the Tonto, cactus grew an inch a year,
And it took a dozen cacti to produce a yearling steer;
With a cactus to an acre, and ten acres to a chain,
Three cows to every yearling, and an inch a year of rain.

This, by ratio and proportion—say—as nothing is to one,
Gave a pound per inch of cactus, and ten yearlings to a ton;
Thus, on a cactus-acre basis, for a given term of years,
We could check the carrying capacity by the sales of steers.

With this basis for appraisal, the value then was told
By the price per head for yearlings, and the average number sold;
Which, figured by equation,—say 100 equals C,
Minus A and B for handicaps, would give the grazing fee.

But since I've been on the Prescott, my dope is wrong, I've found,
As I failed to class as forage, the roots down in the ground;
For on the Prescott ranges the hungry bovine brutes,
Have eat the cactus to the gravel, and are pawing for the roots!

And the cattle are much smaller, so my dope on weights won't check,
As they always ship their yearlings in cars and double deck;
And they say that west of Prescott, near the Diamond-and-a-Half,
A cowboy saw a rabbit and thought it was a calf.

The inspector said by checking weights on shipments he had found,
That their average run of yearlings weighted about a hundred pounds;
So I'm right back where I started, but I haven't quite lost hope
Though I have to start all over on this Range Appraisal Dope.

—JAMES H. SIZER.

FOREST GUARDS

When Pinchot started out to break the timber baron's pride,
He had big men at his bidding, and little men besides;
Price was there, and Olmsted, and Allen known to fame,
And likewise he had forest guards, who went by any name.

Forest fires, and fire guards, to harry and to fight 'em!
Forest Guards, fire guards, you can not do without 'em!
Their deeds are unrecorded, their names are seldom seen,
But we know there were forest guards, because there must have been.

Then Graves took up the strife for ten long years or more,
With many an able field man and office chiefs galore;
When Greeley led the fighting, thro' seasons good and bad,
And he had also forest guards, because he must have had.

In many a long fire battle, from naught-five to nineteen-ten,
We know they're forest guards, because they've always been;
Supervisor, examiner, deputy, today as yesterday,—
The head men make the plans, but the fire guards clear the way.

In Washington dispatches, their names are seldom heard;
They justify their being by more than written word;
Mid fire line, toil, and tempest, and dangers manifold,
The doughty deeds of the fire guards will never all be told.

Scant pay and scantier leisure—they take small heed of these;—
For men work hard as forest guards when fire is in the trees;
A long ride and a weary, from dawn to set of sun—
The men who serve as forest guards, their work is never done.

Big men and chiefs of branches—to these their meed of praise,
For patience, skill, and wisdom, and glad promotion days;
To every man his portion, as it both right and fair,

But oh, forget not the fire guards, for they have done their share!

—JNO. D. GUTHRIE.

THE FOREST FIRE

A fire
At night
In the woods
Is a beautiful thing.
How it lights up the scene!
It dims even the stars;
It sends sparks like stars
Flying skyward.
The wind carries them
Still alive they fall to the ground,
On dry grass,
On dead leaves,
On rotting wood.
New fires blaze up.
There is a conflagration.
We look upon it and think,
"How beautiful!"
But look
The next day.
The ground is black;
The trees are dead;
The leaves are gone;
The shade is gone;
The water ways are foully choked;
The birds have flown,
Or died in the flames;
The deer have fled.
Nothing remains
But skeletons,
Desolation,
And Death.

—A. H. SYLVESTER.

THE MAINTENANCE MAN

I came in advance of the season
To work on the lines and the trail.
I shinney up trees by the hundred
And do it in snow, rain, and hail.

I haze my slow, plodding burros
Over the forest trails,
Up the craggy mountain tops
Where the eagle slowly sails.

Down in the yawning canyons
Where the mountain torrents boom,
Over tbe brushy hillside
Where the rhododendrons bloom.

For the hot summer months are coming,
When the drought hangs over the land,
And the forest floor is like tinder,
All set for the careless hand.

Then the lighted match or a campfire
Will set the woods all ablaze,
And the smoke goes curling upward
To mingle with the haze.

When an ever watchful lookout,
On top of some rocky peak,
Takes a look across the landscape
And sees that rising streak;

Then the lines must be up and working
For men must start right away
To control the tongues of the fire-fiend
Ere the heat of another day.

And the trails must be open to travel,
So that tools and grub can go through;
For when strong men work "like the Devil"
They eat "like the Devil", too.

So I've cursed the work in general,
But keep on climbing trees,
While the rain-drops patter around me
And my hands feel like they would freeze.

—VONDIS E. MILLER.

SAPREE! DE BEAR

To ma ole fren, Messier de Spriz, who lak go on whood for look-see somme ting.

One day las year, she's long in de fall,
I was go on de whood, mak road for log haul,
An cot it birch tree for mak it somme sled—
Not de canoo birch, bot de one almos red.

Now good sled, she don grow every where,—
An while I was look, Sapree! I been see de bear,
He was bout arpent away an she not see me,
An busy lak hell, eat nut on beech tree.

Ma gun was on camp, I jes been have it ma axe,
So what was for I do Myself I was ax;
De bear she was beeg, ma fren, all sam de house,
An for me I was scare, jes same one leetle mouse.

So I scratch it ma hed for jes minute or two,—
Put ma finger on mouth and beeg whistle I blew
An holler lak hell, and wave it ma hat,
Sapree! Diable! De bear she sure was been scat!

De firs jomp she mak been bot seven-eight fet,
An de more he was go, jomp more long I was bet;
De hind leg was reach in front of de fore,
Bot my hair was lay down an head it was sore.

I was tink it, Sapree! If I had it ma gun,
Wid plenty cartrooch, de bear she stop run,
Den I tank me, he ain't been do me no harm,
An nice ting have game leeve on ma leetle farm!

—E. DE FLOOCHEF.

THE INSPECTOR'S TETRAMETER

D' you ever try to find somethin'
You'd sensed or read or heard,
In the Nashnul Forest Manyel,
Of a quarter million words?

D' you ever know a man who knew,
Just where to turn to look
For a needed inspiration,
From that almost sacred book?

Now the Regs are few in number,
But explanations are a fright,
All in that little fine type,
That's sure to ruin your sight.

Was a time when we were happy,
In that distant long ago,
When we didn't have some Manyels,
That we had to read and know.

When a little simple Use Book
With its rules in black and white,
Didn't need a thousand 'structions,
So turn on needed light.

And now they're talkin' inspectin',
From the records in the files.
Yeh! Then those tender buddies,
Won't have to travel weary miles.

Just go round in springy autos,
With the Ranger home, on deck,
A makin' splicit records,
For Inspectors to inspeck.

Time was when an Inspector,
Who said he knew a cow
Would draw an onry twister—
Just to see if he knew how

To set the plebyun bronco,
That swallered it's head and jumped
Off round the c'rel stiff-legged,
A bawlin', with back bad humped.

Wonder what it's comin' to,
Things always changin' roun',
First the Ranger takes the brush,
But now he lives in town.

Wonder 'f we know what we're doin',
Keepin' changin' all the rules,
'Cause sperience's a dear teacher,
And she mostly teaches fools.

Wonder 'f we keep a-twistin',
If we wont start another breed,
Who'll just ride roun' in buzz carts,
And never need a steed.

But cuttin' out the jingle,
'N liminatin' all the fun,
The only way to get somewhere,
'Sto straighten out and run.

An we can't do all this runnin',
By the records in the files
'Cause when we're makin' records,
We're not coverin' any miles.

And there's many miles to cover,
Where buzz carts 'll never go,
If we do the work laid out for us,
And learn what we should know.

I've little use for records,
And it surely makes me swell,
To see the records growin'
And the work a goin' to hell.

—H. L. SPENCER.

WHO STARTED IT?

Who set the forest fire?
"Not I," said the Orchid—
"But surely someone did.
I chose this sheltered dell,
Shaded and watered well,
As my safe place to dwell.
I set no forest fire."

Who set the forest fire?
"Not I," said the Bunny,
"Forest fire is not funny.
I love my snug brush-patch
With its leaf-covered thatch,
I want no spark to catch—
I set no forest fire."

Who set the forest fire?
"Not I," said the Pheasant,
"Forest fire is not pleasant.
It ruins so many things;
It burns up my nestlings;
It singes my strong wings;
I set no forest fire."

Who set the forest fire?
"Not I," said the Trout.
"I want all fire out.
Fire takes away the shade
Of trees that God has made,
Leaves my pools all displayed,
I set no forest fire."

Who set the forest fire?
" 'Twas I," said the Man.
"I set the fire and ran.
I did not thinks of flowers,
Nor of birds in their bowers,
Nor of trees' living powers.
I set the forest fire."

Who set the forest fire?
"'Twas I," the Man said.
"I were much better dead.
Ere I the forest fire set;
Flowers, birds and beasts I've met—
I shall not soon forget.
I'll set no more fire."

—A. G. JACKSON.

MY COMRADE

(To the girl on the magazine cover tacked on the wall of a lonely cabin.)

Every day at dusk, my dear,
You are waiting for me here.
Even though I'm wet and weary—
Though the day's been long and dreary,
Seems my candle flickers brighter—
Seems my cares are less and lighter,
When I linger just a while
On your reassuring smile.

On the morrow I shall leave—
Forever part from you and grieve,
And your silent, smiling beauty
Will make light another's duty;
But when evening shades are falling
Far away I'll be recalling
Hopes and dreams we often shared—
And I'll wonder if you cared.

Yes, I'll wonder if you cared
For the dream of love I dared
To imagine while the days were long and drear—
If your silence e'er unbroken
Hid a word of love unspoken
Or if you were too kind to hurt me, dear.

—STANLEY F. BARTLETT.

JUST FOLLOW A FORESTER!

Oh, I know the tales
Of forest trails
Of work in the blazing sun.
Of canned bean diet
And swarming flies
Of lonesome hours
And leaden skies
And a raging fire when the day is done
I've heard and I've been dismayed.

Then why should I,
Or any guy
Stand up full length and say
"A forester, sir,
You bet I be
That life is the
Only life for me,
And a forester, sir, I'll stay
It's a life with a pull for your heart."

Then follow with me the rocky trail up the steep and tree-clad hill,
Stand on the jutting peak and see God's wonder there,
Pause in the dusking forest's depths and hear
The whispering silence of the living air.

Rest after toil that called for the whole of your strength and skill,
Rise in the early greyness, a man renowned and strong.
Feast like the king of the world on the simple grub of the ranger.
Then Ho! again for the trail, the trail that is steep and long.

For the work that lives
Is the work that gives
A quickening lot of fight.
Nor fires nor rains
Nor toil nor sun
Nor muscle strain

Can spoil the fun
That comes from a dreamless night
And the knowledge of strength to carry on.

—K.

WELCOME TO THE SISKIYOU

(To the Young Son of Forest Ranger Jesse Dewitt)

Welcome, little fellow, here's a word of
hail to you.
We believe you'll like our climate, and we
hope you'll like our crew,—
For we're honored by your coming
to the sun-kissed Siskiyou.

For the purpose of your coming, 'tis not
far we need to seek
You've a flair for conservation shown
before your tongue could speak
Since you clearly timed your visit
to conform with Forest Week.

Make yourself at home among us—tho'
sometimes you'll find us rough,
And a little hard to live with, remember
it's enough
If you seize the chances offered
and quite bravely do your stuff.

So it's welcome little fellow, and no
matter what you do,
Worthy of our admiration, just remember
this is true
All your promises of service started
on the Siskiyou.

—A. G. JACKSON.

HE'S A D—D GOOD MAN TO KNOW

Do you know the man with the square-set jaw
And the quiet level eyes,
Who rides where the timber meets the snow
And the snow peaks scrape the skies?

Have you met the man from the lookout bleak
Who loyal and eagle-eyed,
Signals the red foe's first advance
And reports the battle's ebb and chance
Till the red glare has waned and died?

Is he your friend this rider grim
With scanty food and pack;
Risking the canyon's dizzy rim;
Putting his horse through jungle and stream
To meet that first attack?

There is choking smoke and searing heat
Those first minutes may count as days—
His code has no such word as "quit"
And a fire brooks no delays!

Have you met the man with the marking axe
Who says which tree shall fall,
And stands twixt greed and posterity's need
And works for the ultimate good of all?

Have you met the man in his trail-side camp
Neath the spruce tree's friendly roof;
Shared his freely proffered tobacco or chuck;
Heard his "Keep to the right! Adios! Good Luck!"
Had his quiet eyes look into your eyes
And put you to the proof?

Have you met the man in the office chair
Hampered by routine and plan?—
Meet him again on mountain trail;
In camp or woods; in smoking vale;—
Among men you'll find him a man.

Unquestioning loyalty is his due.
May it ever be as it was of yore,
When his every man was his "right-hand man"—
The Frenchmen call it *Esprit de Corps!*

—WALTER J. PERRY.

THE SCALER'S DREAM

I met a Scaler old and grey
Who told me of a dream he had.
I think 'twas New Year's Day,
As he was snoozing in his shack
A vision came to view,
Having seen an Angel enter
Dressed in garments white and new.
Said the Angel, "I'm from Heaven,
Saint Peter sent me down
To bring you up to glory
And put on your golden crown."
So the Angel and the Scaler
Started up the Pearly Way,
When passing close to Hades
The Angel whispered, "Wait!
There's a place I want to show you.
'Tis the hottest in all hell
Where those who always crabbed you
In fiery torments dwell."
And behold the Scaler saw there
Gyppos by the score,
And leaning on his scale-rule,
He wished for nothing more.
Said the Angel, "Come on, Scaler,
There the Golden Gates I see!"
But the Scaler only murmured,
"This is Heaven enough for me!"

OUR DEBT TO WOOD

Some prehistoric savage in his wand'rings at a loss,
His progress barred by some broad stream which PROGRESS bade his cross,
Espied a floating log on which he perched himself astride,
And presently he found himself upon the other side.

So Christopher Columbus, when he played his famous hunch,
And worked his famous "egg trick" on the Spanish Queen at lunch,
Left the stale OLD WORLD behind him with his very dubious crew,
And in his little wooden ship he opened up the NEW!

Soon followed those tall wooden ships, the galleons of Spain,
And thronged the Western sea until 'twas called the "Spanish Main,"
And rich the cargoes, rich the spoil, and rich the stream of gold
That flowed across the ocean from the New World to the Old.

The Frenchmen came; gay voyageurs with pistols in their belts.
Came cannie Scots in shipload lots to garner in the pelts,
And build stout wooden bastions to mark their Westward way,
Which bastions became, in time, the cities of to-day.

And Westward, ever Westward, pressed the sturdy pioneer,
And built his wooden cabin on the land he chose to clear.
He tilled the ground and planted out his "spuds" and beans and corn,
Then turned he to the forest—and an Industry was born!

He felled the forest giants and he hitched 'em to his team;
He cut 'em by man-power, then he cut 'em up by steam.
And by-and-by some other guy said: "Sell some logs to me!"
So he hauled 'em to the river and he floated 'em to sea.

The logging business throve apace, the mills got bigger, too.
The country got the benefit, the population grew.
For countries having timber will grow rich beyond a doubt,
Since those that haven't got it have to get it—or get out!

Our debt to wood, we feel quite sure, you'll nearly all concede,
So from these little verses here's the moral that you'll read:
"PROTECT THE FORESTS, guard them, well, and keep them safe from harm,
So they'll produce from year to year, the same as does the farm."

—W. H. CURRIE.

COMPENSATION

Now if you must wed, as you will, I'm quite sure,
Take heed, choose a wife who will know how to be poor,
Because if you don't she'll make short work of your
Check that they give to a Ranger.

For the pay that you'll draw is most marvelous small,
It closely resembles just nothing at all;
But then you'll soon find that the cash is not all
The compensation you get as a Ranger.

In God's great out-of-dorrs and the light of His smile
There's a real job, a man's work, one right to your style,
If you're fit to be one of those fellows worth while,
Fit to be one of the Rangers.

When you've fought your last fire, and you've made your last ride,
And you're reaching the top of the last Great Divide,
You'll look back on the job, and with joy and with pride
Thank God you have served as a Ranger.
Served, served, served as a Ranger,
Served, served, served as a Ranger,
Served, served, served as a Ranger,
Served your country and God as a Ranger.

THIS STUDY COURSE

DEAR RANGER.
ABOUT THIS Study Course.
THAT THEY sent out to you.
AND CALLED IT PEDO.
NOW YOU may have thought.
THAT IT was.
SOME JOB to have to read.
ALL THE Manuals.
THROUGH ABOUT twice.
AND THEN guess besides.
WHAT THE questions.
WERE ALL about.
AND THEN lie awake.
NIGHTS TRYING to figure out.
WHAT THESE.
D. O. BIRDS wanted anyhow.
BUT LET me tell.
YOU ONE thing.
AND THAT is that.
THE JOKE isn't entirely.
ON YOU it's on these.
D. O. BIRDS who.
DOPED OUT all these questions.
AND NOW have to grade all.
THOSE PAPERS you fellows sent in.
AND THERE are only.
ABOUT TWO thousand papers.
AND IT'S some job.
AND THESE same.
EXAMINERS have also.
TO READ the dear.
OLD MANUALS through.
AND SOMETIMES twice.
TO FIND the correct.
ANSWERS TO their own questions.
AND THESE examiners.
ARE NOW going around.

THE OFFICE with.
VERY LONG faces.
AND VERY sad looks.
AND BLEARY eyes which.
SHOW THAT they too.
HAVE LOST some sleep.
BUT LEARNED a lot.
ABOUT THESE old Manuals.
WHICH THEY never knew before.
SO IT looks to me.
THAT THE horse is on them.
OR AT least that it's.
FIFTY-FIFTY.
I THANK YOU.

—JNO. D. GUTHRIE.

TO MY FRIEND, JAMES McKENZIE

I know a man who has done well his part,
And ever real victory has won;
Who never has looked at the clock, or his check,
But just at the job to be done.

And saddened I am Jim McKenzie is ill,
His Scotch smile was a grand thing to see,
There was never a job that was quite hard enough
To bring Old Jim onto his knee.

A Ranger he's been of the sort that is best,
For he loves the great wild forest lands,
And his heart and his soul he puts into his work,
And the strength of his brain and his hands.

As his own Bobby Burns would well say, were he here,
'He's a mon, whatever he's at,
He won na great wealth, nor made a great name,
But a great mon he is for a' that!'

—A. H. SYLVESTER.

THE HOMESICK RANGER

They've given me leave for a month in the city
Where the traffic is clangin' an' roarin' its way
Like mad, an' the crowds seem like sheep or like ants
Just crowdin' an' rushin' an' runnin' all day.
Oh, sure, there's a canyon outside o' my windows!
It's granite, all right, but its bottom's concrete;
An' the thunder I try to make believe is the fallin'
O' high snowy water is the trampin' o' feet.

An' they're proud of a pond that is set in a park
With buildin's around it an' sidewalks an' cars,
But what would they think of a lake I remember—
A sapphire thing set with millions o' stars?
An' the trees in this two-by-four park that they're waterin'
Seem pinin' for ridges where reg'lar trees stand;
If it wasn't so sad I would laugh, but I guess that
These folks who go runnin' just can't understand.

I look at the crowds an' the set look they're wearin'
An' wonder just what the mad rush is about;
From dawn until dusk they go runnin' in circles,
The long an' the lean, the short an' the stout.
In a day or two more I'll be headin' for timber
An' a cabin that stands on a hilltop I know
Overlookin' a valley where soft night winds murmur—
They whisper an' call me wherever I go.

I'm homesick for songs that the rivers are singin'—
I'm thirstin' for winds that go sighin' through trees;
My heart sure is pinin' for gossip o' mountains—
These are the things that I'm needin'—just these:
Songs o' my rivers, the breath o' the West Wind,
Visions o' forests whose sombre tops sway,
Pictures o' valleys, horizons o' snow peaks,
An' a sunset o' gold that keeps lightin' the way!

—CRISTEL HASTINGS.

THE LEARNED RANGER

There is a Standard District where standard fir trees grow
And other things are standard, except the hazel hoe;
The Ranger is a forester, he reads each evening late
To learn the Service policy and keep informed to date.
He studies forest management, a science most abstruse
That tells us how the trees should grow and what should be
their use;
And forest research that proves beyond a doubt
That fir tree seed fall to the ground and—by and by will
sprout,
That fires will burn when it is dry, and when it rains—go out.

Likewise he studies grazing and knows the names of flowers
And every kind of forage plant the greedy sheep devours
That lambs should stint their appetite till the grass has gone
to seed,
And beware of eating snowgrass and every noxious weed.

His relations are most public, he always tries ot please,
By telling what the Rangers do to save the people's trees,
He lectures to the Sunday school and to the ladies' aid.
He celebrates Protection Week and rides in the parade
He knows the village editor and helps him all he can
He meets with the Kiwanis and joins the Ku Klux Klan.

—G. F. ALLEN.

HAVE A CARE

Dear folks! These woods belong to you;
For you they stand, for you they grew.
Enjoy their beauty and their shade;
But guard your fires, where they're made.

When you're fishing, have a care!
When you're hunting, Oh, beware!
And when camping, do your share
To keep the forest green.

—A. H. SYLVESTER.

RANDOM RHYMES FOR THE FIRE SEASON

Here lies what's left of PHILBERT A.
Who let his Camp Fire get away.
Though Phil ran fast, the fire ran faster,
And PHILBERT shared in the disaster.

Old SILAS K. was level-headed
And Fire at HOME he'd always dreaded.
But in the WOODS he'd clean forget
That Fire is Fire WHEREVER met!

A sprightly dame was MINNIE MAY.
"Ain't Nature just too sweet," she'd say.
The picnic fire that MIN forgot
Burnt off a forty-acre lot.

Said ANDY GUMP, "I like it rough.
I like this red-blood backwoods stuff!"
Then lit his fire against a stump—
For such a man was ANDY GUMP.

Young GEOFFREY J. loved Nature well.
"B'Gosh," he'd say, "ain't Nature swell!"
Then toss his glowing stubs around
And burn the Forest to the ground.

J. ADDLE PATE's a reckless guy,
Throws "butts" around when things are dry.
"Aw, what the heck! no fire, I'll state,
Can overtake *this* car," says Pate!

"This is the life," cried CEDRIC C.,
"To eat beneath the greenwood tree!"
But what a mess he left behind,
Of cans and crusts and bacon rind!

—W. H. CURRIE.

THE HIDDEN LAKE

Far out in the far-flung mountain world,
There's a lake that is still and deep
Where rainbows leap with a mighty sweep,
When dusky shadows creep;

Where soft suns shine on the pebbled line,
Of its quiet rippling shore;
It's huddled there from the world of care,
And its restless rush and roar.

There's an azure pool where fishes school,
And long, cool shadows fall;
Where slanting beams in mellow streams,
Sheer out from the forest wall.

In the velvet quiet of the magic night,
Sounds the long, lone call of the loon;
And the rugged line of the white peaks shine,
In the rays of the silvery moon.

When the stars that play in the milky way,
Reflect in the crystal deep;
Then the zephers stir in the drooping fir,
And sing my soul to sleep.

—ROY THOMAS GREENUP.

TRAILIN' (U. S. F. S.)

Git along, you Juno! Don't scrape that pack
Along that tree! That's right, step out,
There's ten long miles 'tween us an' sundown.
Wranglin', packin', ridin'. This isn't
Just the picnic the movie places show.
A movie? Is there such a thing?
Five months back in the timber
An' no mail the last three trips.
Git along, you Juno!

—JOHN C. FROHLICHER.

AN INSPECTOR PARTS FROM HIS LADY LOVE

"Adieu", (To God)
The Frenchman thus commends his lady love,
When leaving her, with sighs and tears.

"Good bye", (God be wi' ye)
We of the Anglo-Saxon stock do cry,
When parting for a day—or years.

"Auf wiedersehn", (We meet again)
So whispers soft the German swain,
Into his sweetheart's happy ears.

Three simple ways to say, "Farewell",
And yet to me, it is quite plain,
That when I come to part from you,
I much prefer
"Auf wiedersehn".

We meet again—Oh, happy words,
That in themselves give pleasant pain.
How long, to me, will seem the time,
Until;—Ah well;
"Auf wiedersehn".

We meet again—but when or where?
I've looked into your eyes in vain,
To read in them, if you would care,
If we should *never* meet again?

But hope springs ever in the heart,
To bid me wait, and not complain.
And so, ere we are torn apart,
I'll whisper soft,
"Auf wiedersehn".

—WILL C. BARNES.

THE MAN WITH THE MARKING AXE

Glorifed by the growth of centuries it stood,
A virgin forest upon this ground;
The history of ages in its stems,
And in its boles the welfare of communities.
Who cut this timber and let none remain?
Left a hideous thing, yieldless for eighty years,
Blackened and burned, kin to the desert space?
Who wrote the clause guaranteeing ninety per cent?
Whose was the axe that marked even more than this—
Whose the neglect that allowed the broad-cast burn?

Oh, western foresters, in stands of pine
How will the future reckon with us? How
Plan we timber to supply in fifty years
When timber famine has pinched the world,
If now we leave not to exceed a measly ten per cent?
Concerning these who wield the marking axe today,
What will the judgment of the people be
After the silence of half a century?

A TELEPHONE ROMANCE

I met her over the telephone; she surely sounded fine;
She was playing the phonograph over the West Fork line.
Mac rung me up and switched me on, the music was a treat,
And as for that her talk was too, her voice was mighty sweet.
She visited a week in Eden, like a fool I didn't go down,
But after she'd gone home again, I kicked myself around.
We called up in the evening and had a jolly time;
She danced this one with Smithy, the next one then was mine;
It made the time go faster and shortened up the day,
But now her vacation's ended and soon she'll go away.
She is going back to the city, and I wish her lots of joy,
She made the days much brighter for this long-haired lookout boy.

—VONDIS E. MILLER.

POOR BUSINESS

There are two lads
Who want to be elected
To the sheriff's office
And there is one lad
Who wants to be auditor—
All of Fresno County—
State of California,
And I take this method
Of telling them
That I can't scare up
Very much enthusiasm
For any lad
Or set of lads
For any office
Who post up their pictures
Alongside the road
In our National Forests.
The good Lord knows
It's hard enough
To stand the advertising
Done by candidates
Along the highways
And the public streets,
On park fences
And telegraph poles
And sides of buildings
But one can stand it
Because it seems impossible
To stop it,
But too much is too much
When they invade
The beauty and the calmness
Of the big forests
And nail up their mugs
On the trees there.
I do not get to kirk
So very often,
And this may be wrong;
But I do get up
As often as possible
Into the great woods
Where I can find
The same kind of feelings
That I am told
One should have
When he goes to kirk,
And it riles me
To see a tree
Coming smoothly
From the ground
And bearing a proud head
Of soft green branches
And then to see
A square of pasteboard
Nailed firmly on its body
With a mug on it
Of somebody or other
Who wants to be sheriff
Or auditor
Or anything else.
If it's a beauty contest
They are inviting me
To come to
I can assure them
That Hiram and the Girls
Have them beaten
Before they start,
So they needn't bother,
And if they can think
Of no better argument
To get votes
Than to nail their mugs
On old trees
In the National Forest

They'd better hire
A business manager.
It's like joking
During communion;
Like setting the Lord's Prayer
To jazz music;
Like making a coon dance
Out of the Beatitudes;
Like spitting in the face
Of the Almighty.
It's a rotten way
To run for office.

—SCOTTY (SAMUEL GAYLEY MORTLAND).

THE STANDARD MAP FILES

Four hundred maps herein are filed.
One on the other, they are piled,
Records of futile effort vain,
The true and false they both contain,
Much to admire will meet your eye
And little on which you can rely.

On rolls of blue prints are displayed
Fictitious railroads, never made,
The water right promoter's dreams,—
His reservoirs and other schemes,
Where contour interval and scale
Proved that his plans could never fail!

Here are the ranger's sketches crude
By hand untrained and pencil rude,
Perhaps correct but not ornate:—
He never gives the name and date.

The silviculturist shows his skill
By maps of unknown vale and hill
Where tints of blue, and red, and green
Describe the trees he has not seen.
He adds a legend to his chart
And so completes a work of art!

—G. F. ALLEN.

HO! COMPADRES PIÑONEROS!

Ho for piney lanes of sunshine
On the tops of basking mesas!—
Ho for singing groves of piñon
On the foothills in the fall.
Ho for lanes of silky gramma,
Tang of sage and scent of cedar
On the pleasant hills of autumn
Where the Piñoneros call.

Bosky shades of cedar thickets
On the tops of basking mesas—
Pale blue flocks of Piñoneros,
Wheeling gaily from the crest
Down the yellow glades of pingue
Soaked in gold and drenched in sunshine,
Pitchy—nutty—tasting sunshine
Of the foothills of the west!

Ho Compadres! Piñoneros!
Jolly band of shameless loafers,
Full of fun and full of business!
Ho Compadres! Vagrants all—
Ho for singing groves of piñons!
Ho for singing autumn weather!
Piñoneros! My Compadres
Of the foothills in the fall!—

Pale blue flocks of Piñoneros
Wheeling off across the mesas—
Calling . . . Calling. Piñoneros,
Each one softly to the rest
Calling dimly from the distance . . .
Piñoneros faintly calling
Calling faint . . . but ever calling
To the foothills of the west.

—ALDO LEOPOLD.

A FOREST ELEGY

Gray ashes on the forest floor,
Black ghosts that once were trees,
Majestic in the winter snows,
Or swayed to summer breeze.

Desolate now and forsaken
By creatures of the wild,
The gaunt old hills cry out in shame,
Where once their glory smiled.

"Trees that looked at God all day"
"And lifted leafy arms to pray."

A thousand years, nay more they grew,
There in the mountain sod,
Their clean brown trunks told sweetly of
The carefulness of God.

Down where men write the records,
The curious may scan—
"Two thousand acres—size of fire"
"—Cause—carelessness of man."

—BESSIE K. MONROE.

BLACKENED

Into the woods the tourist came,
And he was well content.
But he dropped a match and threw a cig,
And out of the woods he went.

Out of the fire the ranger came,—
Burned, and blackened, and spent.
The fire was out the tourist had made,
But the trees were dead and rent.

Into the woods that God has made,
Come and rec-reate;
But leave no fire to mark your way,
For you cannot re-create.

—A. H. SYLVESTER.

THE TREES AND THE DOCTOR

Said the kind, the mighty leader,
The imperishable cedar,—
"It's a shame, it me displeases
That all trees have such diseases;—
Punky boles, with rot and vermin,
Through the leprous bodies squirmin',
Ragged crowns, disheveled, battered,
Branches broken, sprawling, tattered;
Go and get yourself a Doctor!"

This command was barely sounded,
Ere the vast concourse responded,—
"Truly you have spoken rightly,
Our condition is most unsightly;
Gymnosporangium blasdaleanum,
Phorodendron bolleanum,
Echinodonctium tinctorum.
Rozoumofskya, by gorum,
And this *Peridermium* ulceration
Will complete our desperation."

Then the Doctor, beard *umbrosa,*
Said,—"My dearest *Ponderosa,*
You've been found by investigation,
To suffer over transpiration,
It's the same with you, *Cembroides,*
And my friend, dear *Tremuloides,*
Your case is extreme exposure;—
Southern clime and more composure."

"Well, my *Picea canadensis,*
And, by Heck, old *Nootkatensis,*
How in Sam Hill, thunderation
Can you stand such foul airation!
I'm convinced that your requirement
Is a hurry-up retirement
To the zephyrs of the slopeland."

"Quercus alba, nigra, nana,
Engelmannii, garreyana,
Your real ailment is *chlorosis*
And excessiveness *thylosis,*
What you need is change of diet;
Why the D—— don't you try it?"

—J. A. LARSEN.

MY OLD CORNCOB

I've smoked a million cigarettes,
And cigars, a million, too,
But let me have my old corncob,
When I'm sorta down and blue.

You can have your fancy briar,
And your meerschaum and your clay,
But my old corncob will suit me,
When I rest at close of day.

Sure, it's blackened, browned and battered,
There's a crevice down the side,
Dudes will sniff an' sidle from me,
But I puff right on with pride.

It brings mem'ries of the trapline,
Brings me peace in silent thought.
It's the sweetest pipe I've tasted,
In a thousand pipes I've bought.

Brings back trails I've long forgotten,
Peaceful thoughts of my old home.
Visions trails across the ocean,
Brings me peace where e'er I roam.

When the world is all against me,
And I've almost cursed my lot,
Then my old corncob redeems me;
It's the best old friend I've got.

—ROY THOMAS GREENUP.

THE FOREST SURPRERVISOR

The supervisor has a snap,
He is a very lucky chap.
His steady job and daily care
Is holding down a swivel chair.

He tells his troubles to the clerk
And lets that husky do his work.
The rangers hustle when he speaks,
And send him all the dope he seeks.

His guards to higher things aspire
And climb the peaks to look for fire.
The D. F. keeps in touch with him
By billet-doux both fat and slim.

Requests from Silvics, Lands and Grazing
Come to him often and amazing,
But his most steady avocation
Is answering notes from Operation.

His estimates are made with care
With figures clear from here to there.
When his allotment comes to hand,
It's hard for him to understand.

His thirty thousand estimate
Has been reduced to less than eight;
Sometimes he sees a cherished plan
Copped boldly by a district man.

He cares for projects manifold,
His various duties make him old.
The public comes in for a share,
That often makes him extra care.

His casual caller day by day
Oft wonders how he earns his pay.

—A. G. JACKSON.

THE PLANT INSPECTORS

In these we place unwavering trust;
They guard us from the WHITE PINE rust
They all read QUARANTINE FIFTY-FOUR
And varied papers, many more.

These documents they must peruse
To justify the means they use

For more instructions then they ask,
To guide them in their arduous task

For many things they must inspect
And many evils they detect.

They scrutinize the towering pine,
The lowly bush, the clinging vine

They search for bugs that plants infest
And grab each parasitic pest

They care not when they start a fuss
And smile because the shippers cuss.

—G. F. ALLEN.

THE CARELESS FIREBUG

I have caused the death of millions, yes and more;
Towns and cities I have leveled by the score;
Timbered hills that once the landscape graced,
Through me have now become a barren waste.
Ruin, death, and famine is the toll I take,
Blasted hopes and blighted lives must follow in my wake.
Defeated armies, shattered, done, have lost,
When but for me they might have won.

And whom am I, you ask, that causes this distress?
You know me well. They call me CARELESSNESS.

—J. B. CAMMAN.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

(A Forest by any other name wouldn't sound as sweet.)

Full many a day has wasted away,
Since first I offered my hand,
To others who played, and playing had paid
For a place in the Ranger band.

And many a change, that seemed to be strange,
Was made by the men who rule;
While, gentle and meek, I seldom would speak
Through fear of their ridicule.

But brand me, dear chief, a liar, a thief,
If longer I stand idly by,
And do not protest, when names I love best
Are changed and twisted awry.

When Sopris they stole and stuck in a hole,
I patiently carried my Cross,
Though Holy and rare, 'twas heavy to bear,
But I charged it to profit and loss.

But names that of late have met the same fate,
Are such I am loath to see go;
While those that replace, have fallen from grace
With Satan to regions below.

When plain Arkansas become Ouachita
No wonder fire hazards increase;
And Judges will meet on highway and street,
Their feelings to freely release.

Ojibway, oh dear—I wipe off a tear—
No other such name was designed;
It's only a guess, but if he'd confess,
I'll bet that's why Marshall resigned.

And Huron, please chief, just give me relief,
Tell who on our rolls is a "brave",
Apache or Ute, that brave I will shoot,
If other good names I may save.

No wonder the folk in Wisconsin choke
Our efforts a Forest to make,
They thought Oneida was just Uneeda,
A biscuit which they could home-bake.

But now comes a blow that's fatal, I know,
I grieve with the Florida boys,
Though they may live through, they surely are due
To miss all the New Year's joys.

Ocala you see, and Choctawhat ????
My ——— old Oliver balks;
I'm sorry to tell it, but I can't spell it,
Such a language nobody talks.

Our Colorado is slated to follow,
For writing this—that's my excuse—
I'd like to suggest, some "white" word is best;
But—whatinel is the use!

—L. C. SHOEMAKER.

THE NEW RELIGION

The forester's life is one of ease;
A timber famine he forsees;
He tries to warn the he's and she's
Who will not listen to his pleas.

Then he gets down upon his knees
And plants the seed to grow the trees;
Their life he fondly oversees
And talks about their pedigrees.
The people learn by slow degrees,
By ones, and twos, and even threes.
Then they, too, hold some jubilees
And follow up with planting-bees.
'Tis only then the famine flees.
Why don't you plant some little trees?

A WOODEN RHYME

There was a wooden headed man who dropped a wooden match
Among some wooden twigs and bark inside his woodlot patch.

The match flamed up and fired the wood, the blaze spread all around,
Until some noble wooden trees were burned off at the ground.

And men with wooden-handled spades, and wooden-handled hoes
Dug out the fire edge all around with swift and sturdy blows.

While others armed with axes keen, with straight-grained wooden helves,
Cut down the blazing wooden snags, regardless of themselves.

Until at length the fire was stayed, its damage plainly seen,—
A blackened waste of wooden stumps, that once was woodlot green.

The news flashed o'er the waiting wires, upheld by wooden poles,
And reached the sanctum of the press, which spreads of news controls.

On wooden paper, printed clear, the news flew round the land,
Into the wooden homes of men where wooden fixtures stand.

In wooden chairs men sat themselves and read the tale about
The damage careless fire had done before it was put out.

And this the judgment they expressed before they went to bed;
"A man who starts a careless fire must have a wooden head.

And soon or late, as sure as fate, or from these ways we turn.
We'll have no trees upon our hills for wooden heads to burn!"

—A. G. JACKSON.

THE MAGIC CHANGE

I do not know my world today,
The summer sun has gone away,
The touch of fall is in the air,
It can be seen now everywhere.

Close here at hand some poplars rise
And rear their heads up to the skies.
But yesterday their clothes were green,
But now today—a golden sheen.

A magic hand has dealt to vine
I knew so well in summer time,
A color one can scarce describe
And standing close there by its side

The sumac that could not withstand
That artist with the faultless hand.
He with deft touch from foot to head
Has changed it to a crimson red.

The only things familiar now
Are standing on the mountain's brow,
The little pines so green and fair
Will not be changed by frosty air.

—MRS. (RANGER) DEWEY S. WRIGHT.

FROM A GUARD'S DIARY

Awoke to behold a world of white,
Full fourteen inches it snowed last night.
With a dripping tent and a well-soaked bed,
And the day before since the horses had fed.
It seemed to me as I watched it snow,
And looked at the larder that was getting low,
And babied the fire and shivered around,
That it was a darn good day to go to town.
So I saddled up and hit the road,
And say now Mr., you bet it snowed!

OLD OLIVER! FAREWELL!*

You double-shifted son of pi;
You stubborn whelp without a sire;
At last the day has come when I
Can from your tyranny retire.
For years you filled my life with gloom;
You drove all kindness from my heart;
Your presence oft has filled this room
With hate no words can e'er impart.

When from the range, as if on wings,
To office desk I would repair,
To tell the boss of all the things
I'd seen and done while I was there,
You always met me with a smile,
So well-behaved you seemed to be,
That I'd forget your artful guile,
And start with much aplomb and glee.

A good report I'd surely write,
With data all arranged in form;
Your joints well oiled, your type all bright,
I knew this time you would perform.
But very soon—'twas always thus—
You balked, you jumped, you stuck like glue;
Until—my patience gone—I'd cuss
The day that I had signed for you.

And then away you'd smoothly go,
While L, still peeved, would make a 3,
Where—(you old pup, now ain't it so?)
You knew danged well I wanted E.
Or when I wanted a big S,
To make the Supervisor proud,
You'd make a $ sign—I guess,
To make him wish I wore a shroud.

But now we part, your race is run,
No more you'll spoil my job—and yet,
Within my thoughts there lingers one
That fills my heart with sad regret;

Perhaps you did the best you could,
Some traits you had were mighty fine;
Perhaps your bad obscured the good,
Your imperfections partly mine.

So Ol, you're just retired to-day,
What you have done the records tell;
You've served your time without display;
Forgive my words, my wrath! Farewell!
I know, like you, soon I shall be
A relic in the discards cast,
But if I've served as faithfully,
I'll be content to face the past.

—L. C. SHOEMAKER.

*The Oliver typewriter is no longer standard equipment in Rangers' offices.

PRECEDENT

Enduring as the firmament
Is that old joker Precedent
By which some people guide their ways
From birth to death, through all their days.

Full many of us dare not chance
Opinion based on circumstance
But hedge until we've read a pile
Of canned opinions from the file.

The man of independent mind
Seeks what's before—not what's behind;
And uses his mentality
In thought—not archaeology.

Some worthy things have not been said,
The brainy men are not all dead;
Your right course may be evident,
If you'll forget the precedent.

—C. A. HOAR.

THE RANGER'S RETREAT

There's a zigzag trail up the mountain side,
'Way off from the beaten track;
She's about as wide as a man-sized stride
And leads to a lean-to shack.
It's only a small one-room affair,
Constructed of hand-hewn pine,
But hombre, it's Home Sweet Home up there,
For take it from me—it's mine!

The furnishings don't amount to much:
A bunk, a table, and chair;
Some pots and kettles and pans and such,
And knick-knacks here and there.
The rafters are black with soot and smoke
From the fireplace built o' stone;
Some folks would think it a funny joke
Me livin' up here alone—

But at even'time, when my work is done—
Range-ridin' for Uncle Sam—
I sit here watchin' the settin' sun
And I'm glad I'm here where I am!
The moon slips over the mountain's rim
A 'shootin' her silv'ry darts;
While night birds flutter from limb to limb,
A 'singin' with all their hearts.

And somehow, hombre, I get the feel
That those birds are singin' to me;
For it's then all my trials and troubles heal—
I'm happy and worry-free.
The pine trees whisper a soft goodnight
As the shadows gently creep;
The light in my house on the mountain top
Winks out—and I'm fast asleep.

BY JUDAS

The ranger sat on the mountain trail,
There was blood on his nose and woe in his wail,
And he gazed at his fleeting cayuse's tail
And swore a blue streak, by Judas.

"The son-of-a-gun is a pie-faced fraud,
She piled me quick and she piled me hard,
She got me when I was off my guard,
She ain't worth a damn, by Judas."

"She was sired by a mule in the days gone by,
Damned by a mare with a big glass eye,
And everyone else from Cheyenne to Nye,
The son-of-a-gun, by Judas."

Then the ranger arose with a weary air,
And followed the fleeing cayuse mare,
And all one could hear was the following "prayer,"
"The son-of-a-gun, by Judas."

A TREE FOR EACH HERO

No reveille can wake him
No bugle him call
No man can remake him
He's lost to us all.

A tree for his memory,
Let's plant one to-day,
And leave for posterity
His name e'er to stay.

An oak for his sturdiness
So famed in our lore,
A pine for his eagerness
That guided him o'er.

A birch for the manly part
He played in the war,
A larch for his tender heart
That serves him no more.

A tree for his bravery
Well shown in the test;
A tree for each quality
Our hero possessed.

A tree for his memory
Let's plant one to-day
And leave to posterity
His name e'er to stay.

—LOUIS G. GOLDSTEIN.

1919.

EVOLUTION

It's only been a few years back,
That the sturdy Ranger took his pack;
His blankets and grub and an old canteen,
And for months at a time he was never seen.

His district was large, the going was rough,
But you never heard him say his lot was tough;
He hoofed it along for many a mile,
Blazing out a trail with a cheerful smile.

He tackled any fire he came across,
His hands the crew, his head the boss;
He spit on his hands, dug in his toes,
And how he put it out, the Lord only knows.

All honor to him who blazed the way,
For those to come at a later day;
The trails were all made, the cabins were done;
And the next man's work was more like fun.

The next Ranger rode, with a horse to pack,
All his duffle but the clothes on his back;
From peak to peak he rode all about,
Watching for fires from each lookout.

When a fire was sighted he dashed away
To summon help for the firey fray;
He ordered the grub and bought the tools,
And hired men according to rules.

A letter he sent to the boss in charge,
Stating the fire was small or large;
Then dashed away in a cloud of dust,
Determined to conquer that fire or bust.

With axe in hand he marked out the line,
And saw that the trench was dandy and fine;
He was here and there and all about,
And never lay down till the fire was out.

All honor to him! He met the test,
And gave to the Service his very best;
But the world moves on at a furious pace,
And the Ranger of yore is not in the race.

The Ranger today, both near and far,
Invests his wad in a new Ford car;
He talks of carburetors, differentials and things—
The way he eats up miles is a sight, "by jings".

With miles of No. 9 strung all about,
On every peak a fire lookout;
A smoke is sighted, a bearing read,
And on wings of lightning a message is sped.

Direct to the Ranger's headquarters in town,
Who quickly writes the readings down;
A glance at a map, a mark or two,
And the Ranger knows just what to do.

The volunteers are called in about a minute,
He cranks his Ford and all jump in it;
But two minutes have passed since the fire was seen,
And they are off to the front in the Ranger's machine.

They run so fast through the jack pine flats,
All the fire crew lose their hats;
But speed is the thing, and what's the use?
Open up the throttle and give her the juice.

They soon reach the fire, no damage done,
To put out the small ones is only fun;
Then back to town in time for lunch,
And a Ranger in a Ford is there with the punch.

All honor to Ford, the Ranger's best friend,
He sells his output to the Rangers at Bend;
May you all make good as you have in the past,
But there's surely some change since I met you last.

—J. B. CURL.

THE GATES AJAR

A sick, old ranger, one summer day—
While all other rangers were making hay—
Near Heaven's portals by chance did stray;
And seeing St. Peter on duty there,
So calmly combing his long, gray hair,
He strolled right over and took a chair.
"How's my luck," said he, "to get inside"
And without a pause St. Peter replied,
"I have no record that you have died;
And this fact you must surely know—
For all the preachers have told you so—
No one but a spirit inside can go.
If your desire is to enter here,
And end forever your bold career,
From all earthly ties you must be clear.
But tell me why aside you'd fling,
Your mortal body and everything
To which most mortals so fondly cling?"
"This job of mine has lost its charm,"
The ranger said, "and with much alarm
I view some changes down on the farm;
The greatest of which is a plan of work—
And 'though from work I do not shirk—
This plan holds many a mental quirk.
It makes me follow a straight routine,
The straightest that I have ever seen,
And life seems nothing but a machine.
So further joy I cannot find,
Along the trails of abused mankind,
And I would leave them all behind."
"Monotonous, eh?" St. Peter said,
"Well, thank your stars that you're not dead,
And hurry home to your earthly bed.
For a million years, whate'er befell,
In routing spirits to heaven or hell,
I've used some plan that's served me well.

So at your plan of work don't scoff,
For you don't know when you're well off"—
But here, St. Peter began to cough;
For the pearly gates had opened wide,
And the ranger saw as he looked inside,
The spirits of rangers who had died.
They followed a trail, amid the trees,
That did not vary by two degrees,
In regular ranks of two's or three's;
And punched a clock at the station door,
As round by round they rode, and swore
That gol-darn plan they'd use no more.
So the ranger turned to old St. Pete
And said, "Kind sir, please don't repeat
The words I spoke in my conceit.
I'll to my earthly home repair!"
St. Pete just smiled as he combed his hair.—
That's why I'm here, instead of there.

—L. C. SHOEMAKER.

THE WATCHER

Round this brave tower, close against the sky,
The thunders threaten and the night winds cry,
While forests whisper in an alien tongue,
And lightnings flash and vibrant songs are sung
By stars and moon and sun.

The valleys, like sea billows, move and moan
In feverish unrest. Above, alone,
The lookout watches where the kites wheel by,
And reads the messages of earth and sky,
Trying to understand.

He's close to God, this watcher, and he sees
His handicraft in all the clouds and trees,
So, clear of vision, he gives daily praise,
Trying to fathom God's mysterious ways.

THE PACK RAT

The pack rat is a social cuss who calls around at night
To cheer the forest ranger bold and thrill him with delight.

No cabin is so lonely, quite hid in the mystic woods,
But there the pack rats rendezvous, and mix the ranger's goods.

The pack rat's fond of raisins sweet, and prunes he thinks are nice,
But beans he scatters on the floor, with coffee, spuds, and rice.

The flour and sugar he mixes up with spoons and forks and knives,
He chews the strings of cruising shoes, on kindling wood he thrives.

The pack rat's fond of music sweet. He's never known to fail,
Whene'er he has a chance, to drum a stovepipe with his tail.

He happens in when all is still and quiet in the night,
To crash the tinware to the floor is his supreme delight.

And when the ranger starts from sleep, and sets a trap with care,
The way the pack rats don't get in fills him with dark despair.

The pack rat runs around the trap and deadfalls make him smile.
When someone passes him a boot, he dodges it a mile.

But when the ranger's wrath is roused, to prove he's not a dub,
He slays the pesky pack rat with a flashlight and a club.

Now if you live a lonely life where pleasures rarely come,
Cheer up, take courage, go and get a pack rat for your home.

—A. G. JACKSON.

FORESTERS TO THE FRONT

Far from Floridian sands and pines,
From Maine's dark-mantled, spruce-clad hills,
From Klamath's firs in serried lines,
From Coconino's lumber mills.

We see them come with saw and ax,
With wedge and peavy, hook and chain,
With hardened hands and sturdy back
To hack and hew for trench and train.

We see them go where barricades
Are builded of the trees they fell;
Leaf-screens against the aircraft raids
And log redoubts 'gainst screaming shell.

Where France's forests bleed for France
They toil with hand and heart and brain
To help the Starry Flag advance—
God send them safely back again!

1918. —BRISTOW ADAMS.

HINT TO CAMPERS

When you leave that campfire, brother,
Put it out!
It is apt to breed another—
Put it out!
Forest fires start from little
When the woods are dry and brittle,
So when you remove the kittle
Put it out!

Do not leave one spark to smolder—
Put it out!
One small spark will soon grow bolder—
Put it out!
One small spark may prove a whale;
There, when you hit the trail,
Down it with a water pail—
Put it out!

THE MIDSUMMER RIDE OF THE FELLOW WE FEAR

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
How a tourist drove forth in the time of year
Where the twigs and leaves and dead wood lie,
Around the forest crisp and dry.
'Twas the 18th of August '23
A many a one still lives to see,
What a lighted match just thrown away
Did to the forest upon that day.
Through the woods his auto sped,
The pine trees meeting overhead,
He heard the song of the babbling brook,
The birds, in each sequestered nook
Trilled forth their joyous roundelay,
And all things living seemed at play.
He slowed his car and stopped to look
At the flowers, and birds, and running brook,
Where the sunbeams danced in each leafy dell,
And chased the shadows that rose and fell.
He lighted his pipe and with thoughtless fling
He threw the match with its deadly sting
Down on the ground where things were dead,
Then stepped on the gas and onward sped.
It lit in a heap of twigs and trash
And kindled a flame like a lightning flash
The wind its silence had kept before,
Now awakened to life with a mighty roar.
It fanned the flames with fiendish glee,
As they leaped like devils from tree to tree.
While sparks were hurled by the torrid breath
O'er the country far on their mission of death.
They conquered the flames; but, what a cost!
You may hear them tell of the brave ones lost
Of towns and hamlets gone from sight,
Laid low by the fire's awful blight
The trees still stand all scarred and sear;
The country round is bleak and drear.

Death and destruction have come to stay,—
But the tourist no longer goes that way.

—J. B. CAMMAN.

A FOREST SERVICE PET

(Suggested by reading most *any* report.)

Our authors who, to ably write, (profoundest students these),
Some trouble take to clearly cite their bibliographies;
Would they would pause to deeply muse upon the pain they give
To readers who would *never* use
The Split Infin (egad) itive,
Split Infinitive.

Good usage is a habit we should strive to fairly follow
In writing (as Society), avoiding phrases hollow.
English is subject to abuse, and in this song we give
Credit to chaps who *never* use
The Split Infin (you know) itive,
Split Infinitive.

He who goes on a language strike and parts (in language fair)
Infinitives in the middle, like his garments and his hair;
He feels his duty has been shirked and happy cannot live
Without the sadly overworked
Split Infin (by heck) itive,
Split Infinitive.

Experience to always gain, to vict'ry win in strife,
To safely mount above the plain, should be our aims in life.
Some people live to ever learn, some learn to ably live,
O, that they all might proudly spurn
The Split Infin (b' gosh) itive,
SPLIT INFINITIVE!

LOGGING

Most everybody nowadays admits that, in B. C.,
We owe a large and gen'rous slice of our prosperity
To Timber and its Industries—but not so widely known
Is how the timber gets to where it's used from where it's grown.

There's nothing left to Luck or Chance, but everything is planned;
The logging-road laid out with care, the creeks with bridges spanned.
High-rigger, faller, bucker, cook, hook-tender, chokerman—
Each has his settled task to do, the very best he can.

The "rigger" picks a tree that's fit to stand the strain and shock,
And strips it of its limb and crown, makes fast his "high-lead block",
Sets up his guys, runs out his lines, and brings the "yarder" in.
The while the timber's falling fast so yarding can begin.

The "fallers" fell the tree and then the "buckers" take a hand
And saw it into lengths (that's into "logs", you understand?).
The "main-line" whizzes overhead, the "chokers" whirl and flip,
The "chokerman" hooks on the log, and starts it on its trip.

Gone are the days of plodding teams. Now powerful engines squat
Beside the quivering "spar-tree", and with cables straining taut
Through whining blocks, and wound around each fast revolving drum,
They snatch up logs two furlongs off, and Presto!—in they come!

The "hooker" then's the busy guy—it's up to him to see
That logs get swiftly to the "dump", from all obstruction free.

The "haul-back" whips the chokers back to seize another log,
And back and forth, from morn till eve, the dangling chokers jog.

The snarling yarder throbs and pants beneath its plume of steam,
The logs come riding to the dump in endless, steady stream.
The "logging loco" rumbles in and parks each empty truck,
Then, laden with its freight of logs, it hauls them to the "chuck".

And there they're gathered into booms for towing to the mill,
Which works them into lumber for a longer journey still,
For sale in England, Africa, or to the wily Jap,
All up and down the Seven Seas and clear across the map!

(The Pharaohs were unfortunate to live so long ago.
They built the mighty Pyramids, but built them kinda slow.
"Paul Bunyan" and his big blue ox and roughneck logging crew
Had builded them those Pyramids within a month or two!)

* * * *

The loggers are a husky lot, big, burly, broad of chest.
Their labours are Titanic and they live upon the best;
And if you've ever thought of them as being any less
Than "among our leading citizens"—why, have another guess!

An army forty thousand strong is toiling day by day
In B. C.'s Timber Industries, 'tis here they spend their pay,
And BUSINESS in its broadest sense would be in quite a hole
If anything should chance to nick the lumberjack's pay-roll.

The FOREST FIRE's the enemy from which he's most to fear,
And desperate are the inroads which they make from year to year.
'MOST EVERY FIRE'S PREVENTABLE WITH ORDINARY CARE—
So have a heart, and do your bit to guard the wealth you share.

—W. H. CURRIE.

A LIGHTNING STORM

Far toward the southern sky-line
Faintly rising in the blue,
Is a cloud that seems to tell me
That a thunder storm is due.
See the rolling, sweeping shadows
Pass beneath its charging form;
Hear the first faint ominous rumble
Presaging a thunder storm.

In his office, the Dispatcher
Has received this fitful news,
And he quickly has assembled
All trail foremen and their crews.
"Let her buck", the force is ready
Be it either day or night;
Nothing pleases a "Smoke-Chaser"
Better than to win his fight.

Overhead the thunder rumbles
Crackling flames of lightning drop;
See that lodgepole pine is burning
That was struck square in the top.
See the lightning spit and sputter
Fires are burning all about,
Lookouts busy at their "Osbornes"
Till the last, faint spark is out.

Makes no difference how gigantic
To a Forest Service man,
For he fights it with a system
And he'll get it if he can.
And I know a thing that's certain,
It's been proved beyond a doubt;
If not beyond all human efforts
He will put the blazes out.

—LESTER A. WHITE.

THE BRUSH-BURNER

There wuz an old man who had a little farm,
He alluz said burnin' didn't do no harm.
He burned by night an' he burned by day;
He got so he burned every durned old way.
He burned fer ticks an' he burned fer weevil;
He didn't know—durn him—he wuz so evil.

Then come a time when th' ranger got mad;
He rid up on a hoss an' he pinched old Dad.
With th' bugs in th' cotton an' th' bugs on th' cows,
To hire a lawyer Dad had to sell ten sows.
Th' jury wuz sleepy an' th' judge wuz stern;
Th' fine Dad got give him an awful turn.

Now th' smoke don't rise on Tin-can Creek,
An' no more trouble does old Dad seek.
He dips his cows and he plows his ground;
When fire is a-burnin' Dad makes no sound.
He knows durned well there is a law
Thet's come to stay in Arkansas.

—CHARLES V. BRERETON.

TWILIGHT IN TAYLOR PARK

The sun in splendor sinks behind the hill,
And lengthening shadows fall across the way.
The robin pipes his farewell trill,
A joyous carol to departing day.

Round distant peaks, the purple twilight falls,
Seen dimly, through the veil of fading light.
From woodland depths I hear the many calls,
As flitting swallows wend their homeward flight.

Soft on the air the murmur of the rill,
Comes to my ear then dies away.
Night drops her mantle, all is still,
And nature comes to rest from play.

—J. B. CAMMAN.

THE LOOKOUT'S FAREWELL

I am going down tomorrow; the long summer watch is o'er,
It has rained for days together and has soaked the forest floor;
Every canyon's running water; every stream is rising higher,
And each single drop that's falling helps cut down the risk of fire.

So I sit in my little cabin on top of a lonely peak,
And hug the stove and shiver for the world is cold and bleak.
Outside the rain is falling and the fog is flying past,
And the anchor wires are singing as they tighten to the blast.

As I sit I get to thinking of the days that are to come,
When I'll hike back to the city and will hear the motors hum,
Where the bright lights are aglimmer and there's music soft and clear,
I'll mingle with the pretty women and their merry laughter hear.

See the ballrooms gaily lighted; hear the music of a band,
Where the food is fresh and varied, oh it surely will be grand.
Some days I've almost melted; some days I've almost froze,
One day I've wrapped in blankets, the next I've shed my clothes.

I'm tired of toting fire wood up a steep old mountain side,
And I can't love packing water, though the Lord knows how I've tried.
I am tired of eggs and butter that are three to six weeks old,
And the thoughts of rice and raisins simply makes my blood run cold.

Sour dough and spuds and bacon along with canned milk, fruit and meat,
Flapjacks, syrup, ancient butter, time to cook again and eat.
Think of washing clothes in water that you've packed uphill an hour,
And the very thought of bathing makes my disposition sour.

Oh, I've cursed the job and mountain, cursed the grub both blue and black;

Cursed the world and then the weather, cursed myself for coming back,
Yet I'll miss the gentle murmur of the breezes when they blow,
Miss the beauty of the sunset and the mellow afterglow,

Miss the sunrise o'er the ridges, miss the beauty of the hills,
Miss the birds and Mother Nature with her many happy thrills.
Oh! I hate you beyond reason as you stick there in the sky,
Still, old mountain, I shall miss you so I bid you sad goodbye.

—VONDIS E. MILLER.

I DASSENT SING

IT is customary
FOR an humble employee
WHO receives a boost
IN his family allotment
FROM his employers
To burst forth in song
AND likewise
To address his benefactors
WITH a message of appreciation
CONTAINING flowery phrases
AND the explanation that
"I done my duty
"As I seen it"
ETC.
AND in the Old Days
IT was also customary
To transfer
THE excess salary
FOR about six months to come
IN One Lump
To the Bartender
BUT Bartenders
ARE like the DODO
EXTINCT
AND I once
GOT into trouble
USING flowery phrases
To a policeman
So I'm fini
ALONG that line
AND I dassent sing
ON account of the
SIX-SHOOTERS
CARRIED by Forest Rangers
So all that's left
MR. Supervisor
AND Mr. District Forester
Is for me to say
I THANK YOU

—M. R. BRUNDAGE.

OUR CHARGE

Forester, restless and eager,
Patrolling the timbered hills;
Forester, endlessly toiling,
Feeding the maw of the mills:
Provider of wood for the nation,
Your work's to protect and produce
A lumber supply never ceasing,
And filling our everyday use.

Forester, working and dreaming,
Who lives on the mountains high:
Forester, faithful and steadfast,
Who lives away up in the sky:
Yours is the job of a guardian;
May your vigilant watch never cease,
Yours is the care of the forests—
In their borders keep safety and peace.

Forester, patient, enduring,
Planting the barrens with trees:
Forester, youthful and hardy,
Who works in the open breeze:
Yours is the job of renewing
The crops on the forest lands;
Yours is a job that requires
The use of competent hands.

Forester, tireless and loyal,
Wherever your work may be,
You're a forester, therefore keep safely
The charge that's entrusted to thee.
You are master—yet servant—of Nature;
Your work is for mankind at large.
May God in his heaven bless you—
You and your sacred charge.

—JAMES C. ILER.

AN OREGON RANGER SPEAKS

(After Robert Loveman)

It is not raining rain to me,
In fitful waves and tides,
In every falling drop I see
Young trees on green hillsides.

The clouds of gray obscure the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining hemlocks down.

It is not raining rain to me,
But hills of greenest trees,
Where future industries may find
Wealth in such spruce as these.

A health unto the happy,
A prune for him who slurs!
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining Douglas firs!

—JNO. D. GUTHRIE.

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE

One moment, please—Did you wash the pots
And pans you used when you cooked your lunch?
Clean and in order for supper time—
Doesn't that sound like a pretty good hunch?

One moment, please—Did you burn the scraps
And cover the grub away from the flies?
The view of a camp site spick and span
Is pleasant, indeed, to a sportsman's eyes.

One moment, please—Is your campfire out,
So no blaze may start and destroy these trees?
Just a spark or an ember is menace enough
When fanned into flame by the whispering breeze.

—A. G. JACKSON.

BURNING EMBERS

Our trees, they grow in groups and clusters,
At first they look like feather dusters.
Later on these pines and spruces,
Have about a million uses;
That is, unless you choose to spurn them
And like a bunch of blank fools, burn them,
It takes a long time to produce them,
But not at all long to reduce them.
There is not a thing to hinder—
Drop a spark amongst the tinder,
Then proceed away and leave it,
And perhaps you won't believe it,
But in a short time, soon or later,
It will be a fiery crater;
Each tree throwing burning embers
Out amongst its fellow members,
Whirling, curling, roaring, whooping,
Up across the mountain, swooping;
Burning countless feet of timber,
And future homes, too sad to number.

—W. A. ESTEP.

OH! WONDERFUL HORSE

Oh horse you are a wonderful thing, no buttons to push, no horns to ring, you start yourself, no clutch to slip, no spark to miss, no gears to strip, no license buying every year with plates to screw on front and rear, no gas bills climbing up each day stealing the joy of life away. No speed cops chugging in your rear yelling summons in your ear. Your inner tubes are all O. K. and thank the Lord they stay that way, your spark plugs never miss and fuss, your motor never makes us cuss. Your frame is good for many a mile, your body never changes style. Your wants are few and easy met, you've something on the auto yet.

—H. R. ELLIOTT.

HUTS OF MEN

In the barrens of the northland
Where the trees are gnarled and stunted;
In the solitudes of wasteland
That are known but to the hunted—

In the forests of the mountains
Where the sun drips gold on mosses
And the timber's dank and rain-wet
Where the world-wronged plant their crosses—

In the stretches of the desert
Where the air is crinkly torrid
And men fashion in the loneness
Visions fanciful and florid—

'Mong the hills of sea-lost islands
Seeming twixt the sea and heaven,
Where the winds and waves are life-stuff
And a man can hide a leaven—

In such places you will find them,
Humble, haunted, over-grown,
With a mystery around them—
Huts of men who lived alone.

—STANLEY F. BARTLETT.

MY OBJECTIVE

We all are parts of that harmonious whole
By master minds devised at Mather Field;
On us devolves accomplishment of purpose planned,
On us depends the increment, the growth, and yield.

Let intellects more brilliant grasp the high ideal
And thus arrive to honor and to fame;
My chief objective every month arrives,
Green-tinted, bearing the Fiscal Agent's name!

—G. F. ALLEN.

THE RANGER MAN

He comes a ridin' by the ranch,
Out there at Timberline,
A pack-horse totin' his beddin' roll
Nor carin' for rain or shine.
He whistles as he rides the trail
And seems like a right good feller,
When he sometimes stops to smoke and chat;
An' say! He's some story-teller!

I swap him histry fer what he knows
Of the big old towns outside,
Fer he's traveled some in his day and time
All over the country wide.
But after all he's common like
Not braggin' or lettin' on
But what I'm just as smart as him,
Tho' I ain't never gone
Away from these hills and this ranch o' mine
That I homesteaded some years back,
So when we git to smokin' up
Of cheer there's quite a stack.

We've swapped receets fer sourdough bread
An' he's told me the Latin names
Of the fir an' cedar and scrub jackpine
An' how to fight the flames
That start each year in lightnin' time
Lickin' the trees all bare
An' leavin' only ugly gloom
Where all was green and fair.

I don't shoot deer just any ol' time
Since the ranger come out here,
But it ain't because I've come to feel
Of the game laws any fear.
I just sorta want to help that man
Pertect the woods and game,
I'll try to do my durndest
To keep it all the same.

I kinda like this ranger man,
An' I watch fer him on the trail
That comes around my medder
Below that stretch o' shale.
Fer he allus waves his Stetson
An' "yoohoo" comes his yell
As he stops to let his cayuse through
The bars of my ol' c'rall.

From his lookout up on the mountain top
The ranger man looks down
To watch fer smoke or timber blaze
Then he chases the smudges down.
We uster let the timber burn
Without tryin' to lift a hand,
But that was before the day an' time
Of the gover'ment ranger man.

—BESSIE K. MONROE.

HERE'S TO THE FOREST RANGER

Up through the high lands, the low lands, the snow lands;
Covered with dust and decay of dead trees;
Mushing the mire lands; facing scorched fire lands—
The ranger's the man who is there, if you please!

Fording swift furies of wild mountain torrents;
Bound by the weight of his fifty-pound pack;
Over forest-choked passes; through torn jungle masses—
The ranger—it's him you should pat on the back!

Twelve-month or eight-month, the long or short-term man;
The man who puts seedlings in dead seedless slopes;
Roustabout, ax-man, college man, pack-man—
Your hat to them all, to their aims and their hopes!

Out in the wilderness, stripped of all mildness;
Blood pulsing strong like the full sap of fall;
Hearts full of gentleness; memories the tenderest—
It's the ranger—here's health to them all!

—P. C. SMITH.

THE LONGLARIAT OF NOMORE KAYENNE

I see the tourists' sign where'er I go,
The paper plates and tin cans that they sow;
Why can't they keep their dirty junk picked up,
And give the nice green grass a chance to grow?

Would that some winged Angel ere too late
Would with a brick caress his addled pate
Who fails to break his burned match in two,
Also his campfire quite obliterate.

They say the tourist and the hunter keep
The range where once we fed the woolly sheep,
And Blowhard, that great angler, tramps the grass
And tells of catches that are hard to beat.

A sound of curses underneath a bough,
A punctured tire, a busted spring, and—Wow!
A tourist howling in the wilderness,
O, wilderness were simply Hell enow.

And ah! that sheep should ever eat the rose;
The sheep that's insult to the tourist's nose,
We'll throw them out without a single pang,
And wear a substitute for woolen clothes.

Each sheep a thousand posies eats, you say,
And leaves a stench which drives the dudes away,
But still in woolen blankets you repose
And throw a fit at prices you must pay.

And when the dudes have cornered all the grass,
And roads are paved through every mountain pass,
Please take me to some nice secluded spot—
Then yank me hence, and please use lethal gas.

—F. V. HORTON.

RANGER RUEBEN

Ranger Rueben went to town
To take some "leave" an' look aroun';
But didn't think he'd like to stay—
Too many buildin's in the way.
Tho't first he'd like the Super's job,
Get all togged out and be some Bob;
But 'fore he'd been there more'n a day
Decided town life didn't pay.
Got hisself in an awful mix,
Guessed he b'longed out 'mongst the sticks.
Early next morn he was on his way,
Reached the Station at close o' day;
Heaved a sigh of great relief,
'Cause he was thro' with all that grief.
Says he: "I'm mighty glad I'm here
With no more leave for another year
They can have their city with all its gush—
Me for fresh air, hills and brush!"

—L. E. EWAN, JR.

END OF THE SEASON

The rabbits an' the weasels is a-turnin' brown to white,
The geese is restin' on the river bars,
The elk has started runnin', yu can hear 'em call at night
When the coyotes is a-howlin' to the stars.
The tamaracks is yellow an' the mountain ash is brown,
A mag-pie flits across the meadow bare,
The bucks has left the ridges an' they're slowly workin' down,
An' autumn haze is hanging in the air.
The fire season's ended an' we've sent the lookouts in,
A rim of ice is on the water pail;
My overalls is ragged an' my boots is gettin' thin
So I've locked the door an' hit the down-stream trail.

—JOHN C. FROHLICHER.

IS THERE AN APE-MAN ON YOUR DISTRICT?

With a pocket full of bill-tacks
And a good arm-load of signs,
We will mark the lofty tamaracks,
And will decorate the pines.

For the Forest is in danger
From the man who didn't know
That a fire was sure to linger
In the snipe that held a glow.

Where the hidden waters babble
Place "Good Water" on a tree
Out of the reach of all the rabble
But where every one can see.

This is just a hint to some of us
That water here is free,
But by chance some pithecanthropus
May be the first to see.

While his gimlet eyes grow shifty
With the single grand idee,
Of keeping water from the thirsty
To his Neanderthalic glee.

He's the riding, walking ape
The sign-destroying homo-sap,
Masquerading in man's shape,
An empty space beneath his cap.

Every sign board, too, he garbles,
Is he then a Bolsheveek,
Has he lost part of his marbles,
Or is he just a common sneak?

—FRANK WINNIFORD.

ON SOURDOUGH LOOKOUT

In nineteen twenty, on the fourth of July,
I met a Ranger by the name of Si,
Who said he needed a lookout man—
And so I signed up with our old Uncle Sam.
So that's the how, as the stories go,
Of what I saw all summer from the top o' Sourdough.

Someone named this mountain Sourdough,—
Just why, I don't even pretend to know.
For my part I think it rather tame,—
But after all, what's in a name?
We'll pass that up, for I want you to know
That I saw all creation from the top o' Sourdough.

To the nature lovers who can understand
I tell you this tale of a mountain grand;
A mountain so beautiful, stately, sublime,
Fashioned long ago by old Father Time;
The center of a group wonderfully tall—
It stands alone—the King of them all.

One day, the story goes, a Ranger passed that way
And chose it as a lookout for the U. S. A.
Because of its position, you can see best
All points—North, South, East, and West;
And on the highest peak he built a station,
From which I saw pretty near all o' creation.

North towers Hozemeen, guarding the Canadian Line,
To the East runs the Ruby, with her golden mine;
To the South lies Thunder and the Boston Range,
And West are many Peaks, mysterious and strange;
Some high and mighty, all crowned with snow,
All of which I saw from the top o' Sourdough.

—ANDREW LEWIS SEHON.

I LIKE TO FIX UP LITTLE SPRINGS

I like to fix up little springs;
Little springs which are trying to seep out
Of brown Mother Earth
And become flowing waters.
Little wet spots on dry mountain slopes,
With green patches around them,
With a bee or a wasp or
A butterfly maybe flying around them,
Or a mud-swallow circling to find water.
I like to clean out such spots
Into clear little pools.

Seeps in the cow-country,
Bog-holes at the heads of *cañadas,*
Where the only water is black
And stagnant and stinking in hoof-tracks;
Where cattle-droppings are thick in the mud;
Little springy spots along sheep trails,
Where maybe lambs try to drink
And find nothing but mud.

I like to dig out these wet spots,
Clean them out and line them with rocks,
And cover them over with flat rocks,
Or put a pole fence around them;
So horses and cattle and sheep maybe,
Will not foul the waters again;
So the clear water will fill the small basins below
And then flow out with soft gurgles.

Or then along the forest trail
Where maybe a tired pack-horse stops
To slake his swelling tongue,
Or an old desert jenny-burro heavy with colt,
Or an old ribbed cow-brute
Who has come hot miles over alkali flats;
Or a stray sheep dog
Away from his herd;
Or a slinking coyote—

For even coyotes must drink water sometimes—
Or maybe a brood of mountain quail,
Or a jack-rabbit loping along,
May now find a drink
Where before was only mud and dung.
The dumb brutes know the water gurgle,
They can hear it afar off—
For their water-sense is keener than man's:
I like to leave water in place of mud;
I like to fix up little springs.

—JNO. D. GUTHRIE.

OLD MOCCASIN BOGGS

Old Moccasin Boggs had fourteen dogs,
A wife, ten children and twenty-two hogs,
The chills and fever, a mean disposition,
And a ten-acre farm by no means enrichin'.

A rat-tailed 'possum lived up on the hill,
Of 'possum the Boggs would eat their fill,
When Moccasin's pups had bayed to the moon
That the death of a 'possum would come very soon.

But a man hasn't eyes like those of a cat,
And the night was as dark as the inside of a hat;
So old Boggs built a torch of pitch-fattened pine,
That burned with a flare like gasolined twine.

Every place that Boggs went there blazed a fire,
The flames flew up to tree-tops and higher,
While the rangers grew hoarse with the things they said.
And swore by Paul Bunyan they'd have Boggs' head.

Boggs got his 'possum, the fire got the trees,
The rangers got Boggs. Out of jail-bars he sees
That using a torch to light up his way
Is a perilous stunt and one that don't pay.

—CHARLES V. BRERETON.

THE RANGER'S STATION

When a Ranger is coming homeward
And he's getting very near
And he sees his little station
On the hillside very clear
Oh, it's then his heart runs over
With a feeling understood
Only by those who use it
The Ranger's Station in the wood.

If his heart is sore and heavy,
And he's come a long, long way
When he rides into the clearin'
And his horse begins to neigh
As it smells the sweet aroma
Of the barn loft full of hay.
Oh, it's then his heart beats faster
And his throat just seems to choke
For he knows there's peace and rest
Awaiting in this Ranger's little nook.

Oh, the Station in the mountains
Nestled back among the trees,
With the flowers in its garden
Nodding in the friendly breeze,
With its buildings all fresh-painted
And its streamlets running o'er
And Friend Wife and children waiting
Just inside the Station door.

That Ranger's Station in the woodland
Where peace and rest can come,
Where a welcome awaits him
And everything spells — "HOME"
Has a simple, rustic grandeur
That is sure to give delight
To the Ranger who loves it
On a moonlight summer night.

—MRS. (RANGER) DEWEY S. WRIGHT.

BOOMING DOWN THE CANYON

The ranger sat in his cabin door,
With eyes that were swollen and lungs that were sore,
While under his breath he bitterly swore,
For—she was booming down the canyon.

The tourists who left two days before
Will never visit their campsite more
Nor gaze on the scenes they used to adore,
For—she's booming down the canyon.

A few little sparks by a tree, quite dead—
Just a few live coals that were "out" they said—
Now look at her going, roaring and red,
A-booming down the canyon.

Forty good men, husky and strong
Worked like demons all the day long,
But she crowned and went over—again she has gone,
A-booming down the canyon.

How long it may burn or where it may go,
Are a couple of things that no one can know;
But it won't be all out till we get lots of snow,
For—she's booming down the canyon.

Hundreds of years to grow these trees;
Those same live coals and—a little breeze,
Then waste and desolation are all one sees,
As she goes booming down the canyon.

The ranger sat in his cabin door,
With eyes that were bloodshot and lungs that were sore,
And at someone's gross carelessness bitterly swore,
For—she was booming down the canyon.

—REMINGTON ELLIS.

THE RANGER'S DAY

Most folks have some holidays and some don't work at all,
But a Ranger keeps on working through summer and through fall.
The firemen and the lookouts, and the Supervisor too,
Will sometimes get a chance to rest with nothing much to do,
But a Ranger is always busy with little chance to play,
Always plenty to keep him going for there's no end to a Ranger's day.

But he's cheerful, kind and smiling:
Meets you with an outstretched hand
He'll cheerfully direct you, and help you if he can;
To find a pleasant camping place here in the forest land,
You just can't help but like him, no matter what folks say;
He has no time for foolishness for there's no end to a Ranger's day.

He rises in the morning, while most folks are in bed,
And while he eats a hasty breakfast, keeps working in in his head
How to make the allotment that is placed within his hands
Build roads, and trails and 'phone lines, thru all the forest lands;
Sometimes his plans work out all right, and sometimes they go astray—
But he must keep on working, for there's no end to a Ranger's day.

There are letters to be answered; there are long reports to make,
And there is a lot to do all over because of some mistake;
He muse be here and there and yonder, just buying oats and hay,
And just keep on a working, for there's no end to a Ranger's day.

But when at last his labor's ended and the watchers say
"he's dead",
We'll lay flowers on his coffin, damp with the tears
we've shed,
Then tenderly lower his body and cover it up with care
And know that at last his spirit, is at rest in the great
over there;
And may this thought come stealing o'er us as we sadly
turn away
At last the Forest Ranger has come to the end of his day.

—M. Y. WARNER.

LAND EXCHANGE

RELATIONS blows its silvery horn
The populace to charm,
EQUIPMENT thinks a Standard Hoe
Will save us from all harm.

IMPROVEMENT seeks the Broad Highway,
And GRAZING maps the Range,
But the A. D. F., the Chief of Lands
Promotes the Land Exchange.

By legislative acts empowered
New regions to acquire,
He looks for burns and logged-off lands
That meet his heart's desire.

He trades with lumber barons bold,
He trades with the N. P.,
He gives some logs, he takes the land,
That grows the green fir tree.

The Home-Builder has gone away,
And RECREATION fades;
And LANDS forsakes his ancient loves,
And trades, and trades, and trades.

—G. F. ALLEN.

SOLD—A SADDLE!

LISTEN!
In the July "Olympic Howler"
I inadvertently inserted
An ad. offering a saddle
FOR SALE!
The saddle was
Sold promptly to the
First man, a
Few days later.
However, letters
With checks and even M. O.'s
Began to come in.
My ad. must have
Been so good that
The "6-26" copied it
In August.
Another flood of letters.

In September, "The Ranger"
Copied the ad.—
More letters, and telegrams.
Finally,
The "Service Bulletin"
Carried the ad.
And now,
I am getting letters
From all over the U. S. A.
I only hope the big
Dailies or A. P. don't get that ad,
Or else I'll have to go
Into the saddlery business
And quit Ranging.
LISTEN, Again!
That saddle is SOLD!
I thank you.

—L. D. BLODGETT.

SERVICE

Green are the realms of woodland wealth,
Cool are the crystal springs of health,
Rough is the trail and hot the sun,
Long is the task that's never done,
Weary the man and horse patrol,
Noble the purpose, high the goal—
While saddle cinch squeaks, "Service".

Lone is the vigil on the peak,
Wild are the winds and crags are bleak,
Black is the sea of clouds below,
Blue is the steely lightning glow,
Heavy the thunder through the hills,
Echo of echo shakes and fills
The deafened ear with, "Service".

Hell is the crown-fire in the gulch,
A-snarl in tops, a-glow in mulch,
Frightened mad are the creatures there,
Fleeing and falling in the glare,
Dun is the sky with pitchy smoke,
Starred with the sparks where fire-ball broke—
The valley sizzles, "Service".

Bright is the morn and sweet the song
Of waxwing bird, the trail along,
Brown is the bacon on the fire,
Soft is the wind in timber-lyre,
Happy the man in cabin crude—
Happy the king of solitude
Where silence whispers, "Service".

—STANLEY F. BARTLETT.

CAMPERS — BE CAREFUL

He was only a happy, gay camper,
Who stopped in the shade of the trees,
To prepare some hot coffee and bacon,
And stretch the kinks from his knees.
His intentions were—not to do damage,
Just careless—you might do the same
If no warning was given beforehand,
Or you were not wise to the game.

After eating he dozed in the shadows,
Then packed up and rode down the trail,
And forgot—it's so easy to do it,
Or I wouldn't be telling this tale;
He forgot to demolish his camp-fire,
Just kicked it apart on the ground,
And the rising wind fanned the hot embers
To flames which soon spread all around.

The beginning was slow but important,
They crept through the rotten-log piles,
And then jumped to the tree-tops and started
With a roar that was heard for two miles.
From afar I beheld it that evening,
And wrangling my bronc from the hill,
I was up and away like the cougar
That springs from his perch to the kill.

With my wardens to that conflagration
I sped o'er the winding, dark trail;
But if Hades is such an inferno,
I hope my good deeds will prevail.
We repulsed it—we sweltered and stifled;
We brought all our training to bear,
And at last put a guard-line around it,
Which drove the old wolf to his lair.

But the scene that remained—desolation;
No more can the mountain's cool breeze,
Pause to fan the hot brow of the camper
At rest 'neath the shade of the trees;

They are gone, the fair spruces, and thousands
Of long days must pass one by one,
Before a new forest will gladden
The hearts of those camping for fun.

What? The camper? Oh, he was just careless,
But paid the full price of his crime;
For his act he was filled with contrition,
But of course he's still serving his time.
So beware! You gay campers who tarry,
Be careful to put our your smudge,
Or old LoCoed Silas, your ranger,
Will tell you to "Come, tell the Judge".

—L. C. SHOEMAKER.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

"What happened here, old timer? Where's the folks?
What struck the town—a Famine or the Flu—
That everyone should up and hit the trail
And leave the place to solitude and you?"

"Yes, stranger— 'twas a famine cleaned us out.
When we located forty years ago
The country round as far as you cud see,
Was timbered jest as thick as trees cud grow.
Yes, Sir, there was a sight of folks here then,
Had we bin wiser they'd 'a bin here still,
But all we thought about an' all we did
Was cut the timber out to feed the Mill.
An' when we'd cut as far as we cud reach
An' nothing done to bring the young growth on,
The mill shut down an' folks were forced to quit.
That's how it comes that all but me are gone.
I stick around because I named the place
That might ha' thriven had we only known
What we know now—Jest that you can't keep on
For years a-reapin' where ye *have not sown.*"

"ABSENT-MINDED" ARTHUR MAGEE FOREST RANGER

A Humorous Western Ballad

"Absent-minded" Arthur Magee
Was a Forest Ranger and Ph. D. . . .
When he passed his exam he was highest of those
Who secretly smiled at his Oxford clothes.

But Arthur Magee was a likeable sort,
He took great pride with each report,
And there are many the Service requires
From those who watch for forest fires.

Reports when the Ranger glimpses first
The blossoms of fire that suddenly burst;
Reports on routine, food and work
That a loyal Ranger must not shirk.

Then the Supervisor for a change
Sent him on patrol through the Sawtooth Range
The loneliest post at his command
In the lonely hills of a lonely land.

But Arthur's heart was ever warm
As it beat in the Service uniform
That he kept well pressed and always neat
From his Stetson hat to his well-shod feet.

And one night sitting all alone
Like an ancient chieftain on his throne
In the door of his shack at the top of a hill
A-sudden his very heart stood still.

"Report Number so-and-so is right,"
He said as he peered through the Western night
To a distant hillside where he saw
A flame that was licking the treetops raw.

"The fire," he wrote, "fanned by a breeze,
"Is starting among a grove of trees
On Hill No. 10" . . . then he stopped to look
For the proper rules in the Service Book.

And when he discovered the proper rule
He cursed himself for a proper fool . . .
"I made out the wrong report," said he,
"It should have been Umph in Series E."

But now the fire with voracious will
Had leaped to the top of the wooded hill.
Arthur thought: "Does the Service require
A report when one is surrounded by fire?"

But "Absent-minded" Arthur Magee
Never lost the poise of a Ph. D.
Though he felt his very cabin shake
And heard the glass in the window break.

Then a spark on his coat . . . he dusted it off,
As the wood-smoke made him spit and cough,
But not before it had burnt a hole
Clean through to the bottom of his soul.

And scorched in the flames, across the floor
He crawled to the safe and opened the door,
Where he put his reports, did Arthur Magee,
In the nice neat rows of a Ph. D.

He closed the door and spun the dial,
Then fainted away with a twisted smile;
And knowing the papers were safe inside,
Arthur Magee, the Ranger, died.

The supervisor found each report
When the fire was over, "A decent sort
Who deserves promotion," he wisely said . . .
"Sure, Chief," said the Force, "but Magee is dead, . . ."

—HAROLD HERSEY.

LEADERSHIP OR SHOULDER-STRAPS?

Ranger Bill, democratic, hale and bold,
Of whom many interesting tales are told,
Camped one evening in a mountain glen
Far away from the haunts of men;
He spread his bed in the shady bowers
And fell asleep among the forest flowers.

He dreamed that Morpheus came to stay
And he laid asleep twenty years to a day;
On an August day in nineteen-forty-four,
He returned to the ranger station door.
Where Bill once led in his practical way,
A ranger of rank then held full sway.
Bill looked him over and up and down,
From polished boots to Stetson crown;
Bright service stripes marked his sleeves;
His breast bore braid and golden leaves;
He wore shoulder straps and this and that
And a silken pine tree adorned his hat.
He carried a sword of varnished wood
As stout as the staff of Robin Hood.
Forest guards stood in uniform trim
And gave Bill a look both cold and grim.

Next day Bill packed and he cheerily sung
And left the glen while the day was young,
But the glad song died and a spirit depressed
And a questioning wonder filled his breast;
He thought of the ranger and guards of dream
With braid and sword of rank agleam—
As times goes on and carries us away,
Will leadership and fealty be buried with today;
Will there be a substitute of shoulder straps
Of working under orders and wishing for taps?

—S. R. WOODS.

Then Bill woke up and he rubbed his eyes,
Looked down at his sleeves in glad surprise,

For instead of the meaningless straps and frills
That 'tis said to a soldier's heart bring thrills,
He saw only ten stripes of narrow green,
Emblem of the forest's lovely sheen,
In which he had spent a long, busy life,
Proud in its service, bold in its strife;
And the little green stripes now meant for him
Many years of loyalty, filled to the brim
With faith in the Service, with pride in its men
Whose sleeve stripes like Bill's now numbered ten!

—JNO. D. GUTHRIE.

KEEPING STORE

(To a Storekeeper)

"Yeah, there he goes, hell-bent for Lord knows where!
Them forest rangers have it soft, I'll say."

"Yes, lots of people think so, 'till they know
What constitutes a Ranger's working day."

"Aw, shucks. Why, all the time they're whizzin' by
An' burnin' up the gas, just like you see."

"You keep a store?" "You bet yer life I do!
An' sweatin' blood to make the store keep me."

"Well now, those fellows in the Forest Branch
Are keeping store too, in a kind of way
They're selling lumber to the whole wide world
And working hard to make the business pay.
They're taking stock and always watching out
To keep bad debts from piling up too strong,
And seeing that the goods are on the shelf
To fill the orders as they come along.
They have a job that keeps them on the prod,
And if you'd 'tend to business like they do,
You'd sweat less blood and lay away more coin.
They keep the store, the store keeps them—and you!

—W. H. CURRIE.

THE YOUNG SILVICULTURIST IN SPRINGTIME

With crocus and with daffodil
The city lawns are gay,
And unknown flowers of various hues
The Easter hats display.

The fields are clad in tender green,
The leaf comes on the tree;
With top and ball on vacant lots
The children shout with glee.

The sap mounts fast in oak and pine,
The buds swell on the firs,
The silviculturist's sluggish veins
No vernal impulse stirs.

Afar he views the mountain tops
Still white with winter snow.
Beneath them in the sunny glades
The rosy trilliums glow.

From sapling growth the dryad steps,
The naiads leave the streams,
In vistas dim of forest glens
Maid Marian's kirtle gleams.

From dusky bowers of hemlock green
The thrush is calling clear,
By mountain meadows strays the elk,
Beside the brooks, the deer.

And comes the joy of summer morns,
The grateful shade of noon,
In summer nights from cloudless skies,
Resplendent beams the moon.

The silviculturist in his room
No woodland visions sees;
He reads reports and then he writes
About the growth of trees.

—G. F. ALLEN.

THE LOST CABIN PATROL

Way back in the Churchill country
On top of a high divide,
There I lived in my lonely cabin
Close by the mountain side,

The country was wild and unsettled
Up there in the mountain peaks,
With only the wind in the tree tops
And the rush of the roaring creeks.

I seldom saw any strangers
For no one knew I was there,
My nearest friends and neighbors
Were a family of grizzly bear.

There were days so hot in the summer
With never a bit of a breeze,
And the smoke drifted lazily upward
Among the tall pine trees.

How often I've sat in the clearing
While the moon sailed over the trees,
And thought of the kids down at college
With their dances and parties and teas.

The nights were so long and lonely
With only the wolves' sad wail,
To sing me to sleep as I waited
High up on the Churchill trail.

—ED. WOODS.

THE LOOKOUT CABIN LEAKS

Oh the rain, the rain, the glorious rain
How it dashes and splashes against the pane:
It rattles the shingles and wiggles the door
And creeps in a puddle out over the floor.
Our cans and kettles are hung up on nails
Likewise all our buckets and other spare pails.
All useless it seems, every effort I've tried
"When the eave troughs are leaking like the devil inside!"

'Tis a glorious view when gardens are dry
And the deluge is leaping like sin from the sky;
And the flowers are holding their beauteous heads
Out under the drips as the H2O sheds.
'Tis a mighty inspiring sight, I'll admit
When you don't have to wallow and wiggle in it,
And hang up your every available pan,
And every available tincup and can.
Ah, joyous it seems, 'tis a feeling of pride
"When the eave troughs are leaking like the devil inside!"
Our bedding is soaked with the constant descent
And our tempers (being very elastic) are bent,
But the storm surges on with a roar and boom,
Till our face is the picture of sorrow and gloom.
And the essence of every conceivable plan
That's made for the comfort and pleasure of man,
But your patience is sorely and mercilessly tried,
"When the eave troughs are leaking like the devil inside!"

To be snugly ensconsed is a pleasure, a cheer,
It brings a sweet sound to our listening ear;
But let me suggest there is nothing divine
When a deluge of water is soaking your spine,
When tincups, and buckets, and kettles and pails,
Are hung up on tables and boxes and nails,
And you cuss (just a little)—it helps, for I've tried—
"When the eave troughs are leaking like the devil inside!"

—LESTER A. WHITE.

IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK

It's good to be back where the mountains rear
With pride in the open sky,
When crows return by twos and threes
And winter clouds roll by.

It's good to lie down where the earth is bare
'Neath pines on a southern slope,
When bluebirds sing their mating songs
In notes of love and hope.

It's good to be back on familiar ground
And shedding a loving tear
On memories of a long-lost past—
The sad are even dear.

O, e'en though I idled in foreign lands
And sat in the courts of kings
I'd heed the touch of a loving wind
From mountains in the spring.

—STANLEY F. BARTLETT.

THE RANGER'S FRIEND
(To His Horse)

They say you're passing out o' date, old chum!
Well, mebbe so, back in the city's throng
With clanging gongs and horns and hurrying feet;
But not out here, for here's where you belong.

On winding mountain trails and open range,
"Far from the haunts of men," it's you we need.
That's where you shine, old pal of mine, because
We need no service station for your feed!

Are Loyalty and Trust worth anything?
I stroke your friendly nose and say, "they are!"
Me for the horse! I'm strong for you, old chum—
But what affection has one for a car?

—W. H. CURRIE.

WHEN THE FORESTS BURN

When the forests burn and the streams run dry
And the game all goes away;
When the green trees fair are no longer there,
But the ridges and hillsides are black and bare—
I don't want to see that day.

Timber still grows on the Oregon hills
To last until we are gone.
But I'm thinking of those, while this timber grows,
Who will push ahead through life's joys and woes
After we've all passed on.

For the splendid forests of fir and pine
That grow on our hills and vales
All are doomed to fall 'neath the smoky pall
And vanish from earth beyond recall
If our fire fighting spirit fails.

And our children's children will want for wood,
When the present becomes the past;
No more the scene of forests green
Where crystal rivers gleam between—
But a treeless world at last.

And the outdoor pleasures the forests give
And the profits the forest brings,
And the wild life there and the beauty fair,
The singing streams and the visions rare
Shall become forgotten things.

—A. G. JACKSON.

THE LOOKOUT MAN

It takes all kinds of people to populate this sphere;
Some are quite intelligent and others very queer;
But of all the nutty people who come beneath God's plan,
The worst in all creation is the Forest Lookout Man.
He perches high upon a cliff, like some old mountain sheep,
He hasn't any eyelids for he never goes to sleep.
His hair grows down his collar, and his whiskers hide his face,
He resembles more the ground-hog than he does the human race.
He gazes o'er the country with steady, watchful stare;
Mosquitoes feed upon his neck, he doesn't seem to care.
If somewhere in the distance he should locate a blaze,
He reports it to headquarters and then resumes his gaze,
The world moves on beneath his feet, but this he never heeds,
He has within his small domain all for his meager needs;
And if there is another who leads a simpler life
Than does the lame-brain lookout man, it is the lookout's wife.

—G. F. BRADY.

WHY?
(By a Lone Lookout Man)

Why the lone pine on the barren
In the lone moon's silver light,
Or the lone wolf in the canyon
Wailing howls into the night?

Why the lone owl always calling
With an echo for reply?
If you will answer these things
Then I will tell you why

My line fire flickering phantoms
Forms a trembling design
Around my soul a-dreaming
Yet no other soul than mine.

—STANLEY F. BARTLETT.

THE RANGER'S SNAP

The rangers on the Siskiyou,
A husky bunch are they,
One sometimes wonders what they do
To earn their monthly pay.

The public thinks the autumn rain,
Just shuts their business down.
So, 'till fire season comes again
They loaf at ease in town.

Alas, this fancy is not so,
The summer is not all,
The forest ranger has to go
In winter, spring and fall.

The thought of fighting forest fire
Springs at the ranger's name,
But you will other things require
To play the ranger's game.

For instance, there are roads and trails
And telephones and station,
And also motor vehicles
As well as fire rations.

And maps and charts and signs and tools
And sample plots and fence
And property from scaling rules
To psychrometers and tents.

All these must be maintained, repaired,
Provided and secured,
Inspected and reported on
From data self assured.

The forest ranger also gives
A portion of his days
To meet the people where he lives
And teach them forest ways.

Then there are all the other acts
To do as they appear
And working plans and fiscal facts
Which run throughout the year.

And the ranger's long siesta
After fire season ends
Is a dream whose glowing vista
Mocks the ranger and his friends.

—A. G. JACKSON.

FOR SALE

(The following was found written on the walls of a bunk house at an abandoned Western sawmill.)

One hay-wire sawmill, nice new location,
Ten-mile haul to the shipping station.
Half-mile of plank road, rest of it mud,
Six bridges all condemned, but otherwise good.
Timber—yellow pine, very few knots,
Awfully sound between rotten spots.
Fire box, boiler, flues leak some,
Injector patched with chewin' gum.
Darn good whistle and carriage track,
Nine feet left of old smoke stack,
Belt's a little ragged, rats ate the laces,
Head-saw is cracked in a couple of places.
The engine knocks and is loose on its base,
And the fly wheel's broke in just one place.
There's a pile of side lumber and a few cull ties,
And they've been attached by some creditor guys.
There's a mortgage on the land
That's now past due,
And I still owe for the machinery, too.
But if you want to get rich,
Here's the place to begin,
For it's a darn good layout
For the shape it's in.

A CAMPER'S CODE

We like our camp grounds fresh and clean
That Nature's beauties show no stain;
Environed by a restful, pleasing scene
To lead our thoughts from care and pain.

Our camp's our home—our house complete;
The bedroom, diner, kitchen, all.
So make it not a garbage heap
Nor use it for a horse's stall.

Please burn the egg shells, scraps of bread,
The wasted cheese and bacon rind;
Those smears of grease and daubs of dough
Are yours. Why leave such tracks behind?

Potato peel, moist spats of mush
And sour waste that flies might claim
Will stand a monument of stench
And filth unto their author's name.

Some waste, of course, you cannot burn,
For instance; cans, and refuse slop,
Just dig a hole to put it in
And cover neatly over top.

So leave your camp in such a shape
That others coming soon will find
That you have been a sportsman fair
And left no refuse stain behind.

—W. E. TANGREN.

SAVE THE PIECES

On my desk I shall paste—the statistics of waste,
In lead pencils the Major has told;
I will never begrudge it—if the Lord of the Budget
Will collect all the stubs when they're old.

I am willing to wager—that our clever young Major
Can find other leaks equally bad.
There're the quarts of good ink—that our blotters will drink,
While the wear on erasers is sad.

Now, who ever cares—for the varnish on chairs,
When he sits at his task ev'ry day?
Under such circumstance—if you'd smelter your pants
I am sure that the process would pay.

While the winds turn to rags—our beautiful flags,
And there's wear on our bells when they buzz,
We should be on our toes—to swat all the foes
Of Efficiency—like Kelley does.

—G. F. ALLEN.

IT IS NOT EASY—

To go to a fire at night.
To keep fire tools branded right.
To keep co-operators on their toes.
To listen to the permittee's woes.
To keep the tourists from leaving fires.
To keep from arousing the public's ire.
To keep timber operators up to the scratch.
To watch the smoker and the dangerous match.
To make the camper clean up his camp.
To courteously route the auto tramp.
To make a speech.
BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS.

—PAUL GILBERT.

THE WALRUS AND THE TIMBER WOLF
(After Lewis Carroll)

The walrus and the timber wolf were walking by the lake,
They drank its limpid waters their burning thirst to slake;
The walrus seemed content to roam among the Cascade highlands,
And really was as much at home as in the Aleutian Islands.

The walrus he was fat and sleek, and clean and antiseptic,
The wolf was very thin and lean and she was most dyspeptic.
The walrus grazed the meadow lands (don't call me nature faker)
And daily he alone consumed full half a forage-acre;
The wolf she laid herself to rest till her playmate should wake her.

And now there comes into our tale the hunter on his rounds,
He rides beneath the greenwood tree with seven walrus hounds,
Who sniff the ground for any scent, and long for combat gory;
This hunter bold, so I am told, killed varmits predatory—
For shooting walrus he was famed, yes, both in song and story.

The wolf and walrus now ranged on, oblivious to dogs,
But wept like anything to see such quantities of logs,
"If seven Swedes, with seven saws should buck for half a year,
Do you suppose," the walrus said, "that they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the timber wolf, and shed a bitter tear.

On came the dogs hot on the scent, as they in sight were heaving,
The wolf opined, she thought she'd find it healthy to be leaving.
The walrus said, "Why, surely, dear, pray do not let them kill you,

As for that awful hunter, why! with cold lead he will fill
you"—
And then he promptly treed himself in a Tsuga Het'rophylia.

"Come down to us" the dogs implored, "Oh, walrus clean
and neat,
For you are very sleek and fat, we sorely need fresh meat."
Bang went the gun, the walrus flopped, the dogs all gave
a yelp,
And finished Mr. Varmint off with Mr. Ames' help,
And he alone, that night rode home, with his seventh wal-
rus skelp.

—C. C. HALL.

PAY-ROLL PATRIOTS?
(To Some Lumberjacks)

"Here comes the Ranger, lookin' for a crew!
He's got us cold, without a chance to run.
Say, Bill, to get *me* for two bits an hour
You'll have to drive me to it with a gun!
What sort of deal is that to give a man—
To keep him off a job at decent pay,
An' work him like a nigger, fightin' fires,
An' give him two bucks for an eight-hour day."

"Listen," the Ranger says, "Nine years ago
You guys left home and wives and kids and all,
And took a chance on being killed or maimed,
All for a dollar ten, at duty's call.
Your home and country's still worth more than coin,
But if at fighting fires you're going to scoff
And grouch and kick, the while they burn unchecked,
Just where's your home and country getting off?
You talk about your job—well, where's your job,
If Fire's allowed to lay our Forests low?
There roosts the bird that lays the golden egg!
Aint it the truth?" "You betcha." "Well, let's go."

—W. H. CURRIE.

FOREST FIRES

One little forest fire,
Drying up the dew,
A chance wind came along
Then there were two.

Two little forest fires
Burning many a tree,
Somebody dropped a match,
Then there were three.

Three little forest fires,
Burning trees galore,
Someone had a picnic,
Then there were four.

Four little forest fires
Bright and alive,
A man lit a cigarette,
Then there were five.

Five little forest fires,
Burning trees and sticks,
A donkey engine had no screen,
Then there were six.

Six little forest fires,
Lighting up the heaven,
A careless man lost his pipe,
Then there were seven.

Seven little forest fires,
A match was the bait,
A man built a camp fire,
Then there were eight.

Eight little forest fires,
Burning up the pine,
A little red spark flew,
Then there were nine.

Nine little forest fires,
Caused by careless men,
Another man came along,
And then there were ten.

—JACK WOOD (AGE 13).

THE ARKANSAS RANGER

The Oregon Ranger looks at a stranger
As though he were something new;
The Sierra Ranger makes light of the danger
That lurks in his Mulligan stew;
But the Arkansas Ranger must chase him a granger
Every morning while the day is yet new.

The Trinity Guard has work that is hard,
As he wrestles with pickaxe and shovel;
The Angeles Guard stands firm on the sward,
While ferninst him the homeseekers grovel;
But the Arkansas Guard leaves his own house yard
In a daily search for the wood-burner's hovel.

You sing of your canyons and rivers so wide;
Of snow-covered peaks that are ever so high;
Of brown-faced, leather-chapped rangers who ride
Out where the mountains reach up to the sky,
With often a word that might be meant to deride
Those who put out ten fires with never a sigh.

But give me the man who'll take his foot in his hand
And go looking for fires every day,
Without a word of reproach as he takes up his stand,
Down where the dear little firebugs play.
You may take all of the men Greeley has in this land,
And the Arkansas Ranger will show 'em the way.

—CHARLES V. BRERETON.

GETTING SQUARE

When the hired man turned villain,
In the melodrama days,
Did he "shoot up" his employer
To attract the public gaze?

Did he snatch the farmer's daughter
From her ardent rural swain
And carry out his base designs
To cause his rival pain?

Yes, he sometimes did thuswise
And aplenty more beside.
But he made a sorry bad man,
Never mind how hard he tried.

Till at desperations' limits—
Better judgment he did flout—
And with smoking, flaming firebrand
Burned his luckless rival out.

Then, indeed, he reached the climax
Of the baseness in his mind:
For a damage further reaching
Is not possible to find.

Fire let loose in crop and forest,
Everything to ashes turns,
Rich man, poor man, I man, you man,
All men lose when timber burns.

—A. G. JACKSON.

WHAT NOT TO SET OUT

No one will ever hear from me
A word to praise the poplar tree.

In spring it spills a messy dish
Which looks too much like bait for fish.

It raises forty kinds of ned
With sewers, walks. Its branches shed

Old blossoms, twigs and this and that,
With every breeze it blows it scat-

Ters limbs and bark and leaves. I do
Believe it moults the whole year through.

No one will ever hear from me
A word to praise the poplar tree.

—C. C. BRADNER.

BURNING TREES
(Another Parody)

I think one seldom ever sees
Aught terrible as burning trees:

Trees which give out only shade
Should be so treacherously betrayed

By careless man while at play,
Leaving fire as he goes away.

Thoughtless, ignorant, devil-may-care,
Why should he drown the embers there?

Embers once fanned into flame
Even the rangers can not tame.

A forest fire is a demon freed
Tearing at trees like red wolf breed:

God grows forests for you and me,—
Only a fool will burn a tree.

—JNO. D. GUTHRIE.

MR. GUTHRIE—

Wouldn't it make YOU
Feel like an Executioner
Springing the Death Trap
If, after you had
Questioned the man
(Who is a Respected Citizen,
And a Permittee,
And a Friend of yours),
About the fire
His Herder said
He had not left burning;
And the Man said
He had camped there himself
The Night of the "Big Rain",
And had had a Camp Fire,
But would not believe
A fire could have lived
Thru such a Rain,
But that maybe it was
His Camp Fire
Or his Match;
And then you said,
"Oh, did you Smoke",
And he said "Yes",
And you asked him
If it was a Cigar
That he smoked.
And he said "Yes",
How do you know",
And you asked him
"Was it this Brand"—
Showing him the Cigar Band
Picked up by the Ranger
At the Fire,
And his face turned red
And he said

"Well, I guess you got me"—
Now say, wouldn't it?

—HELEN BROWN.

THAT LONG-LEGGED GUY

Section hand a workin' on a railway track,
Built him a fire, then turned his back.
Th' foreman phoned fer th' extra crew.
Jiminy Chrismus! I never seen such a stew:
Fences burned down and crops burned up;
Th' ground was as bare as a Mexican pup.

Th' boss come a rarein' on number four:
Ten miles away you coulda heard him roar.
The gang all cringed when they seen his eyes,
For th' fire had burned a coupla railroad ties.
"Git on th' job an' save th' bridges;
Ne'mine th' rest; let 'er go to th' ridges."

Them wuz th' orders. We all jumped in,
'Cause when th' boss is mad he's meaner'n sin.
But a long-legged guy in a old white hat,
Come a chousin' around like he smelled a rat.
Him an' th' boss got to talkin' a lot,
An' somthing happened—I dunno what.

We had to surround thet doggoned fire.
'Twas th' first time, I believe, I ever earned my hire.
Th' boss got out an' made us work like niggers:
Fer th' next three months I'll be chock full o' chiggers.
Thet long-legged guy in th' old white hat,
He musta told thet boss right where he was at.

—CHARLES V. BRERETON.

THERE WAS A TIME

There was a time
When I visited a Forest
That I could talk
About trees and cows
And sheep and get some one
To listen to me—
But not anymore.
All the Foresters
Are Road engineers now,
They are building roads
For Flappers and Flippers
Of cigarette Butts
And burning matches,
To joy-ride on
And to muss up the
Scenery around all the
Pretty little lakes and
Streams where I used
To range—when the
Fishing was good.
It was an evil day
For the grazing men
When Congress decided
To give us all those
Millions for roads.
We used to think Uncle
Didn't have any money
Cause we never could
Get any to fix up springs
Or trails or fences or
Anything necessary to
Keep the cows and sheep
From getting crippled
Walking over rocks and
Through the jungles to get
A drink or a bite of grass.
Seems like he has lots
Of money and also a lot
Of graders and trucks
And tractors and shovels
And scrapers and T. N. T.
For rent, and now-a-days
The Rangers are so
Infernal busy hauling
In pickles and jam
Bacon and ham
Smelly cheese and
Butter in jars to
Feed their road crews
That they haven't time
To see if the cows and
Sheep and horses have
Anything to eat or drink
Instead of talking about
Range and Timber and
Such they all want to tell
You about how the
Big "Cat" pulls 'em out
By the roots and the T. N. T.
Makes a hole you could
Bury a house in and
How they are only spending
Four thousand nine hundred
And ninety-nine dollars
A mile. Gee: What a lot
Of fence all that money
Would build and besides
Think about how they are
Spoiling the scenery.
Everywhere you go now
You find tin cans and
Paper plates and wooden knives
And forks and some of
The funniest looking people

Dressed in the queerest clothes.
The Grazing man sure
Has a hard life.
The only office
He feels to home in anymore
Is in some old livery stable
That isn't a garage —
And there aren't any
Of them any more.

—E. N. KAVANAGH.

MAN-CAUSED FIRES

A fire sure as shootin'
Is sweepin' the hills,
And as sure as you're tootin'
It gives me the chills.
It's strange how it started—
It either was set,
Or was caused by a camper
With a lit cigarette.

I don't know the reason
Some men are so lax,
They go into the forest
Like a pack-string of jacks.
They don't own the timber,
So why should they care—
If the timber is burned
And the hillsides are bare?

'Tis a criminal act:
A man with a brand
With a snipe in his face
And a match in his hand,
If caught in the act
Ought to get a stone bed
And a competent doctor
To examine his head.

—LESTER A. WHITE.

WHAT HAPPENED TO JIM

Jim,—Jim, a traveling gent
Dropt a match and on he went.
A fire broke out and raised the deuce
And a berth waits Jim in the calaboose.

—Targhee Terrapin, D-4.

Jim traveled far, Jim traveled fast,—
But the Ranger caught him up at last.
Because the fire laws he defied,
Jim's calaboose berth is occupied.

On thinking it over for several days,
Jim is ashamed of his heedless ways:
And of this one thing there is no doubt—
He'll be more careful when he gets out.

A. G. J.

Jim read a fire sign one day
While smoking a cig, which he threw away.
Jim's neither reading nor smoking now,—
He's spending a month in the old hoosgow.

The country is full of careless Jims,
Who consider fire signs foolish whims,—
But someday a Judge will change their minds,
And then they'll really believe in signs.

J. D. G.

But other Jims they profit not,
They drop the match that still is hot,
And thoughtless on their way they go,
And soon the Forest's all aglow.

These thoughtless Jims of mien bizarre
A pest unto the country are.
We watch and hope and trust and pray
That "flu" or something will them slay.

S. B.

A simple faith is most sublime—
When fires rage we haven't time
To sit and watch and hope and pray
That "flu" will take the wretch away.

To arms, the cry—and work's the order,
With pick and shovel, axe and motor;
The Bible's laid upon the shelf—
"The Lord helps him who helps himself."

T. M. T.

Still other Jims they profit much
Thro' fire jobs, free grub and such,
They must be watched with eagle eyes—
Perhaps by someone in disguise.

They wouldn't burn the forest down!
Oh No! They're home or else in town,
But by sly winks or smooth suggestion
Sooner or late start more destruction.

E. N. K.

If I had Jim by his careless bean,
I'd teach young Jim just what I mean
When I tack the sign where it will show
"Put OUT Your Fire Before You Go."

A fine — the jug — are both effective,
But direct action's the corrective;
There's nothing like a little strife
To put the pep in a misspent life.

T. M. T.

A RANGER'S SWAN SONG

Boys, I hate to quit you,
'Cause my heart is in the game—
But I've written out the paper
And I'm leavin', just the same.

'Cause nature made me ramblin',
I never could be still,
So I'm driftin' down to Argentine
To hunt a newer thrill.

I've shipped to sea with sailormen,
I've punched my share of cows,
I've tried my hand in Arkansas,
A' runnin' shinnery sows.

I've tried my hand at lots of jobs,
And quit 'em all the same;
I guess I've packed a hod as far
As most have rode the train.

I done my bit to the Boches,
For the homeland of my sires
But the noblest of my actions,
Was fightin' forest fires.

I've been to the ends of this old earth,
With a Hell-rip-roarin' gang,
And done all the God-forsaken things
For which a man should hang.

But when I check my last equipment,
And I eight-five-eight the loss,
And naked stand in judgment
'Fore our Saviour and the Cross,

For the things that I been tellin'
He won't toss me into Hell,
But with long and careful study
He'll review my Personnel.

At the pearly gates of Heaven,
I will get my golden lyre,
For the good that I was doin'
When I fought a forest fire.

—HURST R. JULIAN.

ROADS AND TRAILS

The startled deer escaped the shaft, the wandering cave man sped,
The bushes rustled as it ran, and "Trail" the hunter said,
And where the quarry's flying feet left prints upon the ground,
Again the Savage whispered "Trail" for sight recalled the sound.

Few words supplied our forebears needs, they used no different names,
For track of steeds or travois poles, for robes of royal dames,
The paths pursued by troopers rude and knights in shining mail,
The merchants route with sumpter mules, alike they called the Trail.

Our Aryan ancestors drove their flocks from Himalayas side,
With laden wains the pastoral tribes crossed Persian prairies wide,
The axles creaked, the wheels rolled dull beneath the heavy load,
The drivers urged their laboring team and said "We're on the Road".

Now comes the Forest Engineer with language more precise,
The various ways that he contrives receive distinction nice,
Upon a MINOR PROJECT, you can drive one little car,
But MAJOR PROJECTS are the Highways built by the B. P. R.

—G. F. ALLEN.

A SMOKE CHASER

The noonday sun was coming strong,
As toward his station passed along,
A man who bore upon his back
A most ill-fitting heavy pack.

His is a trail where drinks are few—
On the sunny side of the mountain too—
His eyes are bloodshot, his back near broke,
For he has been chasing a distant smoke.

Twenty-four hours since he left his station—
He has been eating Emergency Ration,
But now on his face is the start of a smile
As he gets near the end of the last, long mile.

He knows there is water, the finest on earth,
To men of the forest that alone is worth
More than champagne, burgundy and all such swill
For naught will quench thirst like good water will.

He knows how to cook for the hungry man
In ways that no great chef possibly can,
His flapjacks and biscuits, his coffee and beans—
You of the cities know not what it means.

The porcupines, packrats, mosquitoes, and such
All help to keep him from thinking too much
Of things that might have been not as they are
While he is out in the mountains so far.

But he would not barter his place in the hills
For life in the city with all of its ills,
Its tinsel, and noise, its dust and its smells,
For one of his mountains, his vales or his dells.

—CHARLES H. SCRIBNER.

RECIPE FOR A FOREST RANGER

Take a pound of ambition and mix it with tact,
Add initiative, sand, and of courage no lack,
Mix well with frankness, and season with grit,
Add a large pinch of pep, but pepper omit;
Put in energy, honesty, steadfastness of goal,
With a sense of humor, then garnish the whole;
Now place in the kiln of experience hard won,
Don't leave him half-baked, but be sure he's well done.
And out comes your Forest Ranger!

And if you would add to this product of skill,
And give him incentive to work with a will,
Then find him a helpmeet who doesn't fear work,
And her arduous duties and tasks will not shirk;
Who'll help him to keep his face turned toward the sun
With a soft word of praise for a task that's well done,
And when things all go wrong and life seems not worth while
Will awaken fresh zeal with a word and a smile;
The wife of a Forest Ranger.

—M. K. SCHODER.

OUR FORESTS

A safe retreat from summer's heat
Fresh green on winter's snow
Our forests stand in stalwart band
To greet the folks who know.

To weary souls they're restful goals
On nerves distraught with care
They spread a balm of soothing calm
No doctor can prepare.

Quite free to all who heed the call,
Supreme in scenic lure,
Their verdant arms outflung with charms
Inviting, safe, secure.

—CHARLES ALLEN.

THE RANGER AND THE BEAR

Up in the high Sierras, where they overlook the Kern,
There's a trail on the edge of nothing, and a mile by the plumb, below,
Is a tomb for the upland rider that is fool enough to turn
His hoss till he reaches the meadows beyond where the mountain-daisies grow.

The sun was painting the eastern peaks with a kind of running fire,
But a morning chill was in the air as keen as an eagle's claw;
I was riding slouched and easy-like and singing of heart's desire,
When my pony stopped, though the rein was slack, and my singing stopped; I saw

Back on the cliff a something bigger than any man;
Blur . . . 'twas a old she-grizzly blocking the trail ahead;
She talked to the cubs beside her and they turned at her growl and ran
As my hand slid down to my holster but I changed my mind; instead

I off of my hoss, stepped forward and raising my hat polite
(But I raised my hat left-handed, my right being filled and pat)
I said to that old bear-lady: "Now it isn't my wish to fight,
Or I'd set to fanning my six-gun 'stead of tipping to you my hat."

And, pardner, would you believe it! she dropped to the ledge and swung . . .
Turned where a hoss couldn't make it and took after them cubs of her'n;
I stood there looking foolish where a bunch of them blue flowers hung
Over the edge of nothing, smiling down on the river Kern.

My cayuse was a-shaking and sweating; he was chilly—
and so was I,
Howcome, I swung to the saddle and got him a-moving
slow,
But I quit my glass-eyed gazing at the colors across the sky
And took to surveying the landscape just ahead, where
we had to go.

Mebby a half-hour later we was pushing across the line
Where the rock joins on to the timber when I spied
a few rods away
The back of that old she-grizzly; I went for that gun of
mine;
Then, thinks I, she is minding her business; so I'll tend
to my own, today.

Just a-guarding her headstrong young ones; doing the best
she can;
Willing to do the wise thing; game, but not looking
for fight;
Pretty good rule for a human . . . Oh, I guess I'm an
easy man,
But the grizzly and me broke even, 'cause the both of
us was polite.

—H. H. KNIBBS.

AN OREGON SOLILOQUY

Ah-h-h!
'Tis raining.
Well,
If 'twere not for the rain,
There'd be no fir trees,
And if there were no fir trees
We'd not be here,
So, I'm glad
It's raining.

—JNO. D. GUTHRIE.

THE FOREST RANGER'S HAPPY LIFE

The ranger lives a happy life
When forest fires are popping.
No matter where or how they start—
'Tis his to do the stopping.

With mattock, axe and crosscut saw
And grub, he mounts his flivver
And speeds along o'er roads and ways
That agitate his liver.

And when he meets up with the fire
He makes a trench around it;
And treats it with so much respect
You'd think he's glad he found it.

He does not hurry to depart,
But watches by the fire;
Nor does he leave until he sees
The last faint spark expire.

But when it's out, he's on his way,
And you can safely bet it
Makes the ranger very gay
To find the gink who set it.

Straightway before the judge he goes
And with him takes the setter:
The fifty-dollar verdict makes
The ranger feel much better.

—A. G. JACKSON.

FIRE SACRIFICE

Have you seen the snarling demon
Curling, licking, scarlet tongue
'Round the sighing boughs of spruces
Where the swaying mosses hung?

Have you seen a ramping crown-fire;
Felt fitful, fiery breathing;
Heard its roar in belching pitch-smoke,
Seen the heavens dun and seething?

Starred with sparks but full of horror,
Bannered with flame-flails lashing?
O, there's Hades in the forest;
Crying trees—dead bodies crashing!

Have you seen charred acres stretching
Out across the wastes of land,
Where the long winds come dole-mourning,
'Mong the gaunt tree ghosts that stand

Clutching with gnarled joints, e'er weak'ning,
Barren stones where snow and rain
And the crinkly heat of summer
On the naked earth has lain?

Sacrifice of life and beauty
Given of the Maker's Plan
For a dim Immortal Reason
To the carelessness of man.

—STANLEY F. BARTLETT.

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU?

You get up in the morning
And are feeling fit and fine,
Your mind's as clear as crystal
And you snap right into line
You whistle as you sweep up
The office for the day,
And get things ready to make report
You've been jacked up for delay.

Now you have things ready
And taking the bent-wood chair,
Commence to pound old Oliver
When the ribbon begins to tear.
Then you smile and say, 'Don't worry,
Don't spoil your disposition—
I knew that this was coming
When I prepared my requisition.'

You get out the red tin box
And take off the old offender,
The tin box lid is lifted off
And you begin to cuss the sender,
The old ribbon is in the fire,
Somebody's a son-of-a-gun.
For the new and shining ribbon
Was made for a Remington!

The report has got to go to-day,
To the Chief you've already lied.
You work and sweat and pull your hair,
The darn thing's way too wide.
Then you pull and tug to get it in,
But still it's badly kinked:
You again sit down to do your best,
Just to find it's been reinked.

You sit and stare, your face gets red
And wish you were out in camp,
Where you could smell the swelling buds
And camp smoke instead of lamp.

But this report has got to go
You warm up to the theme
And breath a curse and say a prayer,
For the Clerk and the reinking team.

—H. W. NAYLOR.

OUR LADY NICOTINE!

Oft, when the fires were burning hot,
And muscles ached from weary toil,
I sought myself a shady spot
For brief respite from ceaseless moil.
Ah! then, the bliss that came to me
Beneath the canopy of green,
While solace sweet I sought with thee,
My Lady Nicotine.

But now, alas, I must refuse
Thy beckoning call to heed,
Since orders say I must not use
Thy vile and filthy weed.
From Oregon to Mexico,
The men in forest green
Must now thy company forego—
My Lady Nicotine.

But why the need to mourn and whine,
We yet may soothing solace draw,
From "Horseshoe", "Star" and "Plug-cut, Fine,"
Or snuffsticks sent from Arkansaw.
Your incense sweet we will eschew,
As per Amendment Five Eighteen,
And seek contentment in a "chew".
Our Lady Nicotine.

—M. S. BROWN.

THE RANGER BURSTS INTO SONG

On the first of August in twenty-two
Fire she start and an East wind blew
On Powell Ridge at evening dusk
A Ranger saw it and go he must
So he ran down stairs and out to Lizzie
And cranked like H - - - until he grew dizzy—
A spit, a sputter, and then she die
Another spit and a little sigh
A cough, a kick, and the air was blue
As you'd have done if she'd kicked you
The engine started and straight ahead
With a roar like a tank, shot out of the shed
And up the road the old Ford flew
For a run like this was nothing new
Straight to the fire this little bus
Carried the Ranger in nothing plus
Out he jumped and up to the fire
And the sight he saw sure raised his ire.

Up on the ridge with no water near
Was a wild hunter, the little dear,
He had made his camp and built a fire
Far from water it couldn't be higher
Just the place for a conflagration
Started by lightning to destroy creation
The Ranger stopped and looked around
And instead of the floor he paced the ground
To the victor come the spoils that are due—
And the rest of this story I leave to you.

—C. G. HARDTLA.

THAT POP-EYED MOONSHINER

A pop-eyed moonshiner, with whiskers like a cat,
Wuz settin' on a stone fence a swingin' of his hat,
When along come a Ranger, ridin' mighty bold.
"Howdy," says th' Ranger, speakin' short an' cold.
"Fire on th' mountain. Git a fork an' trot along."
Then he rid down th' road a singin' of a song.

With a jump and a snort an' a feline squall,
Thet Tom-whiskered 'shiner fell off thet wall.
"Gittin' so a man kain't do a durned thing;
Kain't even make likker 'longside a mountain spring.
Thet fire's been burnin' fer fourteen year,
An' nobuddy ain't seen it but th' gol-durned deer."

"Now a Ranger come a snoopin' an' a causin' talk.
Guess I'll git me a gun an' go mak him walk."
Thet fuzzy-faced 'shiner with th' protuberant eye,
Sneaked up to th' fire to play "I spy,"
But th' Ranger wuz quicker an' bumped his head;
Took away his gun an' his powder an' lead.

Now th' moonshiner's workin' on th' railroad gang,
'Cause if he'd tried to fight back, he knew he'd hang.
Th' Ranger's got a still fer cookin' dog-feed,
An' th' pots an' th' kittles is a holdin' pine seed.
The' "cats"* ain't a yowlin' in th' hills no more,
And' th' doggoned fires ain't a makin' folks sore.

—CHARLES V. BRERETON.

*Stills.

THE TRAIL CREW

Where the Selway river rushes
Thru the canyon's chasm'd walls
In a land of rough-shod ranges
Where the silken silence falls—

Lies the camp beside the river
Where, when night hangs out her veil,
Comes a crew of brawny workers
From their grind upon the trail.

Some are young and in the morning
Of a life that's blessed with youth,
Some are old, and growing feeble,
Turning fast to face the truth.

Some are wise and brilliant scholars
Some are men who played the game,
Some are old-time bronco busters,
Some are wild, and some are tame.

Some are old-time powder monkeys
Who with caps and fuse as well,
Stuffs a mountain full of powder
And just blows it all to hell.

Some are expert men with axes
Who travel trails with care,
Cut and slash the fallen timber
Able 'most to split a hair.

Some are phone-line-fixin' fellows
Who string full twenty miles a day;
They could easy string it forty,
But they say it doesn't pay.

Some are famous pack-string pushers
Packing broncs and mules as well,
Loaded down with spuds and bacon
Herd 'em around the old corral.

Some are lookout men who linger
In a lookout shack of glass,
Dreamily gazing o'er the ranges
Pining for the days to pass.

Some are Dago-herding foremen
Who just work men to death;
From a rock he sits and watches
Never lets them catch their breath.

Some are cooks and biscuit builders
Who could form a mold of bread
That would sink thru leagues of water,
Like a solid slug of lead.

Some are rangers famed for riding
O'er the ranges, dim and blue,
Where a raging fire is vanquished
By a Forest Service crew.

Some are boys who once were stricken
When misfortune's sun was high,
And their moods show sleeping symptoms
Of the droning tsetse fly.

All are chaps who care a little,
Some are chaps who seem to know,
And no doubt would now be different
Had they savy'd long ago.

But, Alas! 'tis not forever,
For all trails must end some day
When life's clubs and spades are shuffled,
And the discard thrown away.

We will sink in unbroken slumber
In a camp sunk low and deep,
With a wreath of flowers upon us
And a box in which to sleep.

But we'll have one grand assurance
Of no head men there to fear,
Who for strutting 'round the office
Drag three thousand seeds a year.

They are hard-boiled boys of leisure
Who can stand the smell of ink,
Who are there because our country
Hasn't stopped at all to think.

So, let's brace up boys and twitter
And be calm and take the joke.
We'll live to see some changes
If our country don't go broke.

So, 'tis now I wish you riches
And the best of all in sight,
And I hope, as here I thank you,
That you do believe I'm right.

—J. L. BRICKLEY.

SUNSET FROM A LOOKOUT

The sun has set a glowing ball in old Pacific's brine,
The ocean's blue horizon shows a dimly curving line,
The summits of the ridges all stand forth in outlines bold,
And the evening skies are changing from a crimson to a gold,
The upper peaks are flooded in a mellow ghostly light,
While the valleys fast are filling with the shadows of the night.
The stunted, storm-wrenched trees that grow along the upper rims,
In contrast hold against the sky their gnarled and broken limbs,
As though they begged a few more hours of sunshine, glad and warm,
Before they plunged again into the winter's cold and storm.
The ever restless, changing wind blows cold from out the west,
And sings its melancholy song across the mountain's crest,
It moans around the corners as the twilight turns to gray,
A lonely, fitting, solemn dirge to mourn the dying day.

—VONDIS E. MILLER.

THE RANGER'S REVERIE

There's a locomotive waitin'
Down the canyon's chasmed way,
And a thousand lights are gleamin'
And a thousand hearts are gay.
But I'm sad and sort of lonely,
In the midst of many men
Sort o' longin' for the open
And the lonesome land again.
For a saddle 'neath me creakin'
With the sky line for a goal,
And the weary days of ridin'
On the long and lone patrol.
Where endless trails are windin'
O'er the rim of rocky ways,
Through velvet vales and valleys
Draped in fold of purple haze.
Where the canyon's breeze of mystery,
Man never yet has trod,
And the silent somber summits
Are the sentinels of God.
The old cow moose is splashin'
Where the river grasses grow,
And the antlered elk are buglin'
And the deer like shadows go.
Where the stars are serenaded
With the coyote's woeful tune
And the limpid lake a dreamin'
Makes a mirror for the moon.
O, the mountain meadows miss me
And my campfire's yellow gleam,
Where the pinion pines are singin'
To the music of the stream.
O, my cabin's snug and cozy
With the horns above the door,
And it's waitin' for my comin'
On the timbered shadowed shore.

—HUGH PEYTON.

THE LAST STAND

Where the woodlands halt on their mountain march
And stand by their steep defiles,
Where their stalwart chieftains call their truce
And rest on their granite piles;
Where the ice-born rivers start to flow
Toward the maw of the hungry sea,
The outposts of the timber grow—
The clan of the dwarf pine tree.

With their roots entrenched in the creviced rock
And their limbs worn white and bare,
They've forged as near the eternal snows
As a thing that grows may dare.
And they've pitched their camp for their last long stand
And they've flung their challenge wide,
To the blasts that wrench and the frosts that freeze,
Nor quarter have they cried.

And their years are told by the centuries
Till you see their bleached bones lie
'Midst the alpine flowers when the Spring has come,
All pink in the western sky.
And the Winter winds will sing their dirge,
Whom they battled fair in life,
While their comrades still will twist and toss
In the throes of their endless strife.

—ANTHONY EUWER.

RODE THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS A RANGER

Rode through the mountains a ranger,
Timing his motion to song.
Utter his helping in danger,
Loyal, and eager, and strong.
Hearty his handclasp at morning;
Mighty his crushing of wrong;
Splendid when loosened his scorning,
Stained not with anger too long.
Proven by all things that prove,
Mighty his friendship and love.

Certain his promise outflowing,
Open his thoughts as the sky;
Pleasant his coming and going,
Brilliant his dark, fearless eye;
Dreadful when wakened his hating;
Awful his scorning a lie.
This—is a man worth the mating,
Truth in his hands can not die.
Sower of forests to be,
Builder of States is he.

His are the mountains and heavens,
His the great shaping of deeds;
Wisely he casts in his leavens,
Wisely the future areads.
Service he gives in strong passions,
Forests he grows for the years.
Laughing at follies, he fashions
Spite of all falsehoods and fears,
Forests that long shall endure;
Service immortal and sure.

—CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

THE RIVER'S VINDICATION

It's true I've gone on the warpath,
I've smitten your cities and homes,
I've cracked the walls of your stately halls,
I've threatened your spires and domes.

I've spoiled your gardens and orchards,
I've carried your bridges away,
The loss is told in millions of gold;
The indemnity you must pay.

But had I not cause for anger?
Was it not time to rebel?
Go, ask of the springs that feed me;
Their rock-ribbed heights can tell.

Go to my mountain cradle,
Go to my home and see,
Look on my ruined forests
And note what you did to me.

These were my sylvan bowers,
My beds of bracken and fern,
The spots where I lie and rest me
E'er to your valleys I turn.

These you have plundered and wasted,
You've chopped and burned and scarred,
Till my home is left of verdure bereft,
Bare and lifeless and charred.

So I have gone on the warpath;
I've harried your lands with glee.
Restore with care my woodlands fair
And I'll peacefully flow to the sea.

—F. W. NASH.

THE RAVINGS OF A LOOKOUT

Here's to the long-haired lookout,
He's anchored till the Lord knows when;
He gives the ranges and sections,
Azimuths, distances, and men.

He speaks of drift and base sighted,
Of volume and color of smoke;
Of the type of forest it's burning in,
Mature, second growth and scrub oak.

Location by local land marks,
Whether crown or surface fire;
The time you sighted the blooming thing
And sent it over the wire.

So here's to the solemn, goofy cuss,
Who is crazy as a loon.
He sits on a lonely mountain top
Morning and night and noon.

He gazes over the landscape,
Or reads the whole day long;
Dreams of the day when he'll get down,
Of wine, of women, and song.

—VONDIS E. MILLER.

DEMON

Fire, sweeping through the woodland,
Leaving black-scarred apparitions
Of what once were cool green forests
Where the woodfolk sought their pleasure
Can be seen, and upward rolling
Shooting puffs of venemous smoke.
While toiling, with unceasing efforts,
Asking only for strength to continue
Are the men, truly war-spirited heroes
Fighting the demon,—FIRE!

—OPAL FRANCES YOCHELSON.

A FOREST CLERK'S "IF"

If you can keep your head and work till 3 A. M.,
While others sleep,—and never give a—hang!
If you can add, and not be weary adding—
Or being late, don't blame the ranger gang.

If you can be on time with others failing,
And never crab, nor spring an alibi;
If you can step along instead of wailing,
And not look tired, nor even heave a sigh;

Or bear to see reports you've tried to render,
Red-inked by auditors, until they neared perfection—
Nor feel too proud, nor yet too thin and tender—
Keep on a-going, you're in the right direction.

If you can see the little thing you've written,
Wrangled by sheepmen, without the common touch;
Nor feel resentful, nor indeed too smitten,
But be more cautious, and not care too much.

If you can do the job in seven(teen) hours,
Then go to sleep and never dream of work,
Begin again as fresh as mountain flowers,
With vision cleared, and no desire to shirk—

If weary with the old, you can start the New Year new
And swim along with head above high water,—
Yours is the joy of having seen it through—
And—which is more—you might become a forest clerk,
my daughter!

—MARGARET HAYDEN.

THE RANGER ADMITS IT

Oh, I am the forest ranger, in the saddle I never tire,
And I'm all alert as I swing my quirt
And I watch for the forest fire.
Oh, the snowshoe sits in the jack pines
And the north star glitters and winks
And the coyote wails up the timber trails
To the echoing call of the lynx.

On the slope in a virgin forest
With my cayuse by my side
I sing and scowl at a panther's howl
Near the top of the Great Divide.
Lo! A pall of smoke arises;
The clarion call of FIRE!
With a headlong rush I'm through the brush
And climbing to tap the wire.

Then down from the depths of the forest
Comes the sizzling crackling moan,
As the glaring breath of a fiery death
Makes the virgin timber groan.
But hurrah! for the desperate fighters,
Ten thousand men in the haze,
Many leaving their wives, and giving their lives
To battle the stubborn blaze.

And woe to the thoughtless campers,
Who burn up a forest or town;
They have taken the stand and they carry the brand
Like a killer who cuts men down.
So hark to the forest ranger,
In the saddle I never tire,
In the mountains steep I seldom sleep
As I watch for the forest fire.

—JACK H. LEE.

ALLOTMENTS

Tell me not with mournful numbers
My allotment's but a dream
All my project's gone kerfluey
And appropriations not what they seem.

Tubs for instance—I'm in earnest—
But this message I am sent:
"Tubless thou to dirt returneth"
Surely this could not be meant.

Let us then be up and doing
Buying bath tubs dime by dime
And departing leave behind us
Soapsuds on the sands of time.

Bath tubs that perhaps another
Traveling o'er our Forest wide
See, may say "thank you, brother"
And rejoicing get inside.

—D. M. LANG.

THE FIRE GUARD

Warden of human carelessness am I;
And from my lonely outpost here on high,
Mountain and vale I scan; I am assigned
To seek forever what I fear to find!

Morning and noon I watch, and e'en by night
My senses must outwit the burning blight,
Which, once allowed to take the upper hand,
Spreads desolation o'er the forest land.

Spindrifts of idle smoke I've learned to fear;
The scent of scorching wood from far or near
Warrants investigation. No delay
Can be permitted when the foe's at bay.

—A. DE BERNARDI, JR.

A FOREST RANGER'S STEW

A right pious stew, did the Ranger Man brew,
When with him his Forest Chief went.
In days not a few, this "Mulligan" grew,
By adding new substance frequent.

Spuds, onions and beef, and religious belief;—
Nothing was thrown to the waste—
The tale of a thief stealing timber and grief,
Enhanced the delicious good taste.

O'er mountain and vale, thru forest by trail,
They journeyed in the sun, snow and sleet.
Sometimes it looked pale, its foundations seemed frail,
And the stew was, they feared, incomplete.

But again in the pot, with chiles a lot,
Its aroma rich fragranced the air.
So, modest in thought and ambitious for naught,
The stew made the whole bill-of-fare.

Tomatoes and rice and other things nice,
Full strength and rare color did make;
While yearning for home and no more to roam,
Added unction as each did partake.

Well, the days fleeted fast and the trip closed at last,
But the stew became less not a bit;
Nor sunshine nor blast, nor dreams of the past,
Could spoil its dear flavor a whit.

And when the last time, in effulgence sublime,
It simmered above crackling wood,
The Chief spoke in rhyme, "I say, it's a crime
But I'd finish it up if I could."

Then, in satisfied cheer, without guile or fear,
Hands clasped across the camp fire:
There was no one else near, so each dropped a tear
Of regret to be burned on this pyre.

—GEO H. COOK.

THE LUMBERMAN'S PRAYER

Three lumbermen once hid themselves
Behind a slab conveyor,
And kneeling on their patched-up pants,
One offered up this prayer:

"Dear Lord, I know we're crazy,
But we've always been that way,
And if it's not against the law,
There's some things we'd like to say.

"All through the winter we have run,
The weather has been swell,
But we've made too many boards,
And the market's gone to hell.

"Oh, can't you bring a snowstorm on?
Or just a little flood?
Or, can't you touch an earthquake off?
'Twould do us so much good.

"The order file hangs like a shroud
Upon the office wall,
The sidetrack is getting rusty,
And the piles are getting tall.

"And we are getting older
As the years slip quickly by,
All we ask is to break even
Just a while before we die.

"Oh, give us trees with lots of clear
And heavy to the acre,
Oh, fill our sheds with high-priced stock,
And then send on a taker.

"Oh, give us belts that don't wear out,
And boilers full of steam,
Oh, give us men that crave to work,
And are not what they seem.

"Oh, fill our bankers' hearts with love,
And school them in affection,
And keep the sheriff and his gang
From coming this direction.

"Now, we're not asking very much,
We're used to being busted
But Lady Luck has left us cold,
She's no more to be trusted.

"And if you can't do all these things,
Why please don't fool aroun',
But give us courage in our hearts,
And guts to close 'er down."

—PHILIP NEFF.

TRAITORS!
(To An Incendiary)

Comrades, we have some traitors in our midst,
Poor purblind fools, of reasoning power bereft,
Who'll fan the flame that accident has lit
Or nurse the fire that carelessness has left.
Ay, even in their greed-distorted minds
They'll frame the plan of kindling it anew,
And sacrifice a Forest to the flames
To get themselves a job upon a crew!

In blackened valleys, fire-scarred mountain sides,
Now barren wastes where nothing grows, nor can,
We see the traces of this Devil's brood
Of reckless wasters of God's gifts to man.
Traitors are they, cruel selfishness their creed,
They trade your birthright for their paltry stake!
A nation's wealth goes billowing up in smoke!
Come! Help us crush them—for your children's sake!

—W. H. CURRIE.

THE DEATH OF A MONARCH

I reign o'er a kingdom of perfect peace,
Over valley and plain and hill.
A spring wells up near my deepening roots
Where the wild deer drinks his fill.
The squirrels frisk in my swaying boughs
Or bask in the warm sunshine.
My crown is studded with emerald cones
For I am the king of the pine.

Long years ago, ere the eye of man
Beheld this Golden West,
My brow was bathed with the dews of heaven
On this lonely hilltop's crest.
My palace dome is the bending sky;
My robe the winter snow
Or the summer sun or the warm spring rain
As the seasons come and go.

The wind as it soughs through my branches wide
Brings tales of another land
Where myriad cities and seas and ships
Are ruled by a despot's hand.
It tells of envy and bitter strife—
How man in his greed for gain
Has slaughtered forests and dragged them away
To sell in his small domain.

It says man covets *my* giant form,
So straight, without blemish or flaw,
And would drag me, too, at his chariot's wheel
To feed to his whirling saw.
But I laugh at the wind for his somber tale,
As I watch the sun decline.
No man would disturb this realm of peace
Where I rule as king of the pine!

* * * *

Strange sounds floats up through the morning air—
Sounds new to the woodland ear

It is not the "dr-r-r-rum" of the mountain grouse
Nor the whistle or stamp of the deer.
'Tis a ringing sound of blow on blow
That sends a foreboding chill
To the hearts of the pines that cover the slopes
Surrounding my throne-crowned hill.

Now a tall tree falls with a thundering crash
And a long-drawn, moaning sigh,
And the dust that stirs to its sharp rebound
Floats slowly toward the sky.
The wild things cower away in fear
And hide wherever they can
And the wind breathes softly through my boughs,
"Beware, oh King, it is man!"

As day follows day, tree falls after tree,
While helpless I watch from above,
And naught can I do to stay the hands
That ravish the things I love.
Yet I shall not die by the hand of man
Whatever else befall,
For the God of Nature bade me rise
And he will bid me fall.

* * * *

Why is the sky so strangely o'ercast
And why is the sun so red?
And the breath of the wind feels hot and dry
As it passes o'er my head.
The birds fly by on restless wing,
The squirrels have ceased their play,
And it seems that night is coming on
Though 'tis but the middle of day.

Ah, now I can see dense clouds of smoke
And hear a sullen roar,
Red tongues of flame, that greedily lick,
Have leaped the canyon o'er,

And the piles of debris man threw away,
As he labored hard and fast,
Have bided their time until this day
To be his undoing at last.

The wind, increased to a mighty gale,
Comes sweeping up the hill,
And fast in its wake the devouring flames
Bend everything to their will.
Wild animals flee through stifling smoke
That fills the ladened air,
For all wild life, unless fleet of foot,
Must miserably perish there.

And what is this that stumbles and falls
And creeps upon hands and knees,
As with sobbing breath and blackened face,
From that furnace of death it flees?
'Tis a man! He clings to my roughened bark,
Then, with a prayer to heaven begun,
He droops to the ground from the withering heat
And his puny life is done.

My time has come and my reign is o'er,
But not to man do I bow.
As a king I have lived on this noble hill—
As a king I die on its brow.
The wind sings madly my requiem
While the fire about me twines,
And I light the sky like a giant torch.
Farewell, my kingdom of pines!

—G. P. EDGERTON.

DREAMS OF A FOREST RANGER

The fire season is over, with snow on the ground,
The Ranger feels safe now, and sleeps very sound,
For he knows that no fires will burn in this snow,
He is taking life easy, though he still has to go.

The snow keeps on falling, field work is no more,
So he packs up the horses that are weary and sore,
And goes into quarters and plans on some rest,
Just taking life easy, and having the best.

The Oliver is cleaned, and ready for use,
The ranger gets busy, but he thinks, "O, the deuce,
The rest dreams I had are beginning to fade,
The grazing report is the first to be made."

He arises at seven and goes through the mail,
The wife comes a-running when she hears his sad wail,
For the very first letter he starts to pursue,
Says, "There are several reports that are now overdue."

The inventory is next with the pots and the pails,
He looks out the window while it snows and it hails;
He is home at headquarters, where wife cooks the eats,
Life is comparatively easy for a few stormy weeks.

During the winter his work he then plans,
For a busy field season, for himself and his hands;
To fix up the phone line, the roads and the trails,
A whole month in the mountains without any mail.

Most people think he has nothing to do,
But fish, hunt and talk to a tourist or two,
Answer all questions and look very wise,
When a fellow insults him who's about twice his size.

He thinks things all over and gets a bit twisted,
He should have thought twice before he enlisted,
If he can't be a soldier he is not worth a d—n
And should drop from the service of his old Uncle Sam.

—GEO. O. LANGDON.

SPRING SNOW

'S funny — it was rainin'
'Bout an hour ago,
An' now the rain is turnin'
Into a soft, still snow.

Flakes as big as feathers,
Fluffy,—white as down
Fallin' soft as cat-steps
Over all th' town.

It only seems ten minutes
Since the world all looked so bare,
But now a fleecy snow-quilt
Is a-layin' everywhere.

There's pearl massed on the clo'esline,
(No wind to make it stir)
An' th' garden fence is trimmed up
With soft white kitten-fur.

I stand an' watch th' snowfall
Leavin' my work undone
Fer I know that, like all beauty
This too will soon be gone.

So clean, so white, so silent—
Its beauty stills all pain.
An' it brings a breath o' springtime
Because 'twas born o' th' rain.

—MRS. (RANGER) FRED STELL.

GOVERNMENT TRAILS

Just a little while ago
Trails were locked in winter snow,
Hushed and dark in twilight gloom,
Shining, sparkling when the moon
Rose in splendor, white and still
On the frosty, silv'ry hill.
Savage storms with howl and wail
Felled great giants on the trail,
Tore up through the stunted pine,
Whipped the peaks at timberline,
Till the last wild fury gone,
Wood-folks haunt the trails at dawn.

Often heaps of gray rain-clouds
Piled the mountains like a shroud,
Wrapped the firs in drenching pours,
Fragrant, warm, till sunset doors
Opened rosy in the West
And wet trails were sunny flecks.
Now that snow has left the range
Rhododendron blooms again.
Grouse whir up in sudden flight
When the "Service" axes bite,
Cutting logs, repairing wire,
Forests must be free from fire,
Clear to skyline's rugged end
Trails are opened up again.

—EULA PARK HARRIS.

AN OLYMPIC FOREST FIRE

"There's a fire around old Constance' feet,"
The word was spread afar:
"There's a canyon chocked with smoke and heat,
The ridge a flaming bar."

"There's a void a-plenty that needs some meat—
Our shins can stand the cold:
To hell with blankets but lots to eat,
We mountaineers are bold!"

So thus they went with McClanahan
Around by Marmot Pass,
A couple of men and a dog of tan,
To find the fiery mass.

Now Bruckart hied him out of bed
And jumped into his boots;
"Saddle the mare," he loudly said,
"I'm off in just two hoots!"

He clattered away in the early fog,
As Paul Revere of old,
To follow the trail of the limping dog
And the mountaineers so bold.

His legs are small but his heart is big
(He scorns the man who cowers)—
Yes, you should see how his legs can dig!
He made her in just five hours!

Woe to the trio and the blistered pup
They trod o'er gloomy ways:
They wandered far in their paling luck
For three unholy days.

"I'll take a shot at the Dosie side,"
Ritter was heard to mutter;
"It looks no worse than an Umpqua slide;
They need a slug of butter!"

They sent a call to the Little Quil'
To rouse the cruisers lazy.

They were guided up by Bryan Bill
O'er cliffs that set you crazy.

"Kindly send me back in time, I pray,"
Was "Shorty" Cochrane's wail,
"Only to wash my neck and ears, I say,
Before I go to Yale."

"What is time to you, a worthless batch?"
Our Bill was heard to roar;
"Soon my child must lift the schoolhouse latch—
To education soar."

'Midst all the bellows and all the wails
A shadow crossed our path;
We all did tremble and then did quail—
"What's that soaring in humming wrath?"

Right out of our heads our eyes did pop,
The spectacle to see,
Our mouths they took a tremendous flop—
A soaring plane, by Gee!

"Bruck" did hide behind a stump—
Brave Bill behind a rock;
A prayer for chins like Andy Gump
A head of concrete block!

The pilot gunned for the little rock
And Mac did heave at Bill;
The sugar, syrup, and grocery stock
Did like some shrapnel spill.

The "snoose" did mix with the coffee brown,
The bread went in the lake,
The carrots spattered the hill-top round—
The blankets in their wake.

Then out did flutter a press dispatch,
Its headlines we did scan,
Our throats did quiver and then did catch:
"Men face death," the story ran.

We took a glance and a hasty gulp—
In thought of home-folks cringed:

"When brother dear is burning up
And Sonny Boy is singed."

Alack! My story's all but told—
A trail is in the making;
No longer are we the brave men bold
The public soon forsaking.

No more does airplane swoop by day,
To drop its mixed-up load;
And now we'll list' to the jack-ass bray
In answer to the goad.

To hell with flames and thundering rocks—
And flies all in the gravy—
To hell with holes in our dirty socks—
I'd rather join the Navy!

I want'a go back and cruise and map
And eat my beans in peace,
I want'a enjoy a week-long nap—
I'm tired of smoke and grease!

—NORMAN R. HAWLEY.

"WILL THIS HAPPEN TO YOU?"

When you've gone to school four toilsome years
And got your sheepskin by the ears;
When you've said goodbye to all the boys,
To co-eds, fun, good times, and noise;
You turn to the woods with expectation
Of fame and wealth in swift rotation.
You hit the ball from dawn till night,
You soon become an awful sight;
The squirrels become your associates,
You eat your grub from old tin plates
Your hair grows out in great profusion,
And life is just one long seclusion.
So time drags by, your hair turns gray,
"It's sure too bad," your old friends say;
"That a man with the brain of a financier
Should be a Logging Engineer."

—F. B. WILLERT.

SONS OF DANGER

Man with the slant of a ship's deck under,
Man on the range with spur at heel,
Man in the woods with the falling thunder
Of lonely giants that feel the steel—
These be three of the sons of wonder
Whose hearts hide more than their tongues reveal.

Men at counters who check and measure,
Men at tables with book and pen,
Men at windows, the sons of leisure,
Men at ledgers—men and men.
What know they of the mountain's treasure,
A camp-fire's smoke in a fern-sweet glen?

Far and bitter, the timber ranger,
Knowing the sting of the winter rain,
To hearth and home and peace a stranger,
Ready with axe or gun or chain—
Here is one of the sons of danger
Who knows what comfort there be in pain.

We know we ride for a hope unshaken,
We know we train for a stubborn fight;
But no regrets for the road we've taken,
The mountain cabin, the eagle's flight—
Slap on another slice of bacon,
And shoot the Java—'twill soon be night!

—WILLARD WATTLES.

PLANT A BARN

We used to grow on our own hills,
The boards to make our floors and sills,
But now-a-days we bring them on
From Arkansas and Oregon.
Looks like the sons of me and you
Must import wood from Timbuctoo
If they would build a house and stoop,
A cowbarn and a chicken coop.
To right the wrong while yet we can,
Our forestry extension man
Has got a slogan and a plan.
He's pondered long upon the question
And "Plant a Barn" is his suggestion.
If you start little trees today
Your son will see them on the way,
And your son's son may house his hay.
Two acres pine will see him through it,
One and a half will likely do it.
Your farm has got some rugged spot
That you could use as well as not.
But let us plant a little more
To build a house, roof, walls and floor,
And make that other needed shack,
A little off and somewhat back—
Although I hope in days a-coming
The farmer folk will all have plumbing.
O I am stirred, by thoughts like these,
I'll bend my back, I'll bend my knees,
I'll set a lot of little trees,
I'll crown the hill with noble pine
To help my grandson house his kine,
That he may have upon his barnsite.
A better building by a darn sight.

—BOB ADAMS.

THE FORESTER

I am a Forester;
A humble worker in the forests;
An inspired grower;
A maker of resource music for all Nations.

My symphonies are composed in young trees and in growing woods;
My lyrics are the winds through green tree-tops;
A scale stick is my baton;
My musicians are the rushing waters
Of constant streams fed from tree-protected mountain springs.

I plant and guard and grow
The raw resources which fills a Nation's need,
For industry, for comfort, and for beauty,
In wood, the universal meed.

I labor that others, yet unborn,
May still have wood,
To build the home, the shop; may read, and live in comfort;
Mine is the vision which sees beyond today's small firs
To lumber for a Nation's use, and pleasure;
I plant the seedlings I shall never fell;
I am a forester.

—JNO. D. GUTHRIE.

(Adapted).

THE LABORATORY BRAG

'Way out in the four lakes country,
In the town of Madison,
There's a forest laboratory,
Where the world's best work is done.

We invented timber physics
To explain why wood is wet;
With his microscope and razor
Koehler found it, you can bet!

It's the modulus that ruptures,
When a piece of wood is light.
We discovered wood mechanics—
Newlin doped it out one night!

We squirt creosote in cross ties—
Molds and rot for mercy squeal.
The world's made safe for railroad sleepers
Through our wood-preserving zeal.

When we made struts, beams and plywood,
And our peerless casein glue,
Kaiser Bill—quickly deflated —
Legged it out for pastures new.

Then we took to testing boxes,
In a drum that turns around,
And the drum beats of that box drum
'Round the whole wide world resound.

We make cow feed out of sawdust,
Feed that cows have voted good;
They forsake their oats and barley
For the grain that's in the wood.

The Lab was born in Indiana,
First adopted by Purdue,
Then Wisconsin wooed and won her,
Built for her a building new.

But she's now outgrown that building,
And Wisconsin's love's grown cold.
Who will shelter and befriend her,
Now that she's grown big and old?

Congress, Congress, I've been thinking,
What a loss to you and me,
If the Lab is not supported
In the style that she should be.

—WILBUR LLOYD JONES.

PLANTING A TREE

What does he plant who plants a tree?
A scion full of potency;
He plants his faith, a prophecy
Of bloom, and fruitfulness to be;
He plants a shade where robins sing,
Where orioles their nestlings swing;
A Burning Bush,—a miracle!
Who plants a tree,—he doeth well!

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He makes a strong mast for the Sea;
He makes the earth productive, fair;
He helps the vines climb high in air,
And from their censers shed perfume
To sweeten Night, and bless high Noon,
Against the vandals who despoil
He sets his protest in the soil.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
An emblem of the Men to be:
Who lightly touch terrestrial clay,
But far above the earth, away
From sordid things and base,
Incarnate ideals for their race,—
Who plants a tree, he doeth well,—
Performs with GOD, a miracle!

WHY IS A FORESTER?

There on high, through the April sky go a band of north-
bound geese.
How straight and true they travel through to the north,
the lakes and peace.
As they fade from view in the boundless blue, I feel myself
give way
To a pulsing surge, a pulling urge, to follow the geese away.

So I've tied my pack, I'm going back to the shore of a crys-
tal lake.
From the city's moil, from the city's toil, from the filth that
cities make.
With one true friend that will not bend to the puppet
powers that be
Away to the wood where the world is good, just one true
friend and me.

We'll do our share in the open air of our work for the human
race.
In the north or west, they all are best with forests every
place.
We'll make our home 'neath an azure dome, at the foot of
a giant pine,
Where all we see is offered free, the world is his and mine.

You'll know what I mean if you've ever seen the close of a
summer day,
Watched crimson and jade turn to gold and fade behind the
trees and away;
Seen a snow-capped spire in a cloud of fire reflected in a
clear lagoon;
Seen the birch's white bark in the gathering dark, or a pine
against the moon.

Watched the stars come out and all about, the night's deep
shadows fall;
While the campfire's light shuts out the night behind a black
impassable wall,
With the day's work done, the cruise strip run, or another
location line,

With topog and type all checked just right, it's the woodsmen's friendship time.

Oh, again to gaze at a dancing blaze, to watch the red coals gleam and glow,
While away up high the great trees sigh as the south winds softly blow,
Then to go to rest, where rest is best, while the round moon slowly climbs,
To be lulled away to another day by the whisperings of the pines.

—C. A. RINDT.

THE CAMP OF YESTERDAY

In a high-flung meadow, where the wild birds thrill,
We pitched our camp near a murmuring rill—
In a willow-rimmed meadow, whose glorious sheen,
Taught the Creator of all to paint the emerald green.

'Twas a circle of color, 'neath beetling crags,
Whence the cohorts of dawn flung crimson flags;
With a lake in the center—of turquoise blue—
And a sward pinked with flowers of gorgeous hue.

With a rampart of firs, whose straight, slim spars,
Were mayhap intended to point to the stars
As the white scrubbed decks slow dip to the tide,
That beats so gently on Tahiti's side.

Now all beauty has perished, grim sentinels stand,
A gloom to our hearthstones, a mar to our land;
(No sweet sounding bird notes, no bloom-crested hill)
And the blue rippling water is muddy and still.

For the grim fire demon his havoc has spread,
And the Children of Nature are marked with the dead.
(No beauteous splendor, no wealth of perfume),
Our glorious landscape is naught but a tomb.

—CHARLES V. BRERETON.

A BOB-TAILED FLUSH

There came unto me yesterday
An old man, worn and gray,
Said he, "Could you feed me, Ranger,
I've had naught to eat this day!"

As he sat at the table eating
He talked of other lands,
Of Alaska's frozen rivers,
Of the desert's parching sands.

He spoke of Paris Boulevards,
Of the streets of San Antone,
He mentioned Forty-second Street
And the Plazas of Torreon.

He spoke of Buenos Ayres
As though it were across the street;
In fact such a traveled gentleman
I had never chanced to meet.

He talked of the Versailles Treaty
As though it were a personal affair;
He juggled kings and kingdoms
And never turned a hair.

He told me he had once been wealthy
And lived in a mansion grand;
He created a feeling of opulence
With a gesture of his hand.

As I watched this palsied stranger
I wondered what misfortune in life
Had brought him to lowly condition,
This evident defeat in the strife.

Was it women, or was it only wine
Had pushed him in the mire?
In the thought that I might help him
I made bold then to inquire.

Tears in his dim eyes, he told me—
The words came with a rush—
"I've wasted my life and possessions
Trying to fill a bob-tailed flush!"

—JOHN R. PAINTER.

THE OLD FORESTER'S ADVICE

Young Forester, who yearns to wed,
I'm asking you in jesting guise,
But would that you were Service-wise
And you would ask yourself instead:

Has your fair and fond intended
These extra virtues ingeniously blended:
Can she live on a widow's mite?
Is she afraid of the lonesome night?
Can she endure with hope deferred?
With a smiling face and a cheerful word?
Has she the soul of a pioneer
Content to live on the last frontier?
Will she hold tight the lover's knot,
Forgetting the world—by the world forgot?
Does she really prefer your own poor self
To the whole wide world with its pride and pelf?
Is she—and this is the long and short—
A genuine, thorobred, dead game sport?

To all of this, or I miss my guess
The fatuous simp will answer, "Yes",
So ladies, beware! I've spoken straight:
I'd crown the boob, and give him the gate!

—ROBERT W. AYRES.

THE FIREMAN

He lies beneath the green tree's shade;
The shavings from his keen knife blade
Lie thick around him on the ground.
Behind him on the cabin wall,
His telephone sends forth its call,
Breaking silence too profound,—
For the Fireman.

"Dispatcher's office did you say?
Fire over Rockpile Mountain way.
Township twelve and range eight east,
Southwest quarter, section eight."
Hope I don't get there too late!
'Sa hard old life—a jungle beast,
The Fireman.

Shavings raked into the stove.
Fire put out and thro' the grove
Are signs of preparation.
Tools and pack are shouldered now.
"Blamed if I can see quite how
They call this a vacation," —
Says the Fireman.

"Eight minutes starting—not so bad,
Get a hustle on you, lad,
And hit 'er while she's small.
Pretty stiff ol' climb up there;
Makes you do your stuff for fair—
You've got to get there tho', that's all—
You Fireman."

Lots of idle days all right,
But when the call comes—day or night—
He's got to be there, on the go.
Eight-hour days are not for him,
By night and firelight vague and dim,
He swings his grubbin' hoe—
The Fireman.

—CARL SIMONS.

THE TRAIL

It winds, and climbs, and dips, and turns,
On mountain ridge, through canyons deep,
By dew-clear streams, through endless ferns,—
There I have lain me down to sleep.

And higher still—o'er clouds it climbs,
Mid peaks like isles on misty sea;
By mossy rocks, 'neath whispering firs,—
'Tis there my soul still longs to be.

The mother quail with mournful call,
Broods there her babes in silence deep;
The red deer lurks where shadows fall,—
There I have lain me down to sleep.

Giants of cedar guard the trail,
Where bluejays scold with bristled crest,
And overhead the eagles sail,—
As I lay me down to quiet rest.

Where fawn-fed cougar calls its mate,
Mid ghosts of trees in forest burn,
Where lone wolf howls in fear and hate,—
'Tis there my wandering feet will turn.

Where wide oaks of mountain meadows,
Draped with grey moss by nature's hand,
Where snow-capped peaks cast evening shadows—
In thought and dreams on the trail I stand.

—JOE HUSPOSKA.

IT'S JUST HUMIDITY!

Now, we are Forest Service men
As anyone can see!
We've always fought the forest fire
Wherever it might be;
Now we came here to find out what
Made fire burn and get so hot,
And most we hear this tommyrot—
It's just humidity.

From District One, there comes a man,
He says, this man, says he:
"We took of duff and dirt a peck
And found that they exactly check,"
But D-6 says: "You're wrong, By Heck;
It's just humidity."

From District Two, there comes a man
Of great ability;
Just listen, please, to Mr. Bates;
He tells us water evaporates.
The curve, says D-4, indicates
It's just humidity.

From out of the East there come some men
As wise as wise can be,
Now, vapor pressure they would bring,
With temperature, it's just the thing;
And Osborne now can barely sing:
"That is humidity."

Another man is on the floor
To sound another key,
It's Zon; he says: "I've known it to rain
And think that it will do it again."
But Hofmann says: "You give me a pain,
It's just humidity."

The land of foot-and-mouth disease
Sends men who shout in glee;
"Cycrometers are very punk,

Statistics give us all the junk"—
But District 6 says: "That's the bunk;
It's all humidity."

Now Kelley says to forecast fires
Is easy as can be;
He fights them hard or eats his meals,
Depending on just how he feels.
But D-6 says: "Now that reveals
It's just humidity."

And now we're going back again
As happy as can be;
We'll throw away our shovels and hoes
And watch the fire while it goes
And fight it with air since everyone knows—
It's just humidity.

—R. H. CHAPLER.

Madison Fire Research Conference, March, 1924.

O-FINANCE-ALLOTMENT-FORAGE

The Ranger fed old "Conservation"
Eight pounds of oats a day,
As per the Regulation;
Some twenty pounds of hay.

Old "Con", he was a good cayuse,
None better in District Three;
Three months of this abuse,
And he cashed 'em in, you see.

The moral to this tale, Old Kid,
Is simply this, you know;
A real horse cannot be rid,
If you have to treat him so.

So buy your-self a jackass,
Something small and neat;
Most any-thing will pass,
If he doesn't have to eat.

—FRED HILER.

THE CALL

Oh, the springtime is here, and the summer is near,
And I dig out my saddle and pack,
For the mountains have called, and they have me enthralled,
And I long to be journeying back.

So I pull up the straps, and I buckle my "chaps",
And I head for the old timbered trail
Where the mountain birds sing, and the grouse takes to wing,
And I hear the clear call of the quail.

I am humming a song as I'm jogging along,
For the charm of the wild solitude
Seems to fill me with joy, like a frolicsome boy,
And to banish each troublesome mood.

Even sweeter than wines is the breath of the pines,
As they murmur a beautiful hymn,
And they beckon and sway, while the tree-squirrels play,
And the porcupine lies on a limb.

And the high canyon bluff that's so craggy and rough,
With the trail winding carefully o'er,
Is a picturesque view seen by only a few
Who would delve into Dame Nature's lore.

How my being delights as I witness the sights
Where the nimble deer bounds to and fro
Where the bald eagle soars, and the cataract roars,
And the summits are wrapt in the snow.

Oh, I bid you to come, and together we'll roam
Where Paradise ever is nigh;
And we'll camp by the lake where the tall aspens quake,
And the speckled trout leaps to the fly.

—BENJAMIN L. JOHNSON.

ODE TO A ROAD RUNNER

Quaint spirit of cactus and brushland,
Capped, mischievous, gray-coated clown:
Famed runner of desert and foot-hill,
Mystic bird, folk-lored with renown:
Cheerful thou in forbidding surroundings,
Alert, quick-witted and keen,
Of a misty past thus the survivor,
Linking present to ages unseen.

Emblem thou, strange bird, to a red clan,
Who the desert once with you did share;
Where both of you fought for a living
And hunted the game to its lair.
Just a living you ask and you strive for
Mid the chaparral, rocks, desert range;
From your regular diet most horrid
Not a being should envy a change.

May the Master Mind, goblin, which formed thee,
Ne'er be questioned by mortal's bound ken,
May the appetite with which He endowed thee
Not be judged of adversely by men.
Thou exponent of laws which had valence
Before Adam appeared, or his mate,
Give us grace not to alter the balance
Of the beauties which Thou didst create.

—OTTO P. SCHOENBERG.

THE FOREST RANGER

The forest ranger rides from town
And low his bridle rein hangs down;
The sure foot mule that bears his pack
Jogs on unhaltered at his back;
    But if the jingling spur
Clanks for a moment on the ground
Half in the trail he turns him round
    To crop the tufted grass.

The ranger strikes the hillward trail
And well his roving eyes avail
To mark what sign of weather bides
Up on the mountain where he rides,
    Or matters gone amiss;
What sapling firs the cattle broke,
What far trailed banners of blue smoke
    Announce forbidden fires.

His work to ward the viewless lines
That guard a thousand years of pines
From foolish waste and careless fires
Defend the rain-imploring spires
    That throng ascending steeps,
And where the seedling tree uprears
To hide the scar of witless years,
    To stay the ruthless flocks.

His horse he pastures on the sod
Of glacier meadows else untrod,
One day he mends the dizzying trails
Where next the thunderous storm prevails;
    Or be it snow or sleet
Tightens his knees to his horse's sides,
Swims the sharp ford and forward rides,
    So rides he through the rain.

—MARY AUSTIN.

ONE HOUR — UNCLASSIFIED

"A good, and sound, and trusty horse,"
The Deputy Super said,
He looked all right, but then,
His name was "Hammerhead".
We caught him in the corral one day
And slung a sawbuck on his back,
And then, by jerks, we snaked him out
To where we had the pack.
The spuds were in the panniers,
And the eggs and milk and ham,
The fruit and the rice and honey,
We'd got from Uncle Sam.
And when we threw the packs on,
Old "Hammerhead" tried to fly;
The eggs, they hit the ground,
And the spuds, they hit the sky;
By and by the ham came down,
And spuds began to drop,
The half a bushel we couldn't find
Will prob'ly start a crop.
To kick the gates to splinters
Old "Hammer" then did try;
The Deputy grabbed a blueberry can
And soaked him in the eye.
The dust began to clear away,
The Deputy looked peaved,
While from the irrigation ditch
Our socks we then retrieved.
"Our eggs are smashed! Our spuds are gone!"
The Deputy Super cried,
While I wrote in my diary:
"One Hour — Unclassified."

—J. C. SCHWAN.

TOLL

High riggers top 'em in the green spruce forest,
Axes ringing to the "Timber!" shout,
Donkeys snorting through their high screened smokestacks
As highball loggers send the tall trees out;
Saws go whining through the fragrant timber,
Gray smoke drifting from the slashing fires,
Caulked shoes dodging as the mainline whips
And king trees topple like reeling spires—
A battered body by a chip-ringed bole
—The timberlands demand their toll.

So, plant his carcass near the mocking spruces,
Say "So long, Bill!" to his broken bones,
Back to the timbers with saws and axes—
Not a requiem save the snow-wind's moans;
Tall trees come crashing, steel ropes a-singing,
Snaking the logs to the panting Shay,
To thread the aisles to the roaring river
And churn and plunge to the tideswept bay—
A slip and a yell, and an upthrown pole
—The plunging creek must take its toll.

Towing down the Sound on a tugboat's hawser
And into the sawmill's placid pond,
Up on the clinking chain, all dripping,
Then through the saws to the yard beyond;
Steel bandsaws singing high, gang saws chugging,
White smoke-plumes tossed on the spruce-tanged air,
A lurch and a cry—and a blob of crimson,
And a severed body, hanging there—
Ah! Slide him gently in his new-dug hole
—The whining saws must take their toll.

Gather up the short ends, the butts and wastage,
Chew 'em in the pulp mill half the night,
Out on the cylinders, through the dryers,
Here spins the paper roll, virgin and white,
Wrap it close, trundle it aboard the freighter,

Sling it on, snugged down next its fellows,
Ship it south, lug it where presses wait,
Whirl it on swiftly, printing "yellows"—
"Pow!" whams the slapstick; clowns play their role;
—The comic strips must take their toll.

—JIM MARSHALL.

YANKEE TREES IN FRANCE

No futile wreaths that fade and die,
Whose life is but a day,
Can truly honor those who lie
So many leagues away;
Nor fainting blossoms represent
The hope, the strength, the urge
Of Youth incarnate—why, it sent
Them laughing, to the verge.

For those who perished overseas,
Our glorious host that lies
In France, let hosts of loving trees
Gloriously arise.
Rise where charred limbs of older trees,
Flung mute against the sky,
To countless wanton cruelties
In silence testify.

And at some distant future day
When we, who mourn them now,
Because they died—the self same way
Have followed them, oh how
Shall we deserve so fine a thing
For our memorial,
As trees lit with the green of spring,
Or scarlet fires of fall?

THE CALL OF THE WILD

Oh it's off to the woods, to the tall uncut,
Get ye gone, do the work of a man,
Far away from the sphere of society's rut,
Live the life that is free while you can.

You have lingered too long on the smooth city streets
You have dined where soft music steals,
Get out for a while where the wild tempest beats
And the rattlesnake strikes at your heels.

Get out to the hills where the wild waters roar,
While they rush, as for life, to the sea,
To the crags where the eagles so gracefully soar
And the mountain sheep craftily flee.

Take a plunge in a stream that is like liquid ice,
Take a ride on a steed that's alive,
Get out where the need is for men, not for mice,
Get out where the strongest survive.

'Tis the wild that is calling the forester on,
'Tis the call of the life that is real,
And his voice rings with joy as he shouts, 'I am gone
To reply to that welcome appeal.'

—CARL A. KUPFER.

THE MUSE TURNS

"Write poetry for the Bulletin,"
The Editor despairing cries:
And cares not if some high emprise
Is interrupted by his din.

Does Uncle Sam requite his slaves
For nonsense couched in halting verse,
Or will he merely rate them worse
Than he had thought—the wretched knaves?

Which one of us can write good prose
That in a year from now will be
As clear as he supposed it, say
One day when flights of fancy rose?

If some such master mind exist
Let him then woo the Muse and try
What poesy serene and high
Can be produced 'tween mind and fist.

I wish him joy and peace and luck
But this will prove abundantly
That such a task is not for me:
Here, Editor, I pass the buck.

Do thou, thyself, now grasp the pen
And show us how it should be done;
Perchance I'm not the only one
Will lift his voice and chortle then.

—C. A. HOAR.

GRAND MESA

Ages ago when the world was young
Mother Nature conceived the plan
Of building a mountain so large and grand
That forever and always it would stand
A monument to dwarf the works of man.
So she fired volcanoes and poured o'er the spot
A molten lake of lava, white hot.
This cooled and hardened and capped the plain,
Making it impervious to the driving rain,
Which little by little wore away
The adjacent hills of shale and clay.
And thus thru countless eons of time
Grand Mesa arose, majestic, sublime.
Nature then in her leisure hours,
Spread the seeds of trees and flowers
And watered them all with frequent showers,
'Till over the slopes and on top there grew
Blossoms of almost every hue,
Stately spruce and aspen white
Crowned the summit and strove with might
To make the mountain both green and bright
And a fitting haunt of the antlered tribe
Of elk and deer and mountain sheep,
Or the cinnamon bear that spends in sleep
The long cold winters, for there must be snow
To furnish water for the land below
And fill the lakes that shimmer and shine
Thru the golden days of the summer time.
A wonderful mountain to beckon and call,
That is now accessible to one and all,
For a road has been cut through the mighty wall
That encircles the summit and guards with care
A forest playground with ozone rare,
That restores one's pep and gives him vim
To fight life's battles and puts him in trim
To do better work when his vacation is o'er,
For time is not lost that is spent on the shore

Of the lakes that gleam through the spruces tall,
Where the grandeur of nature makes man feel small.
'Tis a glorious mesa we all agree.
But remember it's up to you and me
To preserve its beauty from the careless spark,
For the fiery demon has left his mark
On many a slope and in many a park.
Let us protect the game and watch it grow,
In the favored haunts it used to know,
And guard well the purity of lake and rill
And rightfully cherish this "Grand Old Hill."

—RAY PECK.

THE OLD FRYING PAN

You may talk of your broilers, both single and double,
Your roasters and toasters they're all lots of trouble,
But when out in the hills, just find if you can,
Any kind of a dish like the old frying pan.
Over the campfire you don't need a stove;
Out in the hills, the place we all love,
Such hot cakes they never were toasted by man,
With many the thanks to the old frying pan.
When the trout are all fried to rich golden brown,
I know old epicures would look, with a frown,
At the meal set before me—dispute it who can—
With naught for a plate but the old frying pan.
With the venison cooked, the potatoes all fried,
Bannocks, like bed-quilts, with coffee besides,
You could eat till you busted, die satisfied man.
Was dish e'er invented like the old frying pan?
So your praises I'll shout, both far wide and high,
That you're the best dish, till the day that I die,
Why, there's many a woman cleaned up on her man
With no other club but the old frying pan.

—J. WHILT.

THE BARGAIN OF FOREST AND STREAM

The streams and the woods made a bargain,
That as long as the waters ran,
And as long as the trees grew skyward,
They'd follow this helpful plan:

The trees would shelter the rivers
And hold their flood-waters back.
The rivers would nourish the forest
And see that it ne'er would lack.

You never will have a river,
Steady and sure in its flow,
Unless in its upper reaches
Trees verdant and helpful grow.

And ne'er will you find a forest,
Wide and refreshing and grand,
Unless it is nourished by rivers
That flow through, renewing the land.

And man, who destroys the timber,
Leaving the mountain slopes bare,
Wonders what dried up the rivers
That once ran steadily there.

—A. G. JACKSON.

TEMPLES

I've seen the largest cities in the countries far and near,
I've been around the world a time or two,
I've seen the Woolworth building with its windows tier
on tier,
I've seen the best that archietcts can do.

I've seen the domes, the spires, and minarets of every land,
I've seen them all from Rome to Novgorod,
But never have I seen a structure raised by human hand
As noble as the temples built by God.

The purple hills at evening in the quiet alpenglow,
The granite hills beneath a starlit sky;
The giants of the forest gently waving to and fro,
The breezes passing o'er them with a sigh.

I've seen the Eiffel Tower and the dome of old St. Paul's,
The massive buttresses of Notre Dame,
I've passed among the ruins and the lichen-covered walls
Of castles built before the Saviour came.

I've seen the ancient ruins of Pompeii and of Tyre,
I've seen the Roman Halls where Caesar trod,
But all the grandest buildings of the earth could not inspire
Such reverence as the temples built by God.

Mountain peaks at evening in the quiet alpenglow,
The granite spires beneath a starlit sky,
The giants of the forest gently waving to and fro
The breezes passing o'er them with a sigh.

—GEORGE R. HOPPING.

THE DOUGLAS FIRS

Majestic, tall, inspiring, grand,
The forest firs in glory stand;
By God's approval, "very good",
A work of wonder wrought in wood.

When e'er beneath their spreading arms
I stand to contemplate their charms;
I bare my head to honor them—
The stately fir! a forest gem!

Cathedral-like they wall me 'round
And change the sod to holy ground:
They cleanse my thoughts like pillar'd nave,
And worship strives my soul to save.

Their sky-aspiring heads they raise
And urge in me the upward gaze;
So straight of trunk, so clean of limb,
So reverently they speak of Him.

And as my soul with them communes,
They answer me in whispered tunes;
Some notes wind-uttered, sweetly clear,
And some but for the inner ear.

The anthems of this holy choir,
In music potent to inspire,
On all occasions bring to me,
Their holy-themes of service free.

Great beams to bridge the thwarting stream;
Keen flame to urge the toiling steam;
Rich-glowing embers for the grate,
The winter's chill to dissipate.

Stout walls to bear the family roof,
Protection kind: and torrent proof:
And as, to count their wealth, I try,
The service seems to multiply.

The church, the school, the warehouse wall,
The home, the legislative hall,
The spar to spread the trader's sail,
And ties to bear the traffic rail.

These gifts, all these, and vastly more,
Enrich the vision of their store,
Till unto men, they truly stand,
Examples of God's open hand.

—R. MANLEY ORR.

FIELD SEASON

Well, field season's once more upon us,
And we take to the hills with joy.
We've been marking time in the office,
And we don't like that typewriter toy.

First of all, we are men of the outdoors,
Rangers all, with a love of the trail;
Anxious to get to our field season chores,
With a zest that can not fail.

Trails and phone lines to repair,
For fire season's just in the offing;
Stock must be settled, where grass is to spare,
But we, at our jobs, are not scoffing.

So, gladly we wrangle the pack string,
Or rise with the dawn to count sheep;
What if the day is long, it will bring
A chance 'neath the stars to sleep.

This is the part of the game we like best!
We are kings of our small domain;
We don't lay much coin in the old treasure chest,
But the joy of Field Season's pure gain.

—MRS. (RANGER) K. H. MCCOOL.

THE FOREST FIRE

Who was careless, no one knows;
Yet the fire goes, goes,
    Flaming gold.
Now it makes a sudden sally,
Leaving in a once-green valley
    Woe untold.

Watch it jump, higher, higher;
'Tis an ancient funeral pyre,
    Burning bright.
Like some demon or a devil,
In a sort of drunken revel,
    In the night.

Burning this way, burning that,
Laying forests in a flat,
    Smouldering mass.
What an orgy now it makes!
Every living thing it takes,
    To the last.

Wood folks running helter-skelter,
Looking for some kind of shelter
    From the heat;
Running on before the roar,
Run till they can run no more,
    With blistered feet.

Then advancing in a cloud,
Laughs the flame fiend in a loud,
    Terrific crash;
And the sturdy little band
Perish bravely, as they stand,
    In a flash.

On the one who is the cause
All the vigor of the laws
    Should be brought;

He should suffer just the same
As the victims of the flame
He has wrought.

—EARL MACTOWNER.

WHEN THE LOGGING ENGINEER GETS TO HEAVEN

Oh, when we get to heaven beside the crystal sea,
Come, tell me, parson, answer this for me:
Won't there be nothin' else to do than twiddle a harp string,
Or set down in a golden chair to hear the angels sing?
No trails to build; no fires to fight;
No railroad location laid out right;
No piles to drive down for a trestle;
No donkey engine's screeching whistle;
No spar poles rigged; no skylines raised;
No skookum yarder to be praised;
No hard-boiled hooker to give 'em h—l;
No timber faller's lusty call?
Come, tell me, parson, answer this for me:
For what's the use of engineers where everything's complete?
Me, that's engineered plumb square and true
A whole life long of livin' through,
If when I get beyond the sun,
There ain't no loggin' to be done—
Why, what's the use of dyin' till the whole job here's complete?
Come, tell me, parson, answer this for me.

—JACK LUNDEEN.

THE FOREST RANGER'S CHRISTMAS

Alone—yet not alone is he;
A hundred forest creatures share
His vigil in the silent wood,
Where, like an upward-drifting prayer,
His smoke arises, 'broidered high
'Gainst the blue tapestry of sky!

His altar and his hearth are one—
A broad, flat rock where dim trails wind;
A long day's fast hath left him clean
And chaste of spirit and of mind,
And 'tis both feast and sacrament
That sends abroad the goodly scent.

Rich, browning flakes of venison,
And bubbling coffee fill the air
With incense, spiraling above
Toward the heavens like fragrant prayer—
Man's prayer of thanks for all good things,
That from the heart, unconscious, springs.

His Christmas trees are everywhere,
Like white flames lifting to the throne;
Unsightly dross is burned away
And leaves but loveliness alone;
With what great broom have angels swept
Earth white and clean, the while man slept?

In crystal pendants from each bough
Drip, to his fancy, Mary's tears
At losing one so dearly bought . . .
And now a song floats to his ears—
A Christmas carol, clear and far,
As if the wind blew from the Star!

—WRIGHT FIELD.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

Deep-dish huckleberry pie,
Lobster Newburg, oyster fry,
Shrimp croquettes and sweetbreads creamed,
Cocoa roll, fruit pudding steamed,
Cream puffs, chocolate eclairs,
Crabs an' alligator pears,
Chicken in a casserole,
Marguery's filet de sole,
Curried eggs and salmon steaks,
Sausages and buckwheat cakes,
Frogs' legs fried, Casino clams,
Spicy jellies, sugary jams,
Chicken, lobster, mayonnaise,
Artichokes with Hollandaise,
Apple fritters, cheese souffle,
Spanish cream, meringue glace,
Chicken livers en brochette,
Steak and onions, omelette,
Tutti frutti, terrapin,
Big sweet buns with raisins in—

Oh, my gosh, why list them more?
Why write them down when before
Me is a doughgob and some beans?
Cruising's pleasant, but it means
Sleeping on the ground and then
Eating mostly mulligan.
But just writing down these things
Sort of hollow comfort brings.

—W. D. LOVEGREEN.

WATER BOY

Water boy so slim and tender,
Little do these woodsmen care,
While you struggle 'cross the logs,
Calling here, calling there,
Swearing when you come in sight,
Growling 'cause you've been so long,
Have they not long since forgot
Time when they were not so strong?

Yet you serve them, quench them, ease them
When the heat invades their blood.
First the teamsters, then the sawyers,
Train crew and the men that load.
You are ever faithful, though
Sun is streaming from the sky;
Yours the labor seldom praised.
"Water! water!" woodsmen cry.

What your thoughts and longings are
Little can these rough men say,
Know not what 'twould mean to you
Learning e'er should come your way.
Father crippled at the camp,
Mother boarding forty men,
Smaller ones to clothe and feed,
Make you long for strength of ten.

Hear them shout amidst the timber—
"Waterjack! Waterjack!
"Where the devil has he gone?
"Should be there and half way back!"
Toting jug with cooling draught
Smiling, here you come again,
Hardly has the drink been served,
"Waterboy!" shout twenty men.

Long, hard hours in the woods,
No vacation job for you;
All year round your duty lasts,
Better lot should be your due.

Uncouth words your language lesson;
Learning only trees to fell;
Liquor, fights, your social training;
Church—damnation fires and hell.

Dream of castles, knights of old,
Ever there to lend a hand—
Call for water, you are bold—
Knighthood of another brand.
Waterboy, oh waterboy,
Serve the woodsmen, serve them well,
Heart that's ever gay with youth,
All your joy within doth dwell.

—JOHN B. CUNO.

SMELL OF THE PINE

Rangers, give me the smell of the pine,
The cedar and spruce on a mountain incline;
Those barren old rocks are nuggets to me
Where the grass is tall in a cow country.

I wouldn't trade one corner of the West
For all the East at its very best.
Throw in your dudes and their great estates,
Their dazzling lures, and little playmates—
They call 'em flappers—they say they do—
In Wyo she's a cow-girl thru and thru.

* * * *

I'll leave a will beneath a rock on the divide
As I pass over the trail to God's other side
I give my shooting irons to untried toters,
Tin-Horn Fakirs and the dry-issue voters:
But the notches on the barrel are secrets of mine,
The pictures on the handle "My Range Dandelion"
A cow-girl who rode the mountain ridges with me
In God's country, now gone to HISTORY.

—FRANK SPARHAWK.

THE DENVER MEETING—1926

The Foresters' meeting
Held in Denver town
Was filled with pep and action
Here is what they found.

Protect forest resources,
Put morale on a higher plane.
Is cost accounting working
And the use of funds sane?
Speed up the personnel,
Work out simple plans,
Make administration effective
O'er all the forest lands.
Carry on the training,
Recruit the force with care,
Develop more technicians
They're needed everywhere.
Bear down on allotments,
Cut out the paper work,
Through use of time, emphasize!
Never a job to shirk.
Advance inspection methods,
Shove standards to the fore,
Revive the Service spirit
As in the days of yore. . .
Improve the administrator,
Hang bureaucracy on the rack,
Are priorities slipping,
If so,—bring them back.
Develop all objectives,
Be patient, frank and square,
Encourage progressive travel,
Make decisions fair.

When the sessions ended,
And reports were read,
All problems had been fully solved—
What more could be said?

THE CALL TO THE FOREST

There is something 'bout the forest
That gets in a fellow's blood.
And the funny part about it is—it stays.
Tho' he is often wont to leave it,
Yet he would not if he could.
For when all is said and done—it's Nature's ways
Once you've breathed the fragrant air
Of the pines, the spruce and firs,—
And have trod the lonely trail
Where the frightened wood-grouse whirrs,
Slept beneath the open sky,
Heard the nighthawk's eyrie cry,
Nothing else can satisfy the inner man.

No man need e'er be lonesome
Who can call the pines his friends.
Each passing breeze a message brings
To soothe his moods and whims.
'Tis strange how one gets lonely
In a city's passing crowds.
If he would only hit the timber
He'd see sunshine, 'stead of clouds.
Some claim life is what we make it;
That may be true; I cannot say.
But to me 'tis lived its fullest
Where the timberland holds sway.

—HARRY I. NETTLETON.

SATAN'S IMP

Old Satan one day sat on a red-hot stone
Where the sulphurous breezes soar,
And beat his horns and stamped his hoofs
And set up an awful roar.

An Imp approached with black, sweaty brow
And asked what the trouble might be;
His Majesty screamed out a red-hot oath
And to the sooty Imp spake he:—

"I've run this old place for millions of years,
And 'tis known both far and wide,
But here I have lost all my control,
And can't help it to save my hide.

Since that lot of Rangers came last week
The place is growing decidedly cold;
For they've smothered the fires and built fire lines
And they refuse to shovel coal.

A fire-finder sets on top of that hill
Right where my throne used to be,
And the Lookout man there he spots the fires
Before they are big enough to see;

They've made a camp-ground and set out some trees,
Built a nine-foot Kelley road,
Issued John Smith a grazing permit
On a range where grass was just sowed.

I've used thousands of pencils writing for help,
Which I sure need but it don't seem to come,
While those darned Rangers worked over the place
And put it for fair on the bum.

They've developed a spring that runs a large stream,
Fire notices are thick as can be;—
I know when I'm beat, and I'm leaving here now,
For there's nothing left here for me."

The Imp looked his old chief right in the eye—
He looked him through and through,
He spat on the ground and then he said:
"I'll tell you what we *can* do.

Just make that bunch take an office apiece
And then call for reports thick and fast,
On G, L, and S, PR and O,
Mark 'em "Special" to make them work fast.

Have them make an Annual Grazing Report,
And throw in a few Working Plans—
Then have 'em explain why the Plans didn't work—
Make 'em write till they blister their hands."

Old Satan did as the Imp did suggest,
And the Rangers went to work with a will
The asbestos pencils they used were a fright—
And they say they are working there still!

So now, brother Rangers, watch closely your step,
Or the next world may bring little bliss;
It may be a change, that is all true enough,
But it may be just a continuation of this.

—J. O. F. ANDERSON.

A NATION'S NEGLECT

Stumps! Stumps! Stumps! A wreckage of forest-land clumps.
A warning, at best, is the land spread undressed.
And bare, save the maelstrom of stumps.
Wrecked! Wrecked! Wrecked! A picture of wanton neglect.
The victims of fire, and a scene to inspire
The thought that the loss must be checked.

* * * *

Save! Save! Save! Let's turn out our man-power and slave.
Ere nature is killed, we must start to rebuild
With trees, and the open lands pave.
Plant! Plant! Plant! Say, where is the man who won't grant
That reforestation will help save our nation?
Consider the trees, and then plant!

—HAL COCHRAN.

LAMENTATIONS

There was a laminated man with a laminated brain,
He stuck himself with casein glue, to save him from the rain.
He had a little stuck-up wife who wore a plywood hat,
And they lived in peace together in a built-up plywood flat.

Their only article of food was vegetable glue;
He said that it stuck to his ribs and made him feel like new,
And frequently he stuck his friends just like a financier,
And when they asked him to repay, he talked viscosity and shear.

He tried to soak his wife one day with a laminated bat;
And the only thing that saved her was her plywood Easter hat.
Then to show how much she loved him she lammed him on the bean
With her laminated rolling pin glued up with good casein.

Then they patched up their trouble with a can of liquid glue,
But dared not go out in the rain for fear 'twould break anew,
But finally they decided whatever be the weather
Man's fate is only to be stuck, so they would stick together.

—GEORGE M. HUNT.

THE WOUNDED DOE

The rifle voiced its call to sleep
Far in the quiet of the forest deep,
And a wounded doe lay dying.

The snarl and stealth of the wild wolf-pack—
As it circled and crept in brutal attack,
The soul of hate portraying—
'Twas atune with the craze of human desire
Which accursedly drives man on to aspire
To deeds performed in the pride of might
Engrossed in the passion of fiendish delight,
To kill for the love of slaying.

Like patches cut from the midnight skies
Was the glorious light in the velvet eyes,
As the heart blood welled away.
And there burned in affright a terrified glow
That swept far out o'er that cruel row
Of slinking brutes and sought in dread
The gentle fawns in their mossy bed,
Doomed at the dawn of day.

No thought of self in the tragic gaze
That haunted the depths of woodland ways
With a love of human enduring,—
Which man in his narrow, boasting conceit
Would each creature of God forever cheat
And claim as a right divinely given
To him, as favored of God in heaven.
Yet of all the creatures of earth today,
He alone delights to wantonly slay;
'Tis sport—to him alone alluring.

So ever the rifle will call to sleep,
And far in the quiet of the forest deep
Will the wounded doe lay dying.

—T. P. McKENZIE.

"A FOOL THERE WAS"

"A fool there was," and he drove a "jit"—
Even as you and I—
He loaded his folks and his camp outfit
And sought out the mountains high.
He found him a place that looked right nice,
Where the grass was green and the waters iced,
Where the song birds sang and the stately trees
Hummed a sleepy tune in the summer breeze.
He made his camp and he fished the creek
While his kiddies played in the shade
Cleansing their bodies and rinsing their souls
In a paradise God had made.

A restful stay for a couple of days,
Then the open road and away,
Leaving behind in the timber's shade
The rubbish and trash his camp had made,
"It doesn't look nice, but what the hell—
We never expect to come here again."
So he drove away, and a slumbering spark
Glowed bright that night in a forest dark
When the wind stirred the ashes gray.

Yea, he was a fool—this tourist gay—
And he might have been you or I—
But he never will make that camp again
No matter how far he drives,
For the stately trees and the sparkling pool,
The carpet of grass that was clean and cool,
Have been seared by the hand of a careless fool
That might have been you or I.
For that slumbering spark in the ashes gray
Was a roaring Hell at noon next day,
While the fool drove away o'er the mountain's crest
In his jitney tour of the Golden West.

—SAM F. KIEFER.

THE SUPER'S LITTLE RANGER

The Super had a little Ranger,
They called him "Lazy Bill";
When other Rangers went out to work,
Old Bill just lay there still.

The Super found him thus one day,
Which was against the rule;
The Rangers all gave up "loose head",
But Bill slept like a fool.

And so all spraddled out, that Supe,
On poor old Bill did jump;
His laziness just flew the coop;
Bill landed with a thump.

"What makes old Bill love work so now?"
The eager Rangers cry.
"O, I got on his tail you know,"
The Super did reply.

—S. G. MEIGS.

FIRE

(With apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

Intense vicarious agony
I suffer with a burning tree!
A tree that, standing in her place
Through all the years has grown in grace,
In storm and sun alike content,
Rock-rooted—patient—permanent—
Purblind is he who cannot see
Her vivid personality.

Like blades of grass men rise and pass,
But in our little lives, alas!
Ours is the power to make or mar—
Bring life or death—or Peace or War!

Matches are flung by fools like me,
But Time alone can build a tree!

—J. C. DAVIS.

THE MAINTENANCE CREW

When the snow in the mountains is just about gone,
And the bears have come out and the grouse hoot at dawn;
When the buds on the "rhodies" are bursting to bloom,
And the creeks tumble downward like playthings of doom;
When the trees don leaves resplendent and new—
Then it is time for the Maintenance Crew.

For as surely as fishes have need for their tails,
If you want to fight fires, you have got to have trails:
The watchword is haste when there's fire in the woods,
For the U. S. F. S. must deliver the goods.
Then the trails must be put in condition like new—
And that is the work of the Maintenance Crew.

So they load up the mules and strike out again,
And they hike through the mud and make camp in the rain:
There are logs in the trail and the line's in a mess,
But they get 'em in shape by strong arm and finesse:
There is hard work a-plenty, but do they feel blue?
No,—not the men of the Maintenance Crew!

O, the pay is not much and the chow none the best,
But life in the mountains is one of pure jest;
Where the water and air and your sleep are just right.
You exude good health and expand with your might;
And the visions that nature unfolds to your view
Is one of the rewards of the Maintenance Crew.

There isn't much that's heroic, about a Maintenance Crew:
They're simply there to do a job when'er a job's to do;
'Cept when fire's in the mountains, then the boys are sure tough,
And their fire-fightin' slogan's "Get 'em young and treat 'em rough."
It's a grudge fight to a finish, and they smile to see 'em die,
Then they lie around—and rest awhile—and lie, and lie, and lie.

—A. K. BARTRAM.

LITTLE FELLER PINE TREE

Little Feller Pine Tree,
Squattin' on the rim,
Jus' above th' ranch house,
Not askin' tuh come in;

No matter what th' weather,
Rain er wind er snow,
Offerin' yer friendship!
Don't laugh, now, boys, I know.

It's mighty lonesome sometimes,
When yer work is through,
A-sittin' here a-thinkin'
No one to talk to;

Then I gazes out th' winder,
An' I sees yuh noddin' through,
An' I feel so dang much better,
Little cuss, because of you.

—EARL W. SCOTT.

THE LAST FIRE CAMP

Some day I'll come to that still camp,
And gently, slowly smooth my bed;
No jangle of a 'phone bell then,
No fret because the sky is red.

The tall pine trees will sing to me,
Day after day, night after night,
The wind that wanders in the grass
Will bring no smoke-taste of the fight.

In that same camp of quiet rest,
Where time is not and sleep is long,
I'll clean forget the fire unwon
And pain of the remembered wrong.

Night will not find me journeying
Where mountain trails in red are set,
On some fool's fire across the range,
Hag-ridden by some ancient threat.

Some evening I shall turn aside
Down the last trail of quiet rest,
And throw aside the heavy pack,
And to the winds bequeath my quest.

(Adapted from "The Last Billet"
by THEODORE G. ROBERTS.)

SONGS FOR FORESTERS

SONGS FOR FORESTERS

DE WOODS OF PINE

An old darky singin' in de woods of pine,
A-workin' de trees fer turpentine:
"My luck, hit grows wid de piney wood
An' while pines grow my luck stays good—
Food in de kitchen and times ain't hard
When a man works out in God's front yard."

"Lissen here, honey, ef you want to farm
Doan let de piney wood come to harm
Dey's always workin' foh de fahmer hahd.
Lak' great big soldier men a-standin' guard,
A-keepin' 'way drought, de frost and bugs—
Oh, happy am de farm de piney wood hugs!

"When you hear de win' a-hummin' in de pine,
Hit mak's a tune dat sounds mighty fine.
De big pine trees are makin' dat soun',
Talkin' to dere babies close to de groun'—
Li'l pine babies growin' down below—
Gotta help dem babies if they's goin' to grow!

"When you hear de big, ole pine trees moan
Dere's a fire in de woods dat makes dem groan.
De little fire kills de li'l baby trees,
De grass and de birds, but no ticks or fleas.
De big fires kill de big trees too—
We gotta stop fires, whatever we do!!!

CHORUS:

Pay-days' comin' while de pine trees grow
Hit's de surest thing thing dat a man can know.
When de old piney wood ain' heah no more
De wolf am a-comin' right in de door.

—WARREN NICKE.

THE SILVICULTURIST

(Tune: "First Lord's Song", from *Pinafore*)

I

When I was a lad the best I could do
Was to carry water for a fire-fighting crew
I watered all the wobblies and the ranger's horse
And I packed Copenhagen for the big straw boss.
That snoose was an item that I never missed
And now I'm a successful silviculturist.

II

As water boy I proved such a wow
That I rose to a position on a lookout tow'r;
In climbing up the ladder I revealed my skill
In the way father taught me on the old windmill.
My upward progress they could not resist
And now I am a lofty silviculturist.

III

As a fine-looking lookout I made such a name
That a daring smoke chaser I soon became
I followed all the signboards till the blaze I spied,
And when lost altogether I engaged a guide.
I stalked the conflagration so relentless-lee
That now I am a silviculturist, by gee!

IV

As a smoke-chasing Sherlock I caused such a stir
That they gave me a berth as junior foresteer;
I bought a white collar and a green eye-shade
And I read all the journals of the lumber trade.
And those lumber trade journals taught me such a lot
That now I am a silviculturist—that's whot.

V

I grew so solemn and I acted so queer
That they made me what is called a forest engineer;
I addressed conventions and I talked through my hat
So they never knew for sure what I was driving at.
My reputation swelled like a big bass drum,
And now I am a silviculturist, by gum!

VI

Now foresters all, wherever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul isn't rooted in last year's duff
You've got to learn the value of professional bluff.
Cash in on your high-brow personalitee
And you all may be a silviculturist, like me.

(Yale Forest School, 1926).

THE SONG OF THE HOBO-RANGER

With hopes of high adventure,
Grub and blanket on my back—
My free soul just a-roaming,
And no burden but my pack.
Just miles of trail behind me
And just miles of trail ahead—
The land of future beck'ning, where
My wandering feet must tread.
I'll leave the past a-fading,
Meet the present with a smile
And just dream of what's a-coming
At the end of every mile.

—STANLEY F. BARTLETT.

THE SONG OF THE FORESTER

This is the song of the forester
As he starts in the morning grey
With a swinging stride up the mountain-side,
To meet the break of day.
And he sings a song as he swings along
Through the break of sumach red.
"Oh, a pack on my back,
My foot in the track,
And a blue sky overhead."

What matter if he be a lumber-jack,
If he be a college man;
God gave the woods to a brotherhood,
And not to a class or clan.
So he sings a song as he tramps along
With the words that his brother said—
"Oh, a pack on my back,
My foot in the track,
And a blue sky overhead."

There's many a man of the city stamp,
Who will barter honor for fame.
There is many a liar of like desire
Who will sell his soul for a name,
Yet, he calls me a fool
Of the wayward school
When I'm off by my fancy led,
With a pack on my back
My foot in the track,
And a blue sky overhead.

We are the ones who have chosen the wood
The ones who have turned to the land.
Men, only, may know our brotherhood,
And our creed may understand.
For the pack on your back is the burden of life,
The trail is the way we tread,
And the love of God for human kind,
The blue sky overhead.

—A. H. LEWIS.

MADE OF WOOD

(Tune: "America the Beautiful")

The ships hard fought by John Paul Jones,
The rails that Lincoln split;
Brave Freedom's huts at Valley Forge,
The synonym of grit;
Mount Vernon's halls and columned porch
Where Washington once stood;
America these mean to us,
And all were made of wood.

The musket butt the Minute Man
Pressed hard to sturdy shoulder;
The high stockade of Dan Boone's fort
That thwarted redskin murder;
The ramrod Molly Pitcher snatched,
All red with loyal blood;
America these mean to us,
And all were made of wood.

The staff that held Fort Moultrie's flag,
By gallant Jasper raised;
Bold Perry's fleet from forest hewed
That doomed a foe amazed
The wagon trains that won the West
And every fear withstood;
America these mean to us,
And all were made of wood.

The pines that clothe the southern plains,
The big trees of the West;
The Douglas fir on Cascade slopes,
The spruce o' the Rockies' crest;
The white pine of New England's hills,
The hemlocks on Mount Hood;
America these mean to us,
Pride, beauty, wealth, in wood.

—L. C. EVERARD.

A FOREST RECESSIONAL

(After Rudyard Kipling.)

God of our forests, known of old,—
Lord of our far-flung timber line,
Beneath whose kindly hand we hold
Dominion over fir and pine,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies
The pleasure seekers ride away.
Neglected still, their campfire lies,—
Sullen sparks, mid ashes gray.
Lord God of Hosts, remind them yet,
Lest they forget, lest they forget.

Flame-scarred, our forests melt away.
On hill and valley roars the fire.
Lo, all our wealth of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If careless, thoughtless loggers loose,
Wild flames, and hold not fire in awe;
Such flames as light-burners use,
Or lesser breeds, without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with them yet,
Lest they forget—lest they forget.

For vandal hand that waves the brand
In swaying trees and crackling brush,—
Make him a criminal in the land,
Right thinking, let us rise and crush
This thoughtless, careless, vandal horde.
Help us, preserve our forests, Lord.

CAMPING SONG

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia")

Vacation time is coming, boys,
We're going out to play—
In the U. S. Forest we will have a holiday,
Guard against the fiend of fire,
And all the rules obey
While thro' the Forest we're tramping.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! we'll have a jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the life that makes us free.
We'll help to guard the Forest
From the mountains to the sea—
The Forest, the Forest forever!

Yes, we'll have a jolly time
On mountain, lake and plain;
In the U. S. Forest we will every rule maintain,
Execute the fiend of fire
In Uncle Sam's domain
While in the Forest we're camping.

—S. LEILA HOOVER.

THE SONG OF THE CRUISER

Give me a life in the open air,
Nothing to bind, and no one to care,
Out on the hills, in the sun's red glare
And leave me there alone.

Only a pack, and a compass true,
Nothing o'er head but a sky of blue,
Whispering leaves, and a bird or two—
Contented will I be.

Just by myself, all alone and free,
Nothing to bother or worry me—
Mountain and lake and a hemlock tree,
With boundless peace again.

Free from the books and the toil of school,
Free from tradition and free from rule—
Back to the land of the old pack-mule
To really live once more.

—CHARLES G. CHAPMAN.

LET THE FORESTS STAND

(Air: "Always")

Let the forests stand, Always,
Lend a helping hand, Always,
Red-wood, oak and pine, strong and straight and fine,
Let their branches twine, Always, always.
Leave the woods alive, Always,
Then they're bound to thrive, Always.
Not for just an hour, Not for just a day,
Not for just a year, But always.

—J. WESLEY LORD.

EFFICIENCY BILL

(Tune: "Casey Jones")

Come all you Rangers who want to hear
A story told, of a brave career;
Efficiency Bill was this brother's name,
On Uncle Sam's Forests, boys, he won his fame.

He worked out a schedule numbered A B C,
Which he followed up to the letter T,
It proved so effective that he hit the ball,
And the district duties didn't bother him at all.

It made short shift of his timber sales,
It got a hurry-up on his telephones and trails,
His grazing and improvements were so easy to take
Each evening after supper he went fishing in the lake.

He took the boss once 'round the schedule route,
And said, "If you got a kick now's your time to shoot!"
The boss could only mutter, when aroused from his amaze,
"I've never seen the likes, Bill, in all my Super days.

"You see how it worketh," said Billy with a shout,
"Just as she's hangin' or turn her inside out
And the only thing that causes her to even bat an ear
Is a visit from the Forester or Telephone Engineer."

The Super said, "Bill, this makes me feel good,
If I'd six more like you this job'd be a 'pud'."
Then he fell in a faint and whispered ere he died,
"Inspection was too easy, I couldn't stand the ride."

Now the moral, boys—I hope you take the tip,
Get this schedule pronto or pull one off your hip,
For if we don't get busy ere our Super hears that tale
We'll all be long-eared boomers down that long, long trail.

—L. C. SHOEMAKER.

HOT DOGGEREL!

Sing a song of ranger men,
And drop a weary tear;
We've had about a dozen
Ranger poems this year.

CHORUS:

I know the ranger's a doughty cuss
Who chews up nails and spits out rust.

I'm aware that he works
Thirty hours a day,
And hikes mighty distances
For exceedingly small pay.

CHORUS:

But why—oh—why—should this bold buckaroo
Try to convince me he's poetic, too?

Actors and actresses
Have their publicity crews:
So why not the ranger—
Since he's the "centipede's shoes?"

CHORUS:

Every full-fledged ranger should
Announce in rhyme, "Oh, boy—I'm good!"

Now really I've a liking for the bold ranger guy,
The *creme de la creme* of all men;
But I wish he would sing of his virtues in prose—
Whenever he does it again.

CHORUS:

I've malice toward none, and I've charity for all,
But another ranger pome, and I'll break down and bawl!

—R. E. McARDLE.

SERVICE FOR ALL

A Forest Service Song

You have oft-en been told that in the days of old,
All our for-ests were slashed and burned,
While this some did la-ment, there was no Pres-i-dent
Who seemed in the slight-est con-cerned,
Till Ted-dy Roose-e-velt pulled tight his trust-y belt
And said, "Waste of tim-ber must cease."
Then he his big stick whirled and it gave to the world
The For-est Ser-vice, if you please.

CHORUS:

For-est Ser-vice, bet-ter ser-vice,
Let both mean the same to all,
From the east to the west in the land we love best,
When we ans-wer du-ty's call,
For if each man will al-ways plan
And work for the com-mon good,
For-ev-er we shall stand, a firm u-nit-ed band,
The For-est Ser-vice bro-ther-hood.

Our trail was steep and rough, there were troub-les e-nough
To dis-cour-age hearts made of stone,
Tho' some praise and sup-port, we could oft-times re-port,
More oft-en we fought on a-lone;
By pre-cept and by deed we have prac-ticed our creed,
In giv-ing true ser-vice to all,
We have giv-en our best, has Ser-vice stood the test?
Will our rec-ord now stand or fall?

So boys, here's to the man who first con-ceived the plan,
And start-ed us a-long the way,
To save as he had plan-ned, re-main-ing tim-ber land
To pro-vide for a fu-ture day:
And here's to ev'-ry one who faith-ful work has done
On our far-dis-tant ran-ger posts,
May they ev-er be true to the Ser-vice and You,
Is our plea—Lord God of hosts.

—L. C. SHOEMAKER.

*SONG OF THE FORESTER

I

Who are the foresters, I wonder,
What is the type of work they do,
Whom do they serve and what's their motive
As they begin each day anew?
Craftsmen of nature they must be,
Knowledge possess of plant and tree,
Know how to deal with each difficulty
That they meet on the trail.

CHORUS:

Then here's to the forester, where'er you find him,
"Service to all" his creed so true;
Faithful, steadfast, earnest workers
Foresters of Montana "U"!

II

Far over mountain trails they travel,
Way down along the canyon wall,
Among the vales and woodland timber,
Discov'ring lake and waterfall.
Telling the herder where to graze,
Fighting the fire to check the blaze,
Bucking the wind and the rain and snow—
Cheerfully on they go.

CHORUS:

Then here's to the forester, where'er you find him,
"Service to all" his creed so true;
Faithful, steadfast, earnest workers
Foresters of Montana "U"!

*Composed and dedicated to the Montana Forestry Club by MISS VERNA D. WOLF.

ON FOREST LAND

(Tune: "My Maryland")

Great forests grew in days gone by
On forest land, on forest land,
Where now bare sands and black stumps lie
On forest land, on forest land:
For saw and ax in careless hand
Have swept the trees from forest land,
And fire has flung his glowing brand
On forest land, on forest land.

The acres burned, the acres bare,
On forest land, on forest land,
The acres wrecked by lack of care,
On forest land, on forest land,
Now spread their millions, barren, dead,
Where no man works, no game is fed;
And muddy streams their banks o'erspread,
On forest land, on forest land.

Drive out the fire that seeks to spoil
Our forest land, our forest land,
And save the trees and save the soil,
On forest land, on forest land.
We'll cut our trees with careful hand,
Leave seed to grow a later stand,
And plant with trees the idle land—
Make forest land a harvest land.

—L. C. EVERARD.

HATS, SPATS AND GATS

(Tune: "Turkey in the Straw")

Three young Studes from an Eastern U
Came out West fires to subdue;
One wore spats on a number ten shoe,
A gun in his belt and a bowie knife, too.

CHORUS:

"Where is the fire" he wanted to know;
"Where is the fire? I am ready to go;"
Grabbed up a shovel and a man-back pump
A Pulaski tool and was gone on the jump.

Another one wore a broad-brimmed hat,
Low-cut shoes and he packed a gat;
He never saw a tree or a forest fire burn,
But he says, "By Gosh, I am willing to learn!"

CHORUS:

The third one wore a cowboy rig,
Broad plus-fours and a thingamajig
Stuck on his head which he called a hat,
And *he* wanted to know 'where the fire was at'.

CHORUS:

The Ranger scratched his head of gray
As he watched those Studes get on their way,
And he says, "By Gum, with a crew like that,
I'll darn soon find where that fire is at!"

RANGER CHORUS:

"Send me some Studes with their gats and spats,
Send me some Studes with their ten-gallon hats:
They looked like hell, and it made me sore,
But now, by Dad, I want some more!"

—C. C. McGUIRE.

THE LITTLE STILL

Down under the hill there is a little still,
And the smoke's all curling to the sky.
You can easily tell, by the sniffle and the smell,
There's good liquor in the air close by.

CHORUS:

Oh, it fills the air, with a perfume rare,
And it's only known to few,
So turn up your lip, and take a little sip.
Of the good old mountain dew.

—DOUGLAS RODMAN.

—BILTMORE FOREST SCHOOL.

Though far from home and friends we may roam,
Our hearts with a longing will fill,
As our thoughts drift back to the little log shack
And the good old moonshine still.

CHORUS:

—JAMES H. SIZER.

—APACHE NATIONAL FOREST.

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